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Vol 1

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

VOLUME TENTH.



NEW HAVEN:

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CONTENTS OF VOL. X.

P R O S E.

Agriculture,	97
American Architecture,	411
Ames's Political Writings,	303
Appearance versus Worth,	214, 264, 311, 346
"Appointed Times," On,	378
Arts and Sciences, The,	247
Biographical Notice of the Hon. David Daggett, LL. D.,	245
Biography,	331
Chair of Rhetoric in our Colleges, The,	370
Cherokees, The,	325, 360
Clerical Profession, The,	399
Contest of Truth, The,	49
Criticism a La Mode,	365
Editor's Farewell,	292
Editor's Table,	40, 93, 145, 192, 241, 289, 338, 383, 426
Elements of Power in the Author,	389
Expression,	206
Influence of War upon Society, The,	393
Injustice of Fame, The,	341
Italy,	8
Legal Practice,	295
Legend of Pilot Mountain,	283
Literary Notices,	92, 144, 191, 335, 381, 425
Moral Outlines of History,	111
Mr. Brownson's Lecture,	139
Our Community of Language with England,	221
Paine's "Common Sense" and "Crisis,"	156
Passports to Manhood,	149
Patrick Henry,	208
Pericles and his Times,	187
Perpetuity of Literature, The,	227
Prospects of the American Lawyer, The,	1
Ramblings in Italy,	118
Reformation under Luther, The,	273
Regular Backwood's Wedding, A,	166
Resurrectionists, The,	27, 85
Rousseau's Theory of Natural Rights,	320
Self-Deceived, The,	131
Sensibility,	161
Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Abraham Pierson,	169
Study of Human Nature, The,	356

Supports of Law in a Democracy,	406
Theological Review, American Review, and Democratic Review,	236
Thomas Campbell,	61
Thoughts on Architecture,	257
Three New Elements of Modern Life, The,	36
Three Students of Milan, The,	17
To Our Readers,	266
Trancendentalism,	197
Two or Three Notions,	176
Two Students, The,	60
Uncas,	377
Watering Places of Germany, The,	76
White Hills of New Hampshire, The,	415
Young Lawyer, The,	236

P O E T R Y.

April,	237
Coriolanus,	253
Cottager, The,	91
Destruction of the Temple, The,	423
Diversity of Song, The,	110
Dying Soldier, The,	366
Epigram, An,	352
Fall of Babylon,	57
Forget me Not,	165
Fragment, A,	57
Fragment of an Unpublished Poem,	273
Full Album, The,	205
Hope On! Hope Ever!	155
Life's Promptings,	6
Lines, suggested by an Engraving of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn,	334
Mathematical Love Song,	376
Memory,	30
Pensez a Moi,	249
Pleasant, though Mournful,	269
Retrospect,	394
Song of Death, The,	75
Song of the Night,	415
Song of the Wind Spirit,	380
Sonnet,	355
Spring,	263
Stand By!	84
Think of Me,	276
This to Thee,	236
To my Mother at Fifty,	169
Water Spirits,	26
Whippowil, The,	364

VOL. X.

NO. 1.

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EDITED BY

W. D. HOWARD

STUDENT OF YALE COLLEGE



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CONTENTS

The Prospects of the American Lawyer	
Life's Progress	
Italy	
The Three Students of Life	
Water Spouts	
The Resurrectionist	
The Three New Elements of Modern Life	
Masonry	
Editor's Table	

THE
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VOL. X.

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No. 1.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE AMERICAN LAWYER.

PERHAPS there is not to be found at this age of the world any station in general so responsible for its influence, and so dignified for its intrinsic worth, as that occupied by the American Lawyer. Viewed only as a tool in pandering to the reckless and unbounded passions of his fellow men, or in defending their grossness and corruption, he indeed presents to us a sickly and sorry spectacle;—the appearance of one who deliberately sells his high birthright for a “mess of pottage:” but regarding him in the position he truly holds, as the interpreter of man’s actions and of man’s relation to man—as one appointed to preserve an accurate balance of the scales of justice—as the sworn enemy to disorder and sedition, to vice and crime, and the ready defender of virtue, of morality and religion, our preconceived contempt vanishes to make room for an opinion of candor and impartiality. We deem him the holder of one of the most dignified and important stations, to whose influence society is related. The clerical profession is of more limited and *select* influence, requiring none of that keen insight into the human character so essential to the Lawyer, none of that variety of information without which the legal profession would be but a frail texture, illy provided for the entanglements of dispute and litigiousness. In the latter profession are found in an extraordinary combination all the duties and consequent influences of the dispenser of justice, of the expounder and interpreter of human actions, of the valiant defender of religion and virtue, and of the man of letters. A stranger concurrence of duties never presented itself in any profession, and a greater array of qualifications for high and noble success can nowhere else be found requisite. In view of the dignity, of the rank, and of the astonishing influence it is felt to exert on our people, we have made this brief preface to a few remarks on the prospects of the American Lawyer, and the necessity of comporting his character and action to their appearance.

America is yet in the bloom of her youth. Her halls of justice have

as yet scarcely accumulated the dust and cobwebs of half a century ; her judicial benches have been consecrated by the occupancy of but few learned and noble men ; her Congress, which first learned its elements in the principles of government not three quarters of a century ago, has never yet been monopolized by any array of genius and eloquence, though England's halls may look upon it with a jealous eye ; her legislative halls returns with a glad echo the tones of the youthful aspirant for honor, and the genius of letters stands ready with a harvest of laurels for any who by self-denying energy may choose to gather them. This is the open field for our Lawyers ; in any, or in all, may they rise, and that too, only by the careful training and husbandry of the very talents that establish them in their profession.

Under the nicely defined customs of England relative to competitors in this profession, every post, whether of high or low esteem, like property, is inheritable only to those of a class previously defined and limited ; for the counselor and the barrister, for the statesman and the mere parliamentarian, there are requisite as many distinct classes of qualifications ; each as he attains his desired excellence in that rank to which his inclinations directed him, and for which his abilities fitted him, looks no farther : the whole is an organized, mechanical system, tending rather to cramp than to expand the energy and powers of its subjects. It imparts, it is true, a solid dignity and high standard to each distinct division of the profession, while as an offset to this, we look in vain for that noble ambition, which grasps all within its reach, and all honorable rivalry for excellence subsides into the meagreness of individual enmities and jealousies.

How soon these limits may, and as some would imagine, *must* divide the legal ranks of America, it is impossible now to determine. Enough is it for our lawyers to know, that all before them is comparatively unoccupied. The boundaries of the profession, like those of America's own soil, yet encircle untamed forests, mountains unascended, valleys and glens never yet penetrated, and plains whose teeming clod was never yet upturned. He who sets forth from his professional studies with equipments adapted to all his projects, has every inducement to make those projects grand and exalted, and if he but look faithfully at his *prospects* they can be no other. Step by step may he wend his way up to the highest honors an intelligent nation can confer ; his manhood and middle age may be surrounded and guarded by the esteem and admiration of thousands, and he will peacefully recline on his gathered laurels in his old age, until the innocence of a 'second childhood' shall have prepared his spirit for entrance into its eternal rest. In the capacity of a statesman he sees more broadly the range of objects he may grasp ; enlightened views of social compact, of civil relations and of the intercourse of nations may all be his. As a lover of literature there is abundant room for him, and his country claims its occupancy by him ; and finally, that portion of American mind, which is as yet unformed, looks to the advice and opinions he may even unsuspectingly let fall for a basis to their own predilections and final judgment.



The influence he may exert is in truth more extensive than that of the follower of any other profession. Like the stalks of bearded grain before the keen sickle, every one bends before it—itself no less a learner than a teacher. We may with much truth assert that he who ministers at the sacred altar, or that he who leads on the young mind step by step, carries in his respective teachings the evidence of a powerful and extended influence; that the influence of home, of a mother's love and a sister's affection, are too great to be withstood even at the most dazzling temptations; but if the comparison be allowable, that which the legal profession commands is even greater and wider than these. The first mentioned influences are recognized only as inspiring the youthful or unformed mind with vigor and action, and starting into life those powers by which its progress must ever after be governed: it belongs to the latter to take this mind fresh and vigorous from its nursery, and leading it to suit the requirements of the world, to direct the action of its powers either to an honorable distinction or an early grave of oblivion. To the former, we look as to the framers of the vessel, to the latter as its pilot over the sea of active life.

As gratifying as the reflection must be to every mind that other minds are affected by its influence, most truly gratifying if to courses of upright action, yet so much greater is the power of human pride and ambition, the legal professor must experience a double gratification on beholding open before him the highest seats and the most secluded bowers of literature. The honored instances we might adduce of those in our own country who have occupied these seats with dignity and grace, should, we think, suffice to allure those, whose distrust alone prevents their attaining similar distinction and usefulness. We might mention the example of a Story, no less conversant with letters than skilled in judicial learning; of a Webster, mighty in his reasoning, majestic in his eloquence, polished, learned, and dignified in his writings; of an Adams, wreathing himself and his country's literature with laurels that shall endure as long as suns shall rise and set. Nor may we without mention, pass over such names as Clinton, Verplanck, Choate, and Legare, who by their eloquent teachings and learned examples, have acted a noble part towards elevating our national taste and manners. These are America's true and faithful sons, these are their deeds in the cause of letters, and this the situation to which any of their profession may exalt themselves.

The Literary taste that has dawned so brilliantly upon our young nation, needs to have its rays concentrated and brought to bear upon our national manners. As a young and bold people, we are quick to discern the beautiful, and even to establish for ourselves a standard by which to judge it, than which older nations can boast no better. Yet there hitherto have conspired a variety of causes to oppose and retard the influences of this literary taste upon our national manners, which are only now beginning to be felt; and those obstacles once removed, these influences once in active operation, to every one is made the appeal to assist *individually* in forming such a literature as shall best comport with the spirit of our Political Institutions. Scanty and meagre

indeed, is the number of those devoted lovers of Letters, who by their unrewarded labors, people our land with fabled races and families, or attract to our brotherly notice the wrongs and sufferings, as well as the savage deeds of the red man. Few, very few, have lived, or still live among us to chant their sad dirge over the grave of our departed heroes, or in the majesty of verse to wrap the history of our mountains, our rivers and our waterfalls. The more undisputed then, and unoccupied the grounds the Lawyer may choose to occupy, the more lasting the honors he may attain. Coupling with this literary excellence his knowledge of our national manners and tastes, he becomes peculiarly fitted to make the noble and refined impression on our people of which we stand, like every young people, so much in need.

A notion so prevalent, was never so erroneous, as that professional men must be restricted to the limits of ranks and classes, and furthermore, that out of those ranks and classes the legal, by this restriction, must necessarily be the most limited. Apart from the almost absolute necessity imposed upon every member of our society of extending his labor and influence beyond the mere conventional limits of his calling, the educated lawyer, in particular, is appealed to by the varied and important relations he sustains with society around him to engage in *every* calling, to 'be all things' not less to learning and science, than to 'all men.' This we may rightfully demand of him—of the education he has received. He is not merely to be considered the sagacious, self-interested being an exclusive application to his profession alone is too apt to make him, not merely an agent through 'forms,' 'writs' and 'replevins,' not entrusted with his gift of eloquence merely to untangle and tie anew the knottiest points of law; these, though in themselves remotely important, are but indifferent, and even inefficient mediums through which he may become the benefactor of his race; the great code of morals are open to his explanation, the untuned leaves of science yet demand the labors of his investigation; men who have hitherto confided their entire interests to him, yet look to his guidance, and government expects from him the offices of an affectionate and dutiful son.

Such are the prospects of, such the claims on the educated lawyer, and it would seem a matter no less of interest than of duty, that he employ all the variety of his influences in upholding causes in every respect of such moment. Burke, Sheridan, Bolingbroke, Guizot, Macaulay, and a host we might mention, each stepped forth for the great work, and have each shared the greatest honors human power can confer. Each has done more to preserve even with vigor, the power and compass of his native language, than all the professed literati of his age. Such men hold not up to their countrymen any hollow, half-meaning intention of devoting themselves exclusively to Law, or Literature, or Political Ethics; you never find them immuring themselves from all contact with society, only to support a reputation which a more unreserved communication would fail to do, but you look into the Forum and they are there, yet not there alone; further observation notes them conversant with high and low, in the court room and the market-house.

Wherever, in fact, man is found, there are they ; and by means so gradual and imperceptible do they accomplish the great works for which mankind love to honor them.

The immortal Shakspeare was a disciple to no doctrine of retired exclusiveness, nor do we believe he would have led a different life had poverty released him from her iron grasp. His study was *man*, not pampered with the luxury and refinement of a Court, nor even in the *ordinary* ranks of society. With Pity he held converse over his nightly mug of ale, and he shook the hand of Sympathy in the dank and mould of London cellars. Humanity was the great book which he studied, and Experience, always acknowledged the most thorough master, taught him best how to work upon human feelings. And it is from these same pages, under the teachings of the same master, that these spirits we have mentioned, obtained all that rich fund so lasting in their career of usefulness and honor, which, once possessed of, they employed with a tact and power altogether unknown to the merely literary man, and astonishing to the world.

Look back on literary record to its earliest dates, search for those names whose position gives them extraordinary distinction, and they are the names of those whose lives have been spent in close connection with Government and Laws. And we can discover no imparity of reasoning, no error in our observation, when we assert that this same class of men universally are capable of doing the greatest service to the cause of Literature and Science. Hence the necessity of a faithful consideration on their part of the magnitude of their facilities and of directing their abilities in that channel, which shall accomplish the desired end.

No one surely can suppress a smile at noticing the variety and extent of ambition which the 'limbs of the law' in many parts of our land carry about with them. Men of acknowledged power, who well deserved, and by exertion would have obtained the 'high places' in their countrymen's esteem, have chosen for themselves a rank of which many, justly inferiors, would be ashamed. If talent were not so unscrupulously, so unrighteously sacrificed, to an insatiable thirst for gain, then might such sorry spectacles become more rare. But where a man's soul is, in fact, imbedded in the sink of his desires for 'lucre,' where all the human feelings are merged in the overweening love of a selfish preferment, independent of any advantage to others, our astonishment soon subsides. One is content, and even happy, in gracing the bench of a retail justice ; another gleefully scouts the country with his sack of books on his favorite Rosinante, arrogating to himself all the airs of a prince, and a third, leisurely sitting among his dusty tomes, is ready to explain to every passer by the impossibility of a Lawyer's supporting the dignity of his profession, and at the same time, and with the same hands and head, aiding the great cause of Letters. These, however, are but poor samples of the dignity and intrinsic worth of the legal profession. They only form the shades of the picture, without which it would show to great disadvantage, the puny insects on the great wheel of the profession, which, in spite of the immediate 'dust'

they create, rolls on with the same force and velocity. We are willing to let them 'plod their weary way' along, till they 'find rest from their labors' in that everlasting seclusion their extreme sordidness has chosen.

But although to the Lawyer more *necessarily* belongs, for reasons already given, the support of our Literary character, there are other considerations than those of necessity and duty, that should inspire him to the work. Honor and fame are his; his name shall be treasured up in the gratitude of his countrymen, there to live with the glory of the nation. While the toils of active life perplex and weary his spirit, there is for him 'exceeding joy' in 'holding sweet commune' with the spirits of past ages, in giving loose to the reins of his imagination, in foreseeing the pleasure with which his name shall be mentioned by, and the reverence with which it shall be entrusted to Posterity. The wreathes he binds for his country shall rest upon his own brow; never shall his country forget the work of a dutiful son; the devotion he has manifested to Learning will science joyfully recognize, and his monumental stone shall be inscribed with the title of the PATRIOT SCHOLAR.

LIFE'S PROMPTINGS.

BY W. T. BACON.

LIFE has in't nothing that should wake our fears,
 Its trials are its blessings,—he who can
 See nothing here but evil, and who hears
 No voice of wisdom sounded out to man
 From these fierce trials,—he who cannot scan
 Each trial as it rises, and see there
 Something should rather please in Heaven's great plan,—
 He is for other regions than that air
 High and exalted, which earth's "wing'd ones" only dare.

We start in life—we come up from the gloom
 Of some far previous being, vaguely dream'd—
 And the first thought is, that the soul needs room,
 It cannot stretch itself, and it has seemed
 As if it saw a light, that, starlike, streamed
 On to a higher state that must be won,—
 He who is true to his own soul—has deem'd
 The soul's course was right onward—he has run
 The race most giant-like, and a great work has done.

He has laid bold of trials—how?—as he
 Who sinks beneath them? never!—they have been
 Rather his best supporters—and we see

He is supported by them through the scene,—
They purge his eye-sight—give to life a sheen
Lent from the far, far world to which we haste,—
And they have given the soul a grander mien,
And prouder looks he o'er the what is past,
Then turns his eye right onward—never backward cast.

And he too is prepared for what may be
Lovely and glorious—with all such to mate,—
The grandeur and the glory we all see
Round us in Nature, beautiful or great,—
The grandeur that we see too, where, elate,
Some kindred soul speaks with us, as we go,—
And grandeur too of earth far, first estate,
As its great souls through History do show—
These come with power—give heart and soul a nobler glow !

And if that purest passion of this life—
Love ! holy, heavenly, beating in some heart,
Cometh to cheer us in the fiery strife—
And of our own high souls becomes a part—
An element—a thing that wont depart,
But clings to ours with an immortal power,—
O, how this cheers us !—with new life we start
On in the race, gain courage every hour—
And only laugh at clouds that may around us lower.

And that high voice that comes to us from all
That's o'er or round us, beats too through the soul—
This the soul hears too, and it bursts the thrall
Earth would bind round earth—doth—ay, round the whole !—
And loosen'd from this last and worst control,
On with still firmer purpose yet we strive,
Cheering the soul with visions, while doth roll
Through the high heart that bliss by which we live,
Yet which shall Heaven alone, in perfect fullness, give !

O, then, fear not, thou bold heart ! setting forth
In the great race of time the great have run !—
But gird thyself with all the strength that earth
Hath for each genuine and immortal son !
Seize each assistant—press on, till is won
The goal at which all noble ones do aim !—
And fear not but a great work shall be done—
Fear not that thou shalt win a glorious name—
Ay, with the noblest stand !—immortal !—crown'd with Fame.

ITALY.

A GLANCE at the past and present condition of Italy, awakens within us emotions akin to those which a young artist experiences, as he contemplates a painting from the hand of Raphael. Even though the dust of centuries had accumulated upon the canvas, he would still recognize the hand of a master in the conception, the delineation, and the finish. Time might have marred its beauties in the view of the ordinary observer, who might gaze with pleasure upon the showy production of an inferior artist ; but the man of cultivated taste would recognize a beauty in the former which modern art cannot reach. Even so may the traveler, as he walks amid the ruins of palaces and cities, read an instructive story of the former greatness of Italy. The mighty spirits of the past have written their names in characters upon the tablets of her history, which will remain when every monument of ancient art shall have crumbled into dust.

Italy ! a land whose very soil is teeming with interest to the philosopher as well as to the antiquarian, and to the man of taste as well as to the classical student—the centre, whence emanated the Roman power ! She was the home of the arts and sciences during a period in which nearly all the world besides was involved in darkness, and gave being to a new kind of despotism, which enthralled the souls as well as the bodies of men. How shall we use language worthy of association with those great names which are scattered all along the line of her history ! Junius Brutus ! a name, the sound of which has thrilled the bosom of every patriot ; how often has his example been abused to lend a coloring of virtue to crime, and to dignify with the name of heroism the basest conspiracies ! Marcus Portius Cato, the severe censor, the stern reformer of Roman manners ; how did Rome, in her degenerate days, seek in vain for incorruptible virtue like his ! Cato Uticensis, who refused to live to witness the downfall of his country's independence—Julius Cæsar, the orator, the soldier, the philosopher, who gratified the pride of his country by his conquests, but gave the death-blow to her liberties by his ambition—Marcus Brutus, whose example the infamous French regicides dared to plead in justification of the murder of their sovereign—Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, and a host of others, whose names dignify her history, and whose influence has been felt by every succeeding age !

But Rome fell, and moral darkness settled down upon the world. Paganism and its unholy rites had long since fallen. In its place arose the Christian Church. After a fearful and protracted struggle for her existence against pagan superstition, the Church now found herself in the seat of power ; and that which adversity had failed to accomplish, was wrought by prosperity, with fatal effect. Human passion and infirmity became blended with the sublime doctrines of the cross. The doom of Religion was sealed, when she was made to harmonize with the passions of men. Those rude barbarians who had conquered the Roman empire, came forward and were baptized. The cross was then

assumed as an outward badge, in ignorance of its doctrines and neglect of its spirit. But all tended to elevate the temporal power and dignity of the Church, till mankind beheld the singular phenomenon of submissive looking priests, with shaven crowns, awing into subjection haughty barons and their retainers ; or the mitred head of the Church at Rome, claiming the submission of monarchs, and impiously adopting the language, "by me kings reign."

That was a brilliant day for Italy, when numerous petty republics in her midst started into being. With them the arts and sciences arose, as with new life and vigor, from the repose of ages. Genoa and Venice led the way. The world was made tributary to their commercial greatness. Their light built craft were seen floating on every sea, bringing untold wealth to fill the coffers of their merchants. Palaces were built and decorated with princely magnificence, and their owners assumed a style and exclusiveness at variance with the spirit of republicanism. Venice and Genoa have attracted the admiration of the frier^{he} of liberty, who have eulogized the energy which raised them to the²⁷ eminence, and the spirit which maintained them there. Yet these we^{an} qualities not diffused among the mass of the people, but confined to a few families, whose enormous wealth conferred upon them an elevated political as well as social rank. Aristocratic despotism was rife within the walls of these cities. Even in Genoa, the dungeons of the palace of the Doges have witnessed the cruel fate of many a victim of republican tyranny. The Council of Ten at Venice, whose adjudication upon cases brought before them was as prompt as their punishments were dark and terrible, was a tribunal whose very mention excites a shudder. What verdict mankind may now pass upon the deeds of this tribunal, after duly considering the state of society at that period, we know not. However, terrible necessity alone could have authorized the adoption of a system of espionage like that which prevailed, the seizure and conviction of the accused without the usual forms of trial, or being confronted with his accusers.

But from scenes like these we turn away, to contemplate Venice as she is, a city majestic though in decline. Decay has stamped its impress upon the walls of her palaces and upon every work of art which the eye surveys. The merry gondolier, as he floats along, may sing in notes as cheerful as in years gone by ; but the Venitian of rank, who can look unmoved upon the disgrace of his country, the victim of Austrian despotism, must have a heart callous to every honorable emotion. The patriot may find relief in recalling the past to mind. What fond recollections are associated with "Venice built on a hundred isles !" or who would not enjoy, with the noble bard, one of those moonlight scenes upon the Adriatic ? The present decline of the city is overlooked, as the recollections of her past glory crowd upon the mind.

Venice was founded in the fifth century, by persons that had escaped to these islands through fear of the Barbarians who had then invaded the north of Italy. Venice and Genoa were splendid cities when London and Paris were collections of miserable cottages. The ships of Venice brought into port the products of every clime, and her

republican citizens vied with the sovereigns of Europe in the pomp of their equipages and the magnificence of their palaces. By means of her immense wealth, she was enabled to raise large armies of mercenaries and provide numerous fleets, by which she made herself the mistress of the Adriatic and the terror of the states of Italy. Through jealousy of her greatness, Pope Julius Second, assisted by the Emperor of Germany and the King of France, formed, in the year fifteen hundred and eight, the celebrated league of Cambray, for her destruction. The republic, confident in her resources, neglected to take the necessary precautions, until her armies were defeated and she was brought to the verge of destruction. The confederates were impatient for the spoil to accrue from the plunder of so rich a city. But the Pope, thinking that the Venitians had been sufficiently humbled, with pontifical duplicity, changed sides, and brought the other states of Italy to act in concert with him against France.

Genoa, probably more than any other Italian city, witnessed within its walls, the mad civil feuds between the Guelfs and Ghibbelines; and even yet, one is impressed with peculiarities in the structure of private residences, betokening fierce civil dissension in times past. Whence those massive buildings, or those gloomy iron bars by which the windows of the lower story are preserved from intrusion? Does it not bring to light those fearful civil strifes, during which the narrow streets of the city were used as battle-grounds and the houses as fortifications? The watchword of Guelf, or Ghibbeline,* was sufficient to rouse the partisans of the Pope and the Emperor to open hostility.

One entering the magnificent harbor of Genoa, passes between two strong Moles, built to serve as a protection against the violent storms which sometimes prevail in the Mediterranean. Within is a circular basin, where the once flourishing navy of the republic could ride in security. On one side of the amphitheatre of hills which enclose the harbor, stands the city, defended by massive stone walls, and commanded from behind by very strong fortifications. The remaining hills are thickly studded with palaces of the nobility, if that class deserves the name which has lost its political importance. The eye rests first upon the palace of Doria, a noble edifice, standing at the head of the bay, a monument of the gratitude of the republic to her Liberator. About the year 1530, Andrea Doria, a Genoese by birth, though at that time an officer in the service of the King of France, determined to free his country. Sailing with his fleet into the harbor, he expelled the French, and remained master of the city. A strong temptation was placed before him to retain the supreme command. But his design was more noble. He convened the people in the public square, and there reminding them of the ancient glory of the city, recommended them to appoint commissioners to frame a constitution which should

* The former was the rallying cry of the friends of the Pope, the latter of those of the Emperor. Subsequently they served to mark the distinction between the democrats and the aristocrats.

secure liberty to the citizens, and restore the state to its former renown. His advice was followed. Twelve commissioners were appointed, by whom a constitution was framed and subsequently adopted by the people. A new energy was given to private transactions and to public councils. A liberated country hailed Doria as its deliverer, and erected this palace and the noble statue of him so prominent at the head of the bay, as lasting monuments of their gratitude.

The traveler, after entering the gate of the city, near the landing-place, finds himself in one of the narrow streets. He gazes with astonishment at the enormous height of the buildings, and at their massive proportions. Passing by the Exchange, where the merchants of Genoa used to traffic in the palmiest days of the republic, he soon emerges from the narrow streets upon the more modern Strada Balba and Strada Nuova. Thence he visits, with eager interest, the cathedral church of San Lorenzo, where are kept, deposited in an iron urn, the remains of John the Baptist, captured from the Venitians! Near by, the grim walls of the ancient palace of the Doges arrest his attention. He enters the gate, which is yet guarded by soldiers, and the exterior walls of the palace present the aspect of modern masonry, in striking contrast with that which surrounds the whole. This modern edifice has been erected in consequence of a disastrous fire which took place in the last century. But within are some remains of ancient art, proving that all was not lost in that conflagration. In a room adjoining the Council Hall, a large fresco on the wall overhead represents Columbus on his return from the New World, with a troop of natives to grace his triumphant entry into Seville.

As the stranger passes through the Strada Nuova, lined with palaces on either side, and enters within their massive doors, his eye traces upon the walls the productions of artists whose names had been associated with his earliest lessons in the fine arts. The names of Guercino, Carlo Dolci, Paul Veronese, Guido, Titian, and Rubens, are recalled to his memory. The thought that he is surrounded by the works of men so renowned in their profession, and whom no subsequent age could equal, is enough to enkindle enthusiasm in a man of the dullest sensibility.

It was amid the darkness and corruption of the middle ages, that a purer light was kindled within the petty states of Italy, than can consist with modern degeneracy. That light might have continued to glow till the more extensive diffusion of knowledge, and the spread of liberal principles, had prepared all classes for constitutional government. Upon whom, then, rests the guilt of having extinguished that flame in Florence, in Pisa and Lombardy? The student of history will recognize in it the handiwork of that Man of Sin, whose home has been in the Vatican, but whose dark policy has been manifested in its blighting effects throughout the fairest portions of Europe. Surely no political Eden could have been found to tempt the destroyer to play a more desperate game, than did the republics of Italy, as they rose from darkness and despotism to take an independent rank among the nations of the earth.

In view of the dangers to be apprehended from the spread of that

spirit of liberty, Frederick Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany, and His Holiness the Pope, forgot their former enmities, and ratified a treaty for its extinguishment. The army of the Emperor was absolved from the guilt which it had incurred by the massacre of the Papal troops. Thus doubly armed, the Emperor proceeded to conquest and extermination. Milan was razed to the ground; and the insolent tyrant, thinking that the spirit of liberty had been extinguished in its fall, passed a plowshare over its ruins. But her doom served only to awaken a fearful spirit in Italian bosoms. The Emperor, in endeavoring to quell the revolt, was defeated, and narrowly escaped being made a prisoner; and nothing but his great personal energy could have enabled him to retrieve his fortunes and secure a peace honorable to both parties. But Italy was a doomed country. She was not left to go on and consummate the work of freedom. Of her, it might be said, "My people perish for lack of knowledge." Ignorance was the bane of improvement, the foe to social order. Military adventurers were enabled to seize upon the fortified places and make themselves absolute sovereigns. Their castles frowned from every mountain height, and troops of retainers extinguished every manifestation of a spirit of liberty.

Near the beginning of the fifteenth century, commenced the era of the Medici family in Florence. They were distinguished for their wealth, for the rank to which they had attained among the noble families of their city, and for the interest which all the members manifested in the advancement of literature, science, and the fine arts. In those days when commerce was limited to a few hands, the old republican merchants presented a striking contrast to the hard-working traders of modern times. Wealth, and with it political power, was rapidly acquired. But now there is no vestige remaining of the superb merchant of olden time. A nominal aristocracy is still maintained, though the members of this class gain thereby no political distinction. Giovanni de Medici was one of those men whose immense wealth gained him great influence in Florence. His son, Cosmo, succeeded to his father's wealth and honors—a precedent of hereditary right to political power, fraught with the deepest danger to the liberties of Florence. Dazzled by the display of his prodigious wealth, the people gave Cosmo the title of "Pater patriæ." The history of the Medici family shows that private virtues and a cultivated taste are no security for entrusting irresponsible power to the hands of individuals. Though Cosmo beautified the city and embellished it with works of art, yet he did nothing to promote a spirit of free inquiry.

In the character of Lorenzo de Medici, "the Magnificent," one may find much to admire, after making due allowance for the enthusiastic zeal of Roscoe. We behold in him a man who had raised himself from the rank of a private citizen to an equality with the sovereigns of Europe. In the knowledge of diplomacy, he was unsurpassed. Individuals, illustrious by birth and talent, flocked to his court. It is true that Italian literature no longer boasted among its sons a Dante, Petrarch or Boccaccio. The *Inferno* of Dante had wrought a mighty effect upon the Italian mind. The name of Petrarch will long live in

the history of Italian literature. His poetry comported well with the character of his age. This we may learn by observing what principles lie at the basis of Italian character at the present day, or the architectural peculiarities of that age—now a gloomy castle frowning from some mountain height upon the plain below, and then an edifice reared on a rock in the wide basin of a charming lake, the walls of its successive terraces covered with foliage, concealing from view the rough stone beneath; the whole looking more like the enchanted castle of Fairy tenants, than the abode of human beings; as, for example, the Palace of the Borromean Islands. Especially may we learn this from the paintings by the old masters, which have come down to us. Petrarch might have written differently in another land and for another age. Instead of addressing sonnets to “Laura,” he might have essayed some loftier theme and failed. The last of this illustrious triumvirate, who had done much to purify and refine their native tongue, had passed away. Their efforts to revive the study of the ancient classics had failed, and their remains repose upon a foreign soil. But though the “mighty dust” of “the all-Etruscan Three,” as Lord Byron calls that noble triumvirate, reposes in other lands, yet

“In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier :”

the ashes of Machiaveli, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, and Galileo !

It was under such circumstances that the munificent patronage of Lorenzo de Medici was exerted, to revive the study of philosophy and literature. To the advocates of regal government, Florence presented at that time a political beau-ideal. At the court, genius and learning prevailed, while riches were made subservient to these nobler gratifications. Throughout the city, wealth was poured out like water, to aid the natural beauties of Florence. Every thing contributed to render more applicable the name of “Firenze,” or fair and flourishing; and even now, the traveler cannot gaze, without emotion, on the noble dome of the cathedral, or the numerous spires which rise from every quarter of the city.

He who passes by the tomb of either of the great Italian artists, cannot but pause a moment out of respect to the distinguished dead. In delicacy of coloring and familiar acquaintance with the effect of light and shade, they were unsurpassed. But he who seeks for supernatural greatness in the expression, may find it in the frescos of *Michael Angelo*. His taste was formed on no model, and he could have no imitator. His characters exhibit great passion and energy. The moral philosopher may go and derive new lessons of truth respecting the passions incident to our nature. The anatomist, who is seeking for the nicest developments of the human frame, will find them here. Architect, painter, and sculptor, almost without a rival, he died at an advanced age, with the exclamation on his lips, “I have much yet to learn.” The great rival of Michael Angelo, Raphael, was born a few years after him, in 1483. He caught the delicacy and finish of ancient art. He painted, not the bold, stirring passions in which his ri-

val delighted, but the milder virtues of resignation and piety; as a Madonna, a female of unequaled beauty of form and feature, bending over her babe, or a saint, whose countenance ever wears the expression of love and humility. It was amid scenes of real life that the greatest of painters sought their models; and forms lovely enough to equal their highest conceptions were not wanting.

In this connection we would not forget one of the greatest artists which Florence or Italy has produced. The name of Leonardo da Vinci will be known to the world as long as it is associated with the piece entitled "The Last Supper." It was on the walls of the old church of the Madonna delle Grazie, at Milan, that this great artist painted this scene. He has selected the moment when the anxious inquiry was heard from every quarter, "Lord, is it I?" Had Leonardo da Vinci done nothing more to immortalize his name, this would have been sufficient. To him the world is indebted for the most admirable conception of that impressive scene; and copies taken from this picture have been circulated through every land, so that the traveler may recognize in it the original of the engraving of the Lord's Supper, which first met his eyes in infancy.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, a man arose to eminence in Florence, of whose character and principles, when estimated by his writings, posterity have obtained the most contradictory opinions. A statesman, accustomed to all the chicanery of the court and of diplomacy, a minister familiar with all the artifices of tyranny, and a political writer describing with all the coolness of scientific investigation the processes by which despotism maintained its subjects in debasement or itself in security, all these were blended in the character of Machiavel. Whether the "Prince" was written to expose the schemes of tyranny that he might the sooner secure its downfall, or to lead to tyrants the weight of his experience and great political foresight in riveting new fetters upon their subjects, posterity will probably never determine. If the former was his design in composing that work, and also the "History of Florence," he has been the subject of great injustice; for whenever posterity have needed a word to characterize schemes of a consummately selfish character, deep laid, and aiming at the aggrandizement of individuals at the expense of the state, they have denominated them "Machiavelian." However, if his name has not had justice done to it, his fate would not be unlike that of thousands who have devoted themselves ardently and disinterestedly for the good of their kind.

But the most illustrious name in the history of Florence, which the world will ever revere more and more as it becomes the better acquainted with the noble science he was so instrumental in introducing, is that of *Galileo Galilei*—the inventor of the telescope and discoverer of the proofs which confirm the Copernican theory. As if nature had determined to keep up the connection of greatness, and show in what different callings it might be developed, Galileo was born on the day that Michael Angelo died. Though the insane malice of his enemies did for once lead him to dishonor his gray hairs by a denial of the

truth, and association of his name with error, yet the truth finally prevailed. With his latest breath he affirmed that the earth did revolve about the sun, and died, leaving to posterity more valuable astronomical observations, and more reasonable speculations grounded upon them, than any philosopher who preceded him.

But we have lingered too long upon the more glorious periods in the history of Italy. What is she now? Leaving out of the question Rome and southern Italy, where are those glorious little republics which awoke to new life and vigor the learning of antiquity, and which have been the legislators in the arts for all subsequent time? The days of decline have come over all—Venice, Florence, Pisa, and Genoa. Let us not regard them, in their decay, with contempt, but ask ourselves what would have been our condition, had we been subjected, during so long a period, to a policy so debasing as that under which Italy has groaned. On the one hand is the Pope, in his capacity of vice-gerent of God on earth, assigning portions of her territory to the Emperor of Germany; while on the other, the latter, as successor of the Cæsars, confirms the dominion of the haughty Pontiff over the states of the Church, by the armies at his command. A religion, too, was forced upon them, which withheld the light of truth and encouraged the exercise of passion. Surely, human virtue cannot long resist influences like these. But, as if nature herself was at war with Italy, the *malaria* annually visits some of the fairest portions of her territory, rendering them uninhabitable.

In the recent partition of Italy, man has capped the climax of wrong. Whence did the allies derive their right to subject Genoa to the dominion of the King of Sardinia? And England, too, *the bulwark of Protestantism in Europe*, why did she withdraw her troops, which had been admitted to the city under the special promise of protection, and thus leave the king of Sardinia possessed of all the works of military defense? Because policy dictated that the demands of the Holy Alliance should be complied with, though at the sacrifice of national faith. In consequence of this act, Genoa is now obliged to maintain more than twenty thousand Sardinian troops. Indolent ecclesiastics, pampered on the contributions which ignorance and superstition have wrung from the hard earnings of the people, throng all her public places. The Catholic religion is established by law, and imprisonment is denounced against the man who dares to proselyte Italians to a more enlightened faith. Her commerce, too, is fettered with ruinous restrictions. These are the causes why her streets are so lifeless, why every public avenue is thronged with beggars, and why a population of eighty thousand citizens, and a noble harbor, can do nothing to resuscitate the trade of their fathers.

The Italian character is not deficient in native energy. Even down-trodden Savoy produced some of Napoleon's best generals. A spirit has been aroused, which, even in the midst of oppression, struggles to regain the light. Schools of sculpture are yet to be found in some of the cities of Italy; and Canova, the head of modern art, has been the glory of our age. In science, too, the Italians are no contemptible ri-

vals of other nations. But still, the glory of their country lies in the past; and there will it remain, until superstition shall have fled before the light of truth, and constitutional governments have taken the place of systems of despotism.

Austria, too, came in for her share, and Venice must be sacrificed to appease her. She wanted a seaport for her possessions in Lombardy, a country once included, during the days of Venitian glory, in the continental possessions of the republic. The Lombardo-Venitian kingdom was established as a viceroyalty of Austria. Milan was made the capital, and Venice compelled to take a humble place among cities which she had once hardly deigned to honor as country seats of her nobility.

In such a country, it is not strange that enormous wealth is uncommon. The people have been plundered by the government for the support of troops who had no love of country to attach them to her interests, and whose support was derived from the hand of government. Dislike on the part of the people has occasioned jealousy and distrust on the part of the government, and crime, the offspring of such a state of society, has been rife in some parts of Italy. Travelers have reported the plundering of the diligence within one day's journey of Milan.

But the eye is relieved, as it turns away from these blemishes in the moral landscape, to contemplate external nature. The skies are not less bright than when Claude Lorraine transferred their glowing hues to the canvas. And abroad, art and nature have combined to produce the impression of beauty. He who travels from city to city, is charmed with the never-ceasing succession of cultivated fields, and of estates where trees are grouped in charming groves; while here and there, a glimpse caught of a marble statue, adds to the picturesque beauty of the scene. The traveler, as he descends by one of the Alpine roads into the fertile plains of Italy, may sympathize with the feelings of the Carthaginian invader. No longer does he see the vines confined to short poles, but suffered to grow in all their luxuriance. Fine roads intersect the country, while no rude wooden fences mar the beauty of the landscape. And then the Italian lakes! He who gazes upon these sheets of water, is struck with a beauty in the reflected tints of the olives on their banks, or the delicate shades upon the distant hills, the impression of which no language can adequately convey. Italy has been deservedly called the garden of continental Europe, if a clear sky, well cultivated fields, and an infinite variety of scenery, can merit the appellation.

THE THREE STUDENTS OF MILAN.

CHAPTER I.

"The evil, that men do, lives after them,
The good is often interred with their bones."—SHAK., JULIUS CÆSAR.

IN an obscure villa in the city of Milan, removed from the din of the thoroughfare, and sheltered only by the graceful entanglements of the vine that overshadowed its humble roof, there dwelt a poor and laborious student, Olgiato by name. Whence he came, how he employed his time, or who were his companions, were questions, that if ever asked, were sure to go unanswered. Like a spectre he came and went, seemingly ever intent on some business or other, yet only rendered more mysterious by any inquisitiveness on the part of others. The inmates of his dwelling knew him to be a lover of music, as he had been frequently heard in his apartment thrumming his light guitar and running over some plaintive ditties none understood so well as himself. So retiring and unobtrusive were his habits, that he was frequently not seen for days together by his neighbors; and an entire ignorance of any reason for such a mode of life made it a subject of general remark and wonder.

For two days already, at the time our story begins, he had not seen a human face, the solitude of his walls affording him his only company. He slept late one afternoon in the latter part of December, even later than was usual with him, so that the last lingering rays of the declining sun had long since left his little room; the mellow hues of a glorious sunset in Italy had faded from the western sky, and the shadows of evening came 'glimmering o'er the landscape' ere he showed any signs of awaking. Sleep sat heavily on his eyelids, for he had not counted any rest already for two days. But, though it came at last, it came only to torture his uneasy mind to a tenfold degree. He dreamed. It was alternately pleasing and frightful to watch the subdued calmness or strange violence of emotions that swept across his spirits like the winds over the Æolian harp. Now he dreamed of success, of bravery, and of crowning fortune—now the unsheathed dagger dripped with the blood it had drunk before his eyes, and prison, the rack, the scaffold, were the succeeding torments that sent a convulsive shudder through his frame.

Suddenly he sprung from his couch without exhibiting so much as the introductory symptoms of waking, seized his cap, armed himself with his stiletto, and neglecting his usual cautious habit of fastening his door, rushed from his room. Onward he pushed his way almost in a state of frenzy; he seemed not to know whither he was going, but to be led on only by the way he had trod so many times before. The vintner was returning late from his daily labor, and the sweet melody of the village damsel's song, which he had so often lingered to catch even to the last strain, he heeded not now. Onward he kept his

way, nor stopped or even once swerved from it. He had continued in this manner for more than a mile, when finding himself in the region of a dense population, he bent his course down a retired street, and proceeding but a little way, stopped before a low door to as lowly a dwelling, and unceremoniously entered. On the second floor, which constituted what in these later days we term a *garret*, partitioned off in a little apartment by themselves, he found his two friends, Lampognano and Visconti. They looked up from their books as he entered somewhat astonished, but giving him their usual hearty welcome, made room for him between them and began their familiar conversation.

"What have I not long since told you!" said Olgiato, interrupting the tameness to which he perceived the conversation fast tending. "Thrice already have we *all but* agreed upon it, and thrice has my guardian spirit appeared in dreams to me to encourage and forewarn me. But *such* a dream as the one from which I have just awoke! Paradise embosomed in the lowest depths of hell! bravery and courage colored with the damnable deceits of treachery and fraud! Oh, God, *such* a dream! let me never sleep again till our purpose is fully accomplished"—and he pronounced this last with an emphasis that bespoke a heart full of courage and resolution to consummate his desire.

Lampognano turned to Visconti with a wildness of look that betrayed a slight feeling of fear, and for a moment their dark eyes met and they stared in silence on each other. With a sort of convulsiveness Lampognano raised courage at last to speak and demand of Olgiato the relation of his fearful dream.

"My dream!" exclaimed he; "call it a dream if you will, but for me it was too pregnant with dreadful reality. First, there stood marshaled around me a body of angels, clad in the white uniform of their heavenly home; each bore a palm in their hands, which they brandished incessantly in the air above me, while the music of their voices fell on my delighted ear like the mellow thrum of the distant serena-der's guitar. Again, the heavens were clouded, and my angel company was gone. The thunder roared—lurid gleams of lightning shot forth from their cloudy covert over the serene face of Nature—crowds came and went—distant shouts were heard, which again became wails more piteous than I ever heard. The streets ran blood—corpses formed obstructions to the gateways, and the city shrouded itself in gloom. I was pursued—a savage hand clutched at my throat, when I sprang from the prison of my dreams and hastened to inform you of my further intentions in this matter."

"Ay, tarry with us to-night here," said Visconti, in a tone somewhat subdued from fright; "what we resolve upon none but God may know; and what we do must be done quickly."

"But," interrupted Lampognano, "have you not heard that Galeazzo on the morrow appears before the people he has forced to idolize him?"

"How!" exclaimed Olgiato, "in public! where, and on what occasion? He knoweth not then the grave that is ready to receive him!"

"To-morrow he appears in the temple," replied Lampognano, "it being

the great occasion of the festival of St. Stephen. The gateways has he already ordered to be adorned with all the wreaths that can be gathered and made with so short a preparation. And, impious fool as he is, he has given out that the city may come to the temple to *see him worship* their holy sovereign!"

"Accursed thing of the Devil!" muttered Olgiato, stamping his foot heavily on the floor; "the sun that rises on St. Stephen's festival shall never behold *him* polluting the sacred altar with his impious hands! The wreath that encircles the arches, under which *he* may pass, shall hang *as* the cypress for his funeral drapery. The threshold of that sacred temple shall be to him the threshold to his *grave*. The minister, who unites in himself all the vices of tyrants from the old Archbishop downwards, should be crushed as the leader of a banditti; and I tell you, comrades, the hours of Galeazzo Sforza are all numbered!"

"But what *plan* do you propose?" asked his companions almost at the same moment, and they waited breathless for his reply.

"It is this: as the demon brushes by us in the passage, hang you to his skirts; seize him by the arms and *I* will answer for the after acts of his life. But act as becomes us all. Thus have fallen those curses to Rome and the world, whose deeds have blackened the page of History, and whose names only swell the roll of fiends incarnate. Who freed *Rome* from her successive tyrants? oftentimes has it been happily accomplished by the feeble power of Woman, and very often by persons far weaker and lower than our own selves. Courage then, friends! buckle on the armor of bravery, and if our project fails it can go none the worse with us. Who falters now? have our nobler feelings been vainly aroused by the study of the old authors? have you never dreamed that Nero and Caligula were ancestors to our own Galeazzo, and that their end may yet be his? The accursed wish that the Roman People had but one neck, that they might be beheaded at a single blow, we may ourselves employ against the whole body of tyrants, and the present Duke of Milan is the first one to make an example of."

Olgiato, perceiving the effect this outburst of his feelings had upon his companions, suddenly relapsed into silence again, which they by no means felt disposed to break. Fearing to leave them too long to the influence of cool deliberation, he as suddenly broke forth in the bold inquiry, "What! do ye falter and refuse! Will ye endure the scorpion lash of Tyranny submissively, rather than enrol yourselves on the list of your country's preservers? If I have mistaken your mettle then, at least give me a hearty blessing, that I may perform with success what my country so piteously demands."

"No! no!" interrupted both; "brothers in *soul* at least we are, and the shame, no less than the honor of our deeds, shall fall upon us all!"

"Are you ready, then?" asked Olgiato, in a tone that indicated no strong probability of much longer endurance.

"My hand for my word, that *I'll* be true," said Lampognano.

"And mine also," added Visconti, excitedly; and each clasped the other's hand convulsively.

"But pledge me this too, ere I rest content," said Olgiato; "at your life's peril, Galeazzo Sforza shall on the morrow atone with *death* for the crimes his tyrannical power has permitted him to revel in."

"To-morrow," answered they hastily, "these daggers reek with the heart's blood of the only tyrant of Milan!" and they brandished them till they glittered frightfully in the light of the midnight lamp.

"Then we stand pledged! let us commit our cause before we cease to our country's Saint:—Protector of the Tyrant's realm! direct us through the difficulties of our patriotic effort, to a successful issue! and stand ready to receive us in thy arms in Heaven, if the powers of Earth render our labors puny!" and they each crossed themselves thrice with their daggers, looking on them for some time in silent devotion.

As formal and unmeaning as this might seem to many, there was yet visible in its execution the impetuous and noble spirit of the youthful and manly student. What their silent vows were, and how religiously they were observed, the sequel of our story will abundantly show. In no class of individuals is there to be found such lofty feelings of honor—such exalted views of liberty, and such unqualified detestation of all that partakes of meanness of soul, as among students. Such has been the case since Letters began to show their gilded character to men. It was with a devoted *Monk*, that began that 'spirit of free inquiry' and extended learning, of which the light of the Reformation and consequent civilization of all Europe was the final result. Benevolence has ever found a happy home with the pious and studious monks of St. Bernard: and of a similar character were those devoted, though somewhat fanatic spirits, that composed the ancient "Holy Brotherhood." And when in our own day the influence of the scholar seems circumscribed within the limits of an Institution or a community, on closer examination we should find that his work ceases not there: the *age* looks up to his opinion with reverence, and they find it one, not nursed and dandled in the rustling folds of the silken gown, but strongly rooted in the rich, strong soil of ancient learning. The *true* scholar's influence has ever been wide, unlimited, and he secretly feels that such deserts the world in duty owes him.

The characters before us belonged rightfully to this class. Born and bred in a foreign city, they had removed, for mutual benefit, to the place they now might with propriety call their own, from their long continuation in it. Their souls were rapt up in the fervid and impassionate masters of Greece and Rome, and every sentiment they met with caught as it were their feelings in an instant blaze. But for tyranny, or the least abuse of the precious privileges of power, they had imbibed a wonderful antipathy; the pleasures of liberty, and the disgrace of slavery, the advocates for Roman freedom had fully taught them alternately to admire and detest.

They had scarcely gone through the ceremony which we have described above, when they all sat down, and calmly began to plan the efficient execution of their resolves. Each selected some part of the sacrifice for himself, and in turn consigned to the others what he thought they could best perform. Thus they passed the time till morn-

ing, arranging, encouraging, and cautioning. Their purpose was, as Galeazzo entered the temple, before he had proceeded to the holy altar, to seize him by the arms in the midst of the crowd that would surround him, and plunge their daggers, while he was thus helplessly situated, into his heart. They had counted their hazard, and found it insufficient to deter them from their purpose. The rush of the people, they had hoped, would conceal the immediate presence of the murderers, until, seeing the tyrant that had extorted so many groans from them fallen, they should extol the act, and call down perhaps even blessings on the heads of its perpetrators. Thus we leave them together in the silent hours of midnight, awaiting with anxiety the fatal events of the morrow. They did not so much as close their eyes in sleep that night, and the gray of morning found them still there together, equipped for complete enactment of the wonderful dream of Olgiato.

CHAPTER II.

CATHNESS.

" Well, march we on,

To give obedience where 'tis truly owed :

Meet we the medicin of the sickly weal ;

And with him pour we, in our country's purge,

Each drop of us."

LENOX.

" Or so much as it needs,

To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds."—MACBETH.

The bells of the city rang merrily on the bright morning of St. Stephen's festival, and the sound of happy voices arose from many a dwelling there. Every thing indicated the approach of some extraordinary event. The streets had been cleaned with much more than usual care, and arches overhung the entrance to almost every one of them. Even the children, who at other times sauntered idly along, now hastened, as though their presence at the coming scene could add in any way to its sublimity or interest. Near the central part of the city, there were collected around a dwelling, whose noble exterior fully established the higher rank of its occupants, a crowd, already dense, and rapidly becoming more so. About the royal enclosure stood ranged, in the royal armor, a body-guard of forty men, whose helmets and spears glittered brightly in the clear sunlight. From within might be heard the sound of instruments, and the rapid motion of the dancers' feet, that contrasted strikingly with the dead silence that reigned without. Men gazed and stared at each other, as anxiously as if in waiting at a funeral, and but for the sounds of mirth within, such an appearance it would in every wise have presented. After a long delay, the train began to move from the palace of Galeazzo Sforza. Soon he appeared, descending the long flight of marble steps, when the word went round, and prolonged and continued shouts rolled on like the ocean waves, as if they would rend the very air. The procession forms about him, and,

with banners floating in the breeze, march to the great temple of worship. Around the chariot of Galeazzo, youth of both sexes scatter bunches of flowers and tender boughs. He seems delighted : a smile wreathes his haughty lip, and occasionally he even deigns to wave his sovereign hand to the throng that are threatening to obstruct his progress. The stately music of horns, drums, and other instruments fires the pressing crowd with enthusiasm, and the shouts that go up for the royal Duke of Milan, rend the very air. They move slowly through the principal streets of the city, passing under the hundred arches on their march, when the multitude that surrounds the temple suddenly descry them. The massive bell swings on its wheel, sending forth sounds that make the very ground tremble beneath them. The mighty mass of beings move nearer, so that individuals are at last distinguishable. As they approach, they gaze awe stricken on the massy structure before them ; above, around and beneath—all forms one noble and astonishing edifice.

In the assembly near the entrance of the temple are stationed our three students, Olgiato, Lampognano, and Visconti. Their looks at each other are dark and comprehensive. The throng about the duke's person is immense, and they count on it all as highly favorable to the success of their undertaking. With silent prayers for the result, they continue to exchange their knowing looks with each other, at the same time carefully watching their opportunity.

Galeazzo dismounts and, surrounded by his court satellites with heads uncovered, slowly and pompously walks on to the magnificent temple. The bright sun sheds a mournful effulgence on those bared temples, yet the features they so plainly traced bore the stamp of superlative manliness and courage ; and his silver locks, that were so soon to be matted with gore, shook with very reverence. His whole appearance and bearing was noble—fully equal to the haughtiness of his soul. As he proceeds along the splendid walk to the entrance, the foremost on either side drop on their knee, and, by this mark of worshipping servility, acknowledge submission to the reigning prince. Such a humiliating spectacle only serves to inflame to a greater degree the deadly passions of the students ; nothing save their cooler judgment restrains them from springing like tigers on their devoted prey. He reaches at last the entrance ; as his foot touches the threshold, the sounds of drum, and cymbals, and human voices, burst forth on a sudden, and the astonished multitude gaze upwards from the former object of their praise and admiration, to catch, as it were, the sounds more completely. All now is confusion and excitement. Thousands are rushing forward for admittance, and hundreds more are driving in haste to witness the imposing scene at the altar.

"*Be men once now !*" whispered Olgiato to his comrades : and Lampognano, making a feint, as if to rush forward with the rest of the throng to the altar, seizes the duke by both arms, while Olgiato and Visconti, springing forward, each plunge their daggers twice in his body.

"Who is traitor here ! Protector of Milan ! Oh, God !" was all he could faintly utter, and while the death rattle still sounded in his

throat, from which he thrust out a horribly dilated tongue, he dropped heavily on the floor. The altar he never reached, but was permitted at last only a sight of what his impious hands would so foully have polluted. Lampognano, who had secured his arms, seeing himself surrounded on all sides by persons who evinced no very favorable signs of protection, or even friendship, resolved to consummate the oath he had taken on the preceding night with his companions, and he plunged his dagger up to the hilt in the breast of the fallen duke, repeating it again with the vehemence of despair. His guards instantly rush on the conspirators with their spears and lances, and while, in the unparalleled confusion, Olgiato makes his escape, they prostrate upon the corpse of the prince the bodies of Lampognano and Visconti.

"Murderers! meet your worthy death!" they shout, as they continue to pierce them with their lances; and the cry is raised, that Galeazzo is murdered. They flock to the spot in denser crowds than at any time before; each one asks who the assassins are, and the inquirers find a full answer on beholding, stretched on the paved floor, the corpses of two strangers, frightfully mutilated. The music is now all hushed; the bell has done its ringing; all collect about the entrance, and press upwards on each other, in suffocating crowds, to reach the murdered duke.

Visconti turns, in his death-struggles, and calls out faintly for his friend Lampognano. "Ha! he mutters sedition yet!" growls an old blue-beard, and he breaks his jaw with the halberd he holds in his hand. He falls back again on the body of the prince, and the two students lie slain on the corpse of him they had so vainly thought to make an offering to the liberty of their country. But all eyes are suddenly turned in every direction around them. "This way I saw him pass," says one: "he seemed in haste," says a second, and all look eagerly, though fruitlessly, for the third unhappy student, whom they would make a certain and speedy victim to their unbridled rage. But in vain. They permit the corpses of Lampognano and Visconti to be kicked from the holy temple and trodden under foot, while that of Sforza is carried back in pomp to his chariot,—a sorry contrast to the manner of its previous exit therefrom. The tidings spread like wild-fire through the city; the bells chime in a mournful tolling, and the procession moves back with measured tread to the palace of the duke. Doubtless the multitude would on further reflection have rejoiced at the event, that had just transpired; but the suddenness of such a scene so totally unhinged their feelings, that in the atrocity of the deed, rather than its happy consequences, their thoughts were wholly occupied. The assassins were branded as murderers and traitors; for a long time the city mourned the loss of the duke, and imprecated the hands by which they had been bereft of him.

CHAPTER III.

"It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!
She is not rosy fingered, but swoll'n black;
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,
And her sick head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threatened night ere noon of day!
It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as another morn.—BEN JOHNSON'S CATALINE.

From this scene of slaughter Olgiato had hastily found his way to his lodgings unperceived, revolving in his mind all the time the results, that were sure soon to follow either for good or ill. For two days he kept his own company, choosing in solitude to mourn the untimely fate of his friends, and brace himself to meet his fortune, whatever turn it might next take. He would scan the pages of the Roman Historian and Philosopher, which they were wont to read together, and as he sat alone and silent in his chamber, the trembling tear might often be heard dropping on the leaves; although conscious that they 'had done the state a service,' yet he could not refrain from weeping over their lamentable fate: he had the student's heart, and grieved now they were gone he had not sacrificed his life with theirs in so holy a cause. So intimate and lasting are the friendships, which the student forms, that death would seem rather to strengthen than to sever them.

He had risen early on the third morning after the accomplishment of his vow, and watched from his window the sun as it rose over the evenly undulating hills that bounded the beautiful landscape, arraying in gorgeous coloring the fair plains below. In the hazy distance rose the dome of the Temple, where the great sacrifice had just been made to Milan liberty;—scattered along the road that led to the city were foot passengers of every class, threading their way thus early to their accustomed places of business or dissipation. He sat in this dreamy contemplation till all the usual passers had deserted the road, seemingly revolving in his mind what should be his next step, for to remain where he was in safety he knew was impossible. Hours flew, yet he knew nothing of the time, and it had already become late in the morning. He rose at last from his seat almost as suddenly as before from the place of his disturbed dream, and putting on his cap paced his room for a few moments in excited haste; then opening the door he found his way to the great thoroughfare, which his anxious eye had so long threaded from one end to the other. He had proceeded but a little distance, when sad feelings of separation from his little kingdom probably forever came over his soul, and he sat down upon a stone by the roadside to take a last, lingering look of every thing that was so dear to him. Crystal tears welled their way up from his heart and through

their glimmering film he saw all the flowers of his hopes faded or crushed at his feet : his house was desolate, and he might in vain sit, and

" List within his silent door
For the light foot that comes no more."

He drew his hand across his eyes to dash aside the fast-coming tears, and rose from his rude seat to pursue his way onward to the city. Now he went faster and now more subduedly, muttering to his own ear expressions of sorrow and anxiety. He found his way to the Forum, determined first to notice the state of public feeling respecting the late assassination of the duke from the snatches of conversation he might overhear. One he would hear exclaiming, 'Alas for the liberties of Milan, now that its Ruler is gone,' and another in his hearing would inquire who these murderers were, that so boldly took life at no one's command ; then dropping his voice would whisper, 'Has the third, who made his escape so suddenly, been yet found ?' The frequency of such remarks and inquiries at last so tortured the mind of our young hero, that in the very agony of despair, though he hoped Fortune might yet favor him, he ascended the stairs on which the public sales were transacted, and raising his voice to an energetic and manly tone, cried out—"Citizens of Milan ! God has this day raised you up a preserver : that your tyrant has met an ignominious death, is already well known to you all : that his unbridled tyranny deserved a forfeit no less than his life, your own suffering has long since sadly taught you : whatever may be your decision, now know ye, that Girolamo Olgiato is the only remaining one of his murderers !"

It would be impossible to describe the variety of emotions that pervaded the breasts of the listening multitude, as these words fell from his lips. At first thought they imagined Heaven had kindly sent them a deliverer, who should guide them in their present troubled and excited state ; but on hearing the horrible confession from the very murderer himself, their rage was unbounded. All their love of liberty was at once merged in their horror at the unparalleled atrocity of the deed, and rising up as a single man, with the cry of "Traitor ! traitor !" resounding through the whole Forum, they seized on him, and without any form of trial, or so much as counsel from superior authority, hurried him away he knew not where. Dense crowds gathered at every street they entered : every one, when he had learned the cause of the unruly excitement, only joined in it the more zealously himself, and helped to swell the size of a mob the city government might then have vainly attempted to quiet. The poor student is borne onwards by the infuriated crowd, itself scarce knowing whither, till he is brought to the usual place of execution for malefactors : he is disrobed by rough hands of the few garments that had withstood the fury of the mob, and rudely thrown upon the ground : his neck is stretched across the block, the loyal spectators the while signifying their approval by their fiendish yells and shouts ; and while the executioner stands over his doomed head, ready to strike the fatal blow, wrapped in the recollections of the

past, or in visions of the time to come, and filled with the enthusiasm of the ancient republic, from the pages of whose history he had drunk in the love of liberty, whose language seemed to him in that moment of his country's degradation as alone fitted to express the emotions of his soul, the young hero exclaimed with a loud voice and unfaltering accent, "Mors acerba, fama perpetua, stabit vetus memoria facti!"

Thus mournfully died at the bright and elastic age of twenty three, the last faithful, but unfortunate asserter of the Lombard Republic.

WATER SPIRITS.

HAVE ye not heard of the spirits fair,
 That dwell in the watery main!
 That rise from their bed and wanton in air,
 Then plunge in its dark depths again?
 How they sport their long tresses in the dallying breeze,
 And dive 'mongst the boughs of the white coral trees!
 Their grottoes all studded with amber and pearls,
 The sea-weed encircles with long, waving curls!

At calm eventide, when the waters are still,
 And the winds lie asleep on their breast;
 When the wave-lapping sun behind the dark hill
 Has pillowed his head in its rest;—
 These bright water-spirits skim light o'er the wave,
 While they sing, in full chorus, the song which HE gave—
 The God of the waters—on creation's bright morn,
 When they sparkled and flashed in its earliest dawn.

The forms of these spirits, so perfect and fair,
 As they skim o'er the watery lea!
 Around them falls loosely their ocean-died hair,
 Or trails in the white-crested sea.
 Like the Venus of Paphos, emerged from her bed,
 All sparkling they rise with a foam-circled head,
 And the sounds they emit in a tremulous tone
 Are borne on the wings of the wild wind alone.

At even I lie at the foot of the hill
 That stares in the face of the river;
 The shadows all creeping so softly and still—
 No sound save the fair water diver.
 Entranced are the senses—delighted the eye,
 The spirits of water uprise joyfully,
 And friskingly sport athwart the dark main,
 With clear echo singing their chorus again:—

With the dashing, foaming brine
 Silvery wreaths we interwine.
 As we dance upon the wave,
 How it leapeth up to lave
 Fairy feet of spirit forms—
 Daughters of the God of storms.

In our grottoes far below,
 Through the briny tine we go;
 Palaces a king might claim
 For their beauty and their fame.
 We the maids of Neptune hold
 By our thousand charms untold.

Through the caves and round about
 Glance the backs of silvered trout;
 Here the nautilus furls his sail,
 Tossed by storm and torn by gale.
 Purest pearls these caverns pave,
 Polished by the pressing wave.

Raise then, sisters, raise your song,
 Let the breeze its notes prolong;
 Echo through the golden shell,
 Till the deep shall own the spell.
 Pillow, then, your heads below,
 In the grottoes where we go.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

BY GULDENSTERN.

CHAPTER I.

"HALLO! Tim—I vow, if you aint eternally, in this old grave-yard of yours, digging into some of your worm-eaten boxes forever: eternally at work—eternally drudging and drugging"—exclaimed Bob Sangar, as he entered the lawful precincts of Mr. Timothy Twitter, Physician and Surgeon, an old, long gone-by building of dingy exterior, and internal arrangements to suit. "Tim, I say; don't you know you are not taxed for the open air you breathe? One would imagine you had forgotten that, and for economy's sake had determined to snuff the effluvia of your own compounds and preparations. Come, I'm in for *a go* to-night; what say you?"

"Ah! Bob, my business presses—patients thicken: I have not had time to so much as step over the way this three days. Had three billets of invitations to *select parties* within as many hours, and been obliged to decline them all,—yes, to sacrifice *all* for the louder call of the mortar and pestle. But come in the back room, Bob; we'll hear what propositions you have to make, and as this is a Dispensary, I think we'll be able to dispense with some of our business for their sake, to-night."

"Ha! ha! at your old game again," retorted Bob; "never will be cured of that," and they both moved slowly away to the retirement of an inner room, which Tim was pleased to call his office, where business of a private nature was alone transacted. For the clear understanding of the whole picture, we may premise to our readers that Robert Sangar, Gent., and Timothy Twitter, Esq., were both of them young men, both busied in the same line of profession, and both warm friends for other reasons than these. Bob Sangar was the son of a highly

respectable old merchant, whose natural, uneasy, and choleric propensities were imparted to his promising child, by rightful inheritance. Bob was no friend to laziness and inactivity, for it wasn't in him to be such. He was ever on the go; a bold, fearless, care-for-nothing individual, who never dreamed of being caught in trouble for his conduct, and thought his father sufficient guarantee for any course of action he might choose to pursue. He was a student at a celebrated Medical School, and like most other young men in his situation, was fast becoming hardened to contact with any thing or any body. Tim Twitter was not exactly of the same stamp. It cannot be denied that he possessed warm and excited feelings, or he never would have been an intimate with such a whole-souled, frank personage as his friend Bob. But his temperament in matters pertaining to his profession, bore an exactly opposite character. To see him compound his drugs, sell his advice, administer his prescriptions, or pore over his musty tomes, one would imagine he was the most reserved and cold of mortals. Every thing was done with him, by rule—all his motions were measured and slow; he acquired by walking up and down his room, the pace of an antiquarian, and when he sat down to enjoy, as he called it, his fire, it was with his cheeks supported on the palms of his hands, his elbows on his knees, and his gaze fixed intently on the crumbling ashes and sparkling coals. He had been established in his profession for some years, a profession which he always believed he must select out of pure regard to his deceased father, whose door-plate, with the inscription—Ezekiel Twitter, Physician—had adorned the front of the family residence for a period of more than forty years. Timothy was poor—poor in the strictest sense; every cent he earned, he felt was exclusively his own, and by a strict course of industry, he hoped to support the high reputation of his illustrious pedigree. Besides, he had a sly notion of gaining something handsome from a connexion, now only imaginary, with the family of the Sangars, in the person of Lilly Sangar, the affectionate and devoted sister of Bob.

As we before said, Tim led Bob away to his office, and having closed the door, and dropped the faded curtain to its upper half, which consisted of glass, he forthwith proceeded with rubbing his hands to remark on the cold state of the room, and make preparations for replenishing his already drooping fire. From an old closet in the chimney, he pulled out a larger quantity of wood than was his wont, probably in consideration of the character of his visitor, and piling it in his old sober way across the andirons, sat down in his arm chair, and proceeded to poke it with his remnant of a pair of tongs. In a desolate corner of the room stood the bed of the aforesaid occupant, with four upright posts as a sort of body-guard to his sleeping person. A dusty, faded curtain, that swept the floor helped to exclude from the apartment what little light might seem disposed to enter—a chest of drawers hard by, contained all his valuables, that might have been compressed into half its dimensions, and near by his old chair, openly and boldly, unsupported by any portion of the wall, stood a long, well washed oak table, the very sight of whose legs, unprotected by any covering, was enough to send a shiver

through the flesh of any sensitive man. In such a place sat our two heroes at the time our tale begins. Bob had asked many questions since he had taken his proffered seat, and having received no answer to the first, had managed to dove-tail them together in the hopes of finally receiving a *summary* answer from his friend. But Tim had no more idea of answering the second than the first, nor the whole together than any one by itself. The truth was, Tim Twitter was conjuring up some very secret, unsuspecting method of asking after Miss Lilly's health and affections, and of transmitting to her through the medium of her brother, his own tender regards and good wishes for her comfort and happiness.

"Bob," said Tim, interrupting him in the midst of his questions, "is your family all well? Your father yet recovered from his late sickness? Your sister?"—

"Oh, Lord, yes," exclaimed Bob, eagerly, glad to draw his companion into conversation on any terms, even at the sacrifice of any answer to his long list of questions, which he more than half knew Tim would hardly answer in his present mood: "yes, indeed the old gentleman has got out again; we couldn't spare *him* quite yet; *I've* got to be got under way first, before he gets out of the way."

Tim had not received exactly such an answer as he desired; but he rallied again and asked Bob what his sister thought of the Medical Profession, cloaking the bluntness of his inquiry, with the seeming allusion to Bob's studies; to which Bob as good humoredly replied, although he would have been the last one to wound a sister's feelings: "Well, I can tell you, it makes precious little difference with me, *what* she thinks of it. If the women are so squeamish about opening veins and amputating limbs and dressing wounds, why they must remain in their misery. Tim, *you* know the profession could not live without it, and the world will never be the wiser for *its* sufferings."

"But it must give satisfaction to a young practitioner, to learn that the sentiments of his affianced upheld the dignity of his profession; he has a double desire to distinguish himself, and with his energies correspondingly increased, he makes his way in the world with double success."

Tim seemed determined to push his point even at the risk of exposing the original intention of his inquiries; but by a strange fatality, Bob made such replies as only perplexed him more and more, till his reply to this last, that women must be content with the occupations of their husbands, with a short essay on the notions of some of the tender gender, completely silenced the young apothecary, and things took another turn.

"Here, Bob, open that drawer; excuse me, I completely forgot the cigars;" and Twitter threw himself back in his chair for the first time, which perhaps he was rather led to do by the rapidly increasing heat of the fire. "Well," continued he, "what sort of a go are you in for to-night? always up to something of course; never easy—always ransacking old lanes or terrifying the inmates of some poor, rickety three story den. What now?"

"Oh, don't be alarmed so soon," rejoined Bob; "let *me* say a few words. Were you ever out at the Truckton burying-ground, on the old Runville road, the road that sets in at the southwest end of the town, by 'Upholsterer's Lane?'"

"Why, yes, I believe so; I used to know something of that place once, in my occasional rambles to Runville. Are you?"—

"Well, I'll tell you," said Bob; "report says that two days ago, a man was buried there, of whom no one thereabouts knew a syllable—black, soot black; he died suddenly,—no one knew what was the matter, buried in a great hurry, in an obscure corner of the yard, and there he lies still: died strangely too; chattered his teeth for a quarter of an hour before, and dropped away groaning all the time—'take 'em off,—take 'em off!'"

"Horror!" involuntarily shuddered Tim, "I never heard of such a case in all my medical experience. Horror."

"Well," continued Bob, stopping only to take breath, "what I'm up to is this. Before twelve o'clock to-night I want to see that body stretched on your table there, and the dissecting knife restored to its rights in the case."

"How can you get it here?" asked Timothy, staggering in his feelings under the very idea of such an object lying on his table. Tim was by no means unused to such scenes, but the extent of his business never once demanded his skill in such operations. So he only shuddered, and reluctantly asked—"How can you get it here?"

To this question Bob had a ready reply; he had marked out his plan, and was at no loss for words in communicating it. "Why," said he, "there's an old lumber wagon we can have, all covered nice. Tony will provide all that establishment for me, without making any thing known to the family. Then we can drive away at our own pleasure, equipped with every thing necessary for the resurrection. I'll tell Tony to be in waiting for my return, and can find out from him the exact locality of the grave, as he attended in person the funeral of his colored brother. So, you see, we're all right there. What say you?"

This was a *poser* to Tim; he feared for his own nerves, and yet he knew his entire safety with such a traveling companion as Bob Sangar; he knew all his friend's sanguine disposition too well to dare to refuse him, and hoped at the same time by an exhibition of daring before him to gain a hold in his esteem, and thereby make a more effectual inroad upon the affections of his pretty sister. So he gazed vacantly into the fire, weighing the case with himself, when suddenly, the snappish question—"Afraid?" brought him to his senses in amazing quick time.

"Afraid!" said he boldly, "no indeed! I was thinking of the slyest plan of operation," hoping thus to excuse his delay in answering.

"Good! good!" cried Bob, slapping him on the knee, as soon as he caught the first part of his answer: "but I've arranged that," he hastily replied to the second. "What time shall I be here? Eight? nine? ten?"

"Come by nine," said Tim, with increasing courage; "I'm ready then." So Bob threw the stump of his cigar into the fire, and springing

from his chair wished him "Good evening," and closed the door after him before he could have called him back, if he had been so disposed.

CHAPTER II.

Bob Sangar was gone. The being with whom Timothy Twitter, Physician, had just been closeted in close conversation, had gone again to the bustle of the out-door world, and Timothy was very unexpectedly left to himself and his relations. What he had just heard from the lips of his visitor was enough to unnerve any man, and such a man as Twitter, to an amazing degree. Tim sat a few moments by his fire absorbed in thought. The sad, melancholy twilight of an evening late in November, imparted a gloom to every thing around his room; the fire sent back grotesque images of the andirons on the wall; he spasmodically turned his head round to see if any one might be looking in at his window, and then turned again and stared in the fire. A long silence ensued, during which Tim's mind reverted to the convulsions of a dying negro, gasping for breath, grinding his teeth together, and moaning in agony, 'take 'em off! take 'em off!' and he whispered aloud as if fearful lest some one might overhear, 'Bob Sangar! I can never do it! No, no, I *must* be excused.' Then as suddenly he thought of Lilly, the roguish, sprightly Lilly, no more a coward than her dare-devil brother; he remembered to have heard even in the pantomimic shows that 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and he altered his determination. But still there was something mysterious and dreadful connected with the affair; the idea of exhuming a negro, but two days dead, no one knew whom, the possibility of his death being caused by some malady, his dying chatterings and groans, and then to see him stretched out on that identical oak table of his! all this was horrible. But he mustered resolution, and as he rose from his chair to light his lamp, he exclaimed, I'll do it! I'll do it! Lilly must never laugh at Bob's relation of my chicken-heartedness.' Then he lighted his lamp, and went into the outer room, which he denominated his *store*, to turn the key preparatory to going up stairs to supper.

The tea bell soon rang and called from his misery a man who was pacing his store between the extremes of doubt and fear. His landlady never looked more smiling; she seemed to Twitter to inquire with unusual interest concerning his health and business; the cup of tea was so good he must repeat it; the fire never burned more cheerfully; the cat purred in a very domestic strain, and Tim never wished so heartily he was the husband of some such good lady, that he might forever bid adieu to the life of a Physician. He lingered in the room longer than usual, and needed to be asked but once by Mrs. Whimple to seat himself by her fireside, where she seated herself opposite him, leaving the tea equipments standing as they had left them.

Mrs. Whimple never would, good natured soul as she was, have wounded any one's feelings, more particularly those of her promising

boarder—no, not she : but the conversation was rambling and desultory, extremely so ; and she must tell the circumstances of the last execution, so awful, so very horrible : it made her very blood crawl. And then the resuscitation of the criminal : how he doubled himself up and groaned and foamed at his mouth ; poor creature ! how he cried for help and opened and shut his eyes, and on seeing them applying the galvanized rods to different parts of his body, groaned out exhaustedly, ‘take ‘em off ! take ‘em off !’ Timothy had listened as patiently as he could to the whole narration, and this, it must be confessed, was but very impatiently and uneasily ; but when the identical words of the victim of Bob Sangar’s curiosity were repeated by a dying murderer, and again repeated to him by his own sweet landlady, it seemed as if he were beside himself. He rocked backwards and forwards in his chair ; this was not motion enough for his excited nerves,—he jumped up and walked the room, exclaiming, ‘horrible ! dreadful !’ and the like, as if to satisfy his gnawing terror. He looked at his watch ; it was already quarter past eight ; Bob was to be there at ten—no, at nine ! how the time had flown. On receiving this last intelligence from his time-keeper he said in a tone evidently forced to prevent any suspicion, ‘Mrs. Whimple, it’s after eight o’clock, and I must go.’

Go he did, though he would twenty times rather have stayed at home under the protection of his landlady, than be dragged away by the furious Bob Sangar, on such a dismal night, to the solitude of a country graveyard. He groped his way down stairs, and again seated himself by his fire, neglecting to unbolt his outside door again, if the thought once entered his head that he had fastened it. And there he sat, wrapped in his meditations.

Meantime the invincible Bob had exchanged several calls on his way homeward with his numerous acquaintances, and taken quite a stroll over the city before going home to tea, possibly revolving in his thoughts the arrangements of a proceeding in which he was for the first time to engage. Bob, it must be admitted, had a great deal of that stuff called courage ; he was the last one to quail under any circumstances or exhibit the least signs of fear : still in the very novelty of assuming the character of a resurrectionist, there was something that called for more forethought than he was wont to indulge in. So he sauntered or tripped along as a fearful or an exciting thought struck him, till he suddenly found himself at his door. He went in and hardly answering the kind inquiry of his sister as to where he was going, for tea was waiting, or minding her frolicsome manner of closing the door before him while she stood with her back against it, other than by gently removing her from her position, he pushed his way out into the kitchen, through into the outer yard, where he found the object of his desires, the servant, Black Tony. No time was lost in entrusting to this faithful servitor the object of his visit to the graveyard that night, and giving him all necessary orders for accomplishing his purpose, together with an admonition to wait for his return, however late ; all which was patiently listened to, and strict obedience thereto promised by our black hero. Secrecy was enjoined, and Bob bounded away to the social delights of the tea table.

Bob's father had been absent for some time on business, and was expected that day week. So for fear any anxiety should be felt at his staying out very late, he remarked at the table, that he had an engagement with a friend that evening, which might detain him very late.

"Bob," said his sister Lilly, half frettingly, "why can't your stay contented with me at home *one* evening in the week at least? You are always away. Now I've just learned some new pieces of music I thought you might like to hear and was going to beg of you to keep in the house to-night. You'll surely meet with some one you would rather not, some of these dark nights. Come, do stay at home for *my* sake."

Had this protest and appeal fallen on the ears of any other person than Bob Sangar, Timothy Twitter for instance, they would have had their due effect. But Bob could be governed no better by a silken than a leathern rein, and his heedlessness of both had made him just what we find him, a furious, though by no means reckless, young man, as allied to danger as to a harmless frolick. He heeded no such advice, and thought it no trespass to disobey the mild commands of one, who would love him none the less for so doing. But for appeasing her desires, he consented to stay a little while and listen to her merry laugh, or comment on her improved fingering of her instruments, or perhaps tell her a sad tale of some poor victim of the dissecting knife, with which he met in his daily lectures, (as if to brace himself to his coming task.) The hours passed, and ascertaining by his watch it wanted but a few minutes of his appointed hour—nine—he abruptly left the house, and found his way around to the barn, where Tony had equipped every thing to his satisfaction. Again he warned Tony to be ready waiting for him and his horse, and drove away to Tim Twitter in as high flow of spirits as could under the circumstances be expected.

"Wul, wul," said Tony, when he was once fairly out of hearing, "it's *my* turn now: nigga flesh be as good as white skin, and massa ought to know it too. I'll manage to inform him." The negro wheeled about on his heel with his hands in his pockets and arranged matters about the premises to direct his course immediately to an old tavern not far from their scene of action, where he well knew they would stop to warm themselves with a glass of liquor.

Up this street, and down that, dashed Bob and his lumbering vehicle, now in the full glare of the lighted street lamp, and again through a lane so dark and muddy that a traveler would never have dared to intrude upon its silent precincts. But still the horse and rider went on, straight on, to the well known residence of Mr. Timothy Twitter. In the condition in which we left him, gazing in the fire, trembling with fearful suspense and agitation, sat our redoubtable Tim, when Bob drew up at the door, fastened his horse and commenced thundering at the door of his terror-stricken friend. Tim's hair fairly stood on end; he hesitated whether to go at all, not knowing but he might fall beneath the bludgeon of a robber or the steel of some hardened assassin. By some fortunate means he so far recovered himself as to recollect his

appointment with his friend Bob, and as if suddenly relieved, he sprang to the door and opened it, neglecting to ask as the price of admission the name of his visitor, lest *Lilly* might possibly hear of his fear. In sprang Bob in his great-coat and skull-cap and with his jovial "Hallo," pushed into the inner room, leaving Tim again to fasten the door if he chose.

Tim soon found his way back, inwardly exclaiming the while, "*I was in hopes he wouldn't come!*" and soon seated himself by the fire by the side of his newly arrived friend. The corner spoke not for some time, but sat with his hands spread out on his knees, intently surveying the arrangements of the fire department, and possibly hoping Tim would open the conversation. But such a hope was to all appearance groundless: Tim would willingly have set there all night, if by so doing he thought his services on the coming occasion could have been dispensed with. So he looked into the fire too.

"Well," suddenly exclaimed Bob Sangar, with striking emphasis on this first word, "you're *ready*, I suppose, Twitter," for he often called him by his christian name, when his thoughts were serious.

"Why, y-e-s," yawned Tim, "I s'pose so," but still he made no effort to move, nor showed the least signs of any such disposition.

"Well then, on with your coat and hat," rejoined Bob in a tone that betokened some impatience; "the sooner we're off now the better. Just the night for us too; the very ghosts won't dare to leave their haunts on such a night as this."

Tim had at this command risen to envelop himself in his coat, and was for *him* fast advancing in his labor; but at the word *ghost* he trembled, and the arm that was stretched out to find its way through its coat sleeve fell as if lifeless or struck with palsy. "You don't believe in ghosts, do you, Bob?" said Tim in a somewhat low voice.

"Ghosts!" shouted Bob, till the poorly furnished room fairly echoed again, "devil a bit I care for those night-walkers. Of course I can't help believing in 'em when their existence carries such incontestible evidence to our very senses. My own uncle Jed saw one once with his own eyes, and well would it have been for him if that had been all, poor man. He had a bed with four posts above it, there, like yours there; he felt unwell one night, and was startled from his sleep by hearing several persons in slow and solemn conversation; so he listened: the sound came nearer and nearer—soon he saw four upright figures, one at each corner of his bed, gesturing and chattering away. He heard one of them say, "What a large coffin Jed must have!" and shrieked for very fright, till the whole house came to his relief. The spectres were gone, but he never got over it, and after lingering along for some time under the tortures of a burning brain fever, died repeating to his friends that stood around his bedside,—*"Let Jed have a large coffin!"* That's all *true* too!"

Poor Tim was not proof against all this, and never would have stood it another moment, had not the bold Bob offered to sing an old grave-robbet's song to cheer himself up with, and commenced his singing too before time was given for Tim's acquiescence. It ran thus:

“ Away, Boys! away!
To the grave-yard, I say,—
Away with your pick-axe and spade!
There's a cloud overhead,
And the moon is a-bed,
And all noise in deep silence is laid;
Then away, haste away,
Ere the light of the day
And suspicion your motions has weighed.

Here we go—there we go,—
Now above—now below,
O'er turf-mounds and graves of the sleepers;
O'er foes, and o'er friends,—
Where the light willow bends,—
And the grass is refreshed by the weepers!
The red-crested worm
Will ne'er harm the form
Of which we have made ourselves keepers.

The spade—how it rings
In the ear as it brings
The half-eaten coffin to light!
And the dirt—how it falls
Back to its dark halls,
Where it mouldered away from the sight!
And the sleeper is moved
From the place that he loved
At the speed of the grave-robber's flight.”

By the time this comforting solo had been performed, Tim had become somewhat hardened, and mustered spunk enough to speak in high terms of praise concerning the whole musical performance. His coat was fastened tightly around him, and his hat drawn in a very unusual manner down over his eyes, when after intently surveying his appearance in the glass before him, whose presence we had forgotten in the enumeration of his earthly possessions, he very significantly made it known to Bob that he thought he was ready. Such report of progress was extremely welcome to Bob, and he was, as the reader may imagine, the first out of doors, standing by the side of his vehicle. Tim followed on, fastened the door, and was soon seated by the side of his friend on the seat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE THREE NEW ELEMENTS OF MODERN LIFE.

MODERN LIFE has three new elements which mainly distinguish it from ancient. 1st. A new physical constitution, bestowed by the Germanic conquests. 2d. The perfected Roman Law and Literature, and 3d. Christianity. With the operation of each of these elements on ourselves, we are familiar: every circumstance of Life, from the earliest formation of the body to the highest religious impulse of the soul, is moulded by one or another of them. But there are certain remarkable facts connected with the union of these elements, and a great conclusion to be drawn from the future development of this union, with which we are not so familiar.

Our physical constitution derives from the ancient Germans.

Of their history, I need say nothing; they swept away the worn-out, useless races that lay stagnant on the noblest regions of the earth, as the fresh wind of the mountain sweeps away the foul mists which moulder in the valleys around its base: it was a violent wind indeed, and in those valleys, many a fair flower perished, whose beauty we cannot but lament; even huge trees and rocks which had stood so firm in their age and strength that they seemed the very buttresses of Nature, would sometimes fall; but we may be sure that a more valuable vegetation has grown in the soil which the flowers occupied, and that out of the fragments of the trees and rocks men have built their dwellings. There are indeed great charms in all that is connected with these Northerners of the world. There was a luxuriance of grandeur in their dark old forests, scarce younger than the deep rivers and inland seas upon which their shadows fell: in their unknown beasts and people of giant stature and strength—in the wonderful tales they told of their half human parents, and half human deities; but it was only physical luxuriance. There was a luxuriance of beauty too, in the cold silent shades of those forests, in their quiet summers and in their blue-eyed, fair-haired men; but it was only physical luxuriance. You will look in vain, through the histories of this people, previous to the fall of the Roman Empire, in their few writings, and in the traces of their action on society, for any thing which appears like what we call intellectual culture. Modern history has obtained its bodies of them, but its mind must be sought elsewhere. While the Germans were reared in twelve hundred years' contest with the strictest forms of Nature and of Man, to be the physical ancestors of a new history, the Romans had been taught in all the knowledge which the world could afford, to be the ancestors of its mind. But is this really so? Do we indeed owe nothing of this mind, to the parentage of this body? The mountain stream does indeed bring down a few golden grains which are worth preserving, but the great mind, the chief source of our treasure, must be sought elsewhere. From the Norse pirates, through the Saxon Kings of England, you will find little of this race worth preserving—little that has been preserved, besides the strong physical frame. No, the Romans are as truly our intellectual ancestors, as the German our physical.

But what are the body and the mind without the soul? What is strength, while a frightful uncertainty pervades us whether it come of God or of the Demon? What is mind, while its cultivation only makes us doubt of Virtue and of Vice, which is our Master, which our Maker?

When in the beginning the Earth was created in chaos and emptiness—God yet designed it for the dwelling place of beings sensitive to beauty and deformity. All the elements which we call strong, the winds, the waters, and the fires, were set for a hundred centuries at work upon the mass, yet nothing beautiful appeared until there were but six days left, before the sensitive beings must be created. There was no sun by day, nor moon by night, to soften the rough surface of rocks and waters—there was no life of beasts, of birds nor of flowers—there was no light save occasional foul glimmers on the ground, or quick flashes of lightning through the sky, when of a sudden, a voice was heard—"Let there be light;" then was the accumulated strength of those dark ages brightened by the sun and the moon: a soft bed of flowers and herbage overspread the naked rocks, and Man appeared—the sensitive being for whose eye of beauty the whole was made. But was not Man in the Earth before? was he an entirely new creation, or was he not part of the original, and made complete when the elements had prepared the place of his life? You remember that "the Lord God formed Man out of the dust of the ground." Wonderfully like this whole scene of the birth of animal life in Man, was the birth of his spiritual, the introduction of Christianity. Through long ages, the original elements of Nature had been working among the masses of men, developing their strength and arranging their powers, and strength was developed and power after power received its proper equilibrium, until all that these elements could do, was done. But, as in the beginning there had been no light by which to discern the excellencies of creation, nor animal life, to enjoy these excellencies, so, now there was no moral light, nor life. Man had indeed tried his strength in grappling with the forms of evil, which he could not fail to perceive always about him—yet how vainly! The darkness was scarcely broken by the faint light that would sometimes glimmer like a will-o'-the-wisp across a few feet of ground, or it was torn asunder by a flash through the sky alike terrible and unprofitable—then suddenly shone out that calm star in the East, and the troubled religions and philosophies which lay half dead, half alive through the world, were revived and purified into the perfect, universal faith. This was the true birth of the soul—its ancestry was God.

But was not the soul on Earth before? Was the soul an entirely new creation? As the body lay unformed and useless dust, before it was inspired with animal life, so did the soul lie formless and useless before it was inspired with spiritual life.

Behold now, the three elements united: a German body, with a Roman mind and a Christian soul.

There is that in the very fact of this union which of itself would lead us to anticipate great results, if we had not already knowledge of them. Indeed, had we lived at the very time when it first began, we think we

must have felt an inward prophecy of some grand end. And can you not perceive a dim shadowing out of some half-felt prophetic intimation in the lives of the leaders of those times? When they had looked back upon the golden age before Saturn was dethroned, did they not look forward to the time when Saturn should be re-throned? Be this as it may; since through two thousand years we see the event with that clear vision which distance gives objects not too remote, concealing unimportant parts, and bringing confines within the reach of a single view, the great plan and its great end stand directly before us. Even what, on a hasty survey, might seem an objection to the existence of such a plan—what we may call its waste, the destruction of numberless lives, the expenditure of mind and the consumption of whole centuries, in which nothing that is good to our eye can be found, manifests irresistably the grandeur of the plan—irresistably proves the importance of its consummation.

What is this consummation? to what period in the history of the world has it brought us? It is the consummation of perfect humanity: it is the last period in history. We do not assert that the end of the present constitution of the world is near—nor that we have already reached the age of perfect humanity; but that all the elements are here; that all the ingredients have been thrown in, and now they must work together until the combination be perfect. When the combination shall be perfect, perhaps God will break the crucible and remove its contents. This is no draft by fancy. You can see their sufficiency in the elements themselves. What more can be necessary to bring us to all the perfection of our nature than a strong body, a well-made mind and a religious soul? But the actual observed result on the condition of our race already demonstrates the truth. Of all the great, or good, or beautiful since the fall of the Western Empire, either in physical achievement, in learning or in morals, not one act can be found, which does not involve at least two of these elements: and there is not a single nation of those which stands foremost in arms, in arts, and in virtue, in which the three are not plainly to be seen. On the contrary, there has never been a crime committed, or suffering felt, that was in nature remediable, which one or another of these elements could not have remedied, nor has there ever been a nation, so low in humanity, that it could not have been raised to perfection by their union: not to an ideal perfection, but that perfection, whatever the state may be, of which our nature is capable.

We are aware that there are some eyes too short-sighted to reach so distant a view, and others whose very keenness of vision confounds objects beyond, or only incidentally attached to them, with the chief points in the view; but to the common eye, the view is clear, the combination perfect, the deductions unavoidable.

We know, too, there are those to whom such speculations are unacceptable, because the inspired eye has sometimes ventured to report what visions it saw in the future, or because fancy-given philosophers have dreamed conclusions not unlike to these. We should be wary—there may be truth in dreams. Ah! Revelation, Reason, History—the Po-

et's inspiration—the Philosopher's thoughts, have each looked out in the future this perfect humanity. We have learned that the day is near by.

MEMORY.

"There comes a voice that awakes my soul. It is the voice of years that are gone; they roll before me with all their deeds."—*OSSIAN*.

THERE sitteth a playful boy at the door,
His ringlets flowing free;
His tiny feet he hides in the sand,
And singeth carelessly.
And he stops and thinks of his horse and gun
He left on the parlor floor,
And runs with glee to find them there,
But stops to think no more.

There climbeth a Youth among the shrouds
Of a gallant ship at sea;
He loves in the free, wild winds to sit,
And court fond Memory.
And he casts his eye o'er the foaming surge,
And hears the wind's sad lay;
But he thinks, he thinks of a mother's love,
And turns with tears away.

An old man sitteth beside a grave,
His locks all silvered o'er;
How they tremble now as he shaketh his head,
And singeth—"Ah! no more!"
And he etcheth with a rusty knife,
To trace the letters old;
And he draws his rough hand o'er his eyes,
For the letters he hath told.

And he casteth his eye on a hillock near,
With an old moss-covered stone;
And weepeth to think of his early friend,
And groaneth—"All alone!"
But he was not lone, for he sat there still,
And joined their company;
And there he sat still, a sepulchre
To restive Memory.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Come on, sir; here's the place,—stand still."—SHAKESPEARE.

"For freshest wits I know will soon be wearie

Of any book, how grave soe'er it be,

Except it have odd matter, strange and merrie,

Well sauced with lies, and glared all with glee."—OLD MS.

WE proffer not to our readers, on commencing the *tenth* volume of our Magazine, any new and pleasing promises for the future; we come not before you with any novel sort of congratulations—neither do we point you back to the past history of our Magazine with any unheard of feelings of satisfaction or pride—the long line of our honored predecessors has done all this before us. Each, as he appeared to his respective readers and more immediate supporters, has given loose to all these feelings in sublimer ways than we could hope to acquire, even by the most severe process of imitation. Each has felt and expressed his joy and his hope, each has taken his place with a modest distrust in his equality to his situation; and we, in our individual turn, would fain submit expressions of similar sincerity. The first decade of our history is just closing; whether the close of a second shall witness what we now behold, remains alone to be answered by our editorial posterity. If, however, our humble influence shall claim for itself such an extended sphere, we promise those who may come after us an example, at least, for its constancy, 'worthy of all imitation.' We must confess, when we look forward another *ten years*, we feel obliged 'to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' yet we love, also, 'to roll as a sweet morsel under our tongues' the hope that with our Magazine 'all will yet be well.' We feel hovering about us the guardian-spirit of our old 'coffin,' which, like the one that stood at the right hand of the exile of Patmos, is constantly exhorting us to 'write the things we have seen, and the things which are, and the things which shall be hereafter;' and to this duty we betake ourselves with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. We have seen a Miscellany, devoted exclusively to literature, well worthy of its founders, and of the institution in which it claims its birth, guarded in its interests by a hundred eyes, all jealous of its destiny, now almost sunk in adversity, and now speeding on in the sunshine of prosperity, reach its tenth volume; and if we may be permitted to transgress our proper bounds so far as to anticipate our third point, we 'write' that we shall see the completion of this tenth volume, at least. Of the things which are, we might have seen more; at any rate, of the many things, we have as yet seen but few subscriptions. We could really wish that so much of the mystic, transcendental theory of German Philosophy were carried into practice, that we might all live as spiritual essences, dreaming away in our happy cloud-land, or reading the thoughts of others without having imposed upon us this eternal price, without having to buy so much mind with so much money; and it is a wish we extend out of a pure sympathetic affection for our race, to our readers also. But do not, kind Reader, we beseech you, delude yourself and (what is more) destroy us. Money, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins, and no sin of ours will find under its covert so sure concealment as the sin of remissness and negligence. But soberly, is there nothing in aiding to establish and cultivate a pure, classical, and literary taste among us,—nothing in the influence the cultivation of such taste is sure to have on us individually, and as an Institution,—nothing in the dignified character it gives us at home and abroad, worth

the pitiful sum demanded? Is not the temporary loss, if such it be considered, more than compensated by the interest universally taken, and remotely by this very loss too, in matters pertaining to a complete education? We "pause for a reply;" we await our response in the list of our subscribers. Our only prayer for those, whom a mistaken meanness has led astray, is that they may carry their money till it fastens upon their flesh, as did the fatal blood upon the fair hands of Lady Macbeth. It will prove indeed a "barren sceptre in their gripe." Of the things which *shall be hereafter we know* nothing; analogy is but a poor guide to any reasonings in the unveiled Future; hence we prophecy for it with no certainty. We are prosperous *now*,—with due observance of the Editorial oath, on the part of our followers, when the Future becomes Present, we shall be prosperous then.

How has passed with you, Reader, the long Summer Days of a Fall Vacation?—We are ourselves "true Yankees," and we *guess*, we cannot *help guessing*—pleasantly. Is it not a pleasure indescribable, after bursting the trammels of strict Collegiate discipline, or throwing off the confinement of sickness and gnawing disease, to find one's self free to wander at large, wherever predilections and pleasing associations would lead us? To roam among the leafy woods, and recline on mossy banks, beds of flowers and long grass, "beneath the honeysuckle's shade," or catch the wild song of the distant waterfall, in its rocky cavern, as it leaps and curvets, and dashes on to kiss the dimpled whirlpool below! Nature at this season of the year, by the intermingling of its melancholy sadness, its gorgeous appearances, and its merry sounds, finds with us the deepest admiration and love. Morning, noon-day, and evening, alike present their charming peculiarities, and are each occasions of happy enjoyment. In the early grey of morning, when Earth seems getting ready to shake off her nightly robe, bespangled with dew or fringed with the sparkles of the hoar-frost,—

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night—
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dapple-dawn doth rise;—
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And to the stack or the barn-door
Proudly struts, his dames before,—
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milk-maid singeth blythe,
And the mower whets his scythe;—

In the almost sacred silence of noon-day, to linger under the old boughs of some sturdy forest trees, while the subdued stillness is broken only by the soft fall of some Autumn leaf, as if afraid to disturb its kindred; or the dropping of nuts from the paws of some marauding squirrel, and in fine, to *experience* the calm feelings occasioned by such a scene as Tom Moore beautifully sketches in the following lines:—

"It was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
In silence reposes the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest—and I heard not a sound,
Save the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree."

In the golden hours of evening too, to stroll in lonely musings under the silvery light of the harvest moon, or perchance, if Heaven so will it, with some "endeared" one by your side, to admire in confidential interview the softened aspect of Nature. There is nothing in Nature so striking as the change wrought on its outward appearance by the beams of moonlight. The same places in the glare of sun-light we viewed tamely, are now transformed by a process apparently as mysterious and sudden as those of which we read in Arabian fiction, into perfectly bewitching scenes. Earth seems like a fairy's grotto; wood, lake, and plain, are all wrapped in the beautiful sheen of moon-

light ; we discern passers by, yet have not the power to distinguish them ; the leaves are drinking in silently the dew of Heaven ; the mighty woods are all hushed in silence and sleeping ; the water fears to disturb the repose of its inhabitants, and lies slumbering in the arms of the surrounding hills ; music and the sound of voices float along on the still air, and the cricket with his shivering complaint, or the "Katy-did," with her hoarse treble, laments the end of the "Summer-King." It is under such inspiration that we tune our rude harp,—“O'er our shoulder rudely flung :”—

I love the moonlight hours,
So holy do they seem
As they were fairies sailing
Adown a quiet stream.
The woods are hushed in slumber,
The winds are lulled asleep ;
The flow'et bends its lowly head
In modesty to weep.

There's a calmness in the thoughts then,
A music in the tongue ;
A mellowness in every thing
The Poet ne'er hath sung.
The sound of far-off waters
Cometh gliding along,
As floats upon the moonbeam
Their nightly revel song.

I linger on the hill then,
And straggle through the dale,
The silver-fibred Moonbeams
Have shrouded with their veil.
I walk with her I love then,
Her velvet hand in mine,
And I whisper to her fondly—
I am forever thine !

Who loveth not the moonlight
That mantleth new old Earth,
And lendeth her a beauty
She had not in her birth ?
O, the glistening moonlight—
The moonlight for me !
I love it for its quietude,
Its dreamy fantasy.

There is in the sad melancholy days of Autumn, a kind of holiness, a sacred silence of Nature, as if she were worshiping in her wooded temples, whose influence one cannot fail to trace on his finer feelings. Man holds a sympathy with Nature as with his fellow-man, and he but poorly knows the subtle refinement of Humanity, who is not affected by the scenes around him. Nay, farther, he is fit only for “treasons, stratagems, and spoils.”

The commencement of another Collegiate year brought with it all the usual excitement and bustle. For one week the old College Yard presented an uncommonly active appearance. Absent ones returning—boys with baggage running—congratulations thickening—*acquaintances forming*—furniture moving—chattels selling—electioneering—crowds gathering—speeches making—cheers ringing,—the greatest multiplicity of interests accumulating at this one period, that present themselves at any point of a Collegiate life. It did one's soul good to witness the old spirit of Yale again aroused, and her true sons so earnest in her interests. College has been termed a miniature world, and verily, he who would find a pleasanter must look beyond the precincts of Time. It has, it is true, its trials and toils, but they are so interwoven with unalloyed pleasures, that it would be difficult to separate them for the sake of a distinction. The addresses before the Literary Societies this year were uncommonly good, and evinced an unusual degree of good feeling. One who can on such a festival feel the waters of envy or jealousy bubbling up from his heart, certainly deserves not the notice of his fellows. We could not help thinking as we listened to them, what a tissue of mingled feelings was there presented. The orator was himself, wholly himself on that occasion ; the listener, the unfortunate victim of an unexpected *benevolence*, was carried on with the speaker, now boiling over with indignation at the expose of some villainous trick,—now relaxing the strained tortion of his muscles to let go, balloon like, a grimace or a laugh that had hovered around his face, and long asked deliverance. Apparently a man's *destiny* was at stake, and he was pathetically besought to let his decis-

ion be unbiassed by any false representations on either hand. The interests of "Lionia," who had so long slept in her grave as to have been forgotten, but whose name was fully revived in her active sons, were fully set forth by the President, Mr. Brinsmade of the Senior Class, and Mr. Hawley of the Junior Class. The "Brothers in Unity" felt themselves well represented, and their cause ably presented by their President, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Nickerson of the Senior Class, and Mr. Potter of the Junior Class. The results were a victory claimed by both sides, but gained by neither,—much show of good will and a *fresh* harvest well-garnered. May every future recurrence of this ceremony be characterized with equal satisfaction to all.

Old Yale too, has witnessed another anniversary, equally important and interesting. Yale Literature found its champions and defenders on Thursday evening, the 10th ult. in the College Chapel. We must say that such a fair, candid presentation of the claims of our beloved Maga we never before listened to. The meeting was addressed by Prof. Larned, the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, Tutor Emerson, the Rev. Wm. T. Bacon,—the parent of our Magazine, and one of whose poems we give in to-day's number,—Mr. Eldredge of the Theological School, and Prof. Silliman. An uncommon degree of interest attached itself to this festival, and we trust we shall find by our subscription paper a similar degree of interest excited in the minds of those who attended it. The speech of Mr. Eldredge was powerful—was *beautiful*. Error was torn from its depths and lay quivering like a bleeding heart before us: knowledge was set up on its proper throne; the entanglements of Ignorance and Prejudice were rooted out from their matted fastnesses, and flung away into obscurity. The whole speech of this gentleman was characterized with his usual fires of eloquence, and earnestness of manner.

It may perhaps be a matter of curiosity to some old graduates to know from authentic information that in consequence of some not-a-bell circumstance, the old bell that has so long frolicked and leaped and sung in its antique home, and has been to so many, for years, the only disturber of their quiet and enjoyment, has at last been taken down to give place to another. How many revilings, maledictions, and curses have been uttered against that old servant of Time! How much bustle and hurry, confusion and disappointment have its tones created a thousand times! How much Poetry too, pure, patent Poetry has been measured out by its ringing! How many have rolled over at its kicking and plunging and screaming, and how many more have rolled out of bed! Verily on that old bell there hangeth many a "tale," tales of woe too, and disappointment; and we hope the world will not long be in want of its historian. We were sorry to part with it, but consented fully only on learning the rare excellencies of its successor. The new creature seemeth modest and demure; a hesitancy it shows at first, in performing its hard tasks, and then seems to ring softly out of pure sympathy for its listeners. Its rich, mellow tones fall on our ear like music, and seem to travel under our "arched roof" of trees with very reverence. At evening it calls to prayer in a tone as silvery and subdued as an old Convent Bell, mournfully pealing across the still bay of waters. We have fortunately had put in our possession a few days since, a burst of poetic feeling concerning it. It runs as follows:—

"I heard a sound as a spirit near,
And it fell like music upon my ear:
I listened again, to see if 'twas so,—
Yes, it was the new bell's *solo*!

There's a whirl I hear in that new-made bell,
A whirl the young heart knoweth well;

It rolls o'er the roofs and over the green,
And it rolls, it rolleth where sleep has been.

This is but a poor sample of the immortality our author has "done" this new comer among noise-makers. We suppress more of it, out of pure sympathy for the reader's excitable feelings, as well as from a *deep regard* for the well being of the author. *Bell-lettres* surely seem the proper field for him. We wish him no worse than well.

By reference to the pages of the Catalogue, we find the different classes to number as follows: Seniors 76, Juniors 89, Sophomores 139, Freshmen 98, making in all 402; an enormous number for the Academical portion alone. Mr. Nooney, former Tutor in Philosophy, has left, to fill a Professorship in the Mathematical Department at Western Reserve College, and Mr. Rumsey also. The new addition made thereby to the Faculty consists of Mr. Brace, and Mr. Emerson. Aside from these slight changes, the Faculty preserve the same unchanging, unchangeable appearance as ever, presenting the same "terror to evil-doers," branding with the same *marks* the good sheep of the fold.

We have received from some kind hand, a few loose leaves, apparently from some sort of a Journal. The excuse we offer for presenting them here, we trust will be as satisfactory to the writer, as it is binding on ourselves. We considered them a private Editorial bequest, such as few of the quill department ever chance to transfer to their own account,—a low breath of a whisper in our ear, and one which we will not even whisper to you, reader. We select from it such hidden gems as we choose to cull, and take the liberty of arranging them as best to glitter in this our Editorial bouquet.

"Here at last, I sit with my pipe in its wonted place, my mouth, doing penance for my past faults. The hours of midnight have just rung out in their silvery tones on the clear air,—all save my own breathing, or the occasional snapping of the candle, that stares in my face, preserves the silence of death. It is now that I love to think of the days long wrapped in the folded Past—of the forms of the departed, and occasionally to strain my eye over the wide waste of the Future, if by any means I may spy the straggling sail of some richly freighted bark of Hope. I love to build at this still hour, those famed 'Castles in the air,' whose gossamer fabric would dissipate in the dazzling light of broad day,—and then to people them with those fleeting images of my dreamy brain, that do no more than personify the broken ends of the contortions of my thoughts. Such to me is midnight, and such are its mysterious influences." * * * "True it is that from the time I assume the '*toga virilis*' I must step forth into life, equipped with elastic activity and unbending energy: true that I must sever some of the closet ties of friendship, and leave those on whom my heart secretly doated to the rude handling of the world: true that all the illusions of the tender fancy of Youth, all the airy fabrics of a sportive imagination must then be dispelled and broken—but there is for all this, in the very activity and bustle of life, in the very angles between our elbows and vitalities, as we nudge our way along, enough of real poetry for contemplation; there is a pride satisfied in standing erect among our fellows as a *man*, answerable for one's deeds only at the bar of Justice and of God, and in proclaiming the rights of individual worth with a living *voice*, as well as a living example; there is a sweet 'land of dreams' to be journeyed through in the emotions of young Love, and the joy of accepted professions, which the mere tuner of the lyre cannot appropriate to himself; there is still a sadder and more mournful poetry in planting the fresh graves of departed friends with simple flowers, and invoking the smile of the very elements on their lowly beds. Life throughout, call it what one may, is too truly a strange mixture of smiles and tears, sorrow and joy; yet none cling to it so eagerly

as those who are most sadly wounded with its thorns." * * "I always loved a Sunday Evening in Summer; days that are bright and warm, then turn to their sunset and seem to act over again a little existence in the 'dewy twilight.' There is such a subdued tranquillity about the air—the scenery, and the very sounds that reach the ear. It would seem that blessed angels were floating unseen in the air, carrying peace to all earth—to nature as well as to man. The man of business walks with a more measured gait—the cleanly dressed boys saunter about the old grave stones in the church-yard, and soften the boisterousness of their laugh into a smile; and then to watch the rising moon—the fast growing shadows, while the church-bell sends forth its mellowed tones from the distant tower,—all this is but an outline of the picture of a Sunday Evening in Summer."

"This evening received a letter from sister E——; the whole burden of her song is, 'Cousin Lizzy has come to pass two or three months with us, and you will be expected to be *more than usually* attentive and agreeable during your vacation. We shall see if you will complain at *her* demands for your services as much as you used to at mine.'

"Here is a pleasant prospect, indeed. I have been looking forward the whole term to those six weeks, as anxiously as the good Mussulman to Paradise; I had arranged all my plans to do nothing but read and play chess; and now to have them all broken up by a little minx of an awkward country cousin, whom I never saw before,—pahaw! it is provoking! Good bye to all thoughts of studying Shakspeare and Charley Lamb. Probably she doesn't know that such men ever existed; and as for chess, I'll bet two to one she is as familiar with the Great Mogul.

"And then to be obliged to escort her anywhere and everywhere, (for, of course, she must see everything,)—to meet my acquaintances with that fresh bud of innocence hanging on my arm so familiarly—why, the girls will all cut me.

"I have heard that she was threatening to 'come down and see the sights,' but why in the name of wonder should she have hit upon my vacation! I always thought I was the unluckiest fellow alive, and this caps the climax. I'll light a Principe, and try to puff away my vexation.

"Ah! talk to me of 'the concealed comforts of a man locked up in woman's love!'—they are insignificant in comparison with the pleasures of our student-life,—but even those would be dullness itself, but for the fragrant weed.

"Methinks I could write volumes on the 'Great Plant,'—but both the English and American Lamb have sung its praises, and I forbear. Poor Charley! it must have cost thee a struggle to resign the

'Plant divine of rarest virtue.'

Surely, Sir Walter Raleigh deserves the thanks of our community, for tobacco is the staff of our life. I often think that cigars are like friends. Both are of every variety of size, shape, and complexion, both are constantly used, and both are much abused. A good cigar surpasses most friends in devotion to you, for it yields up its life in your service without a murmur. The young and inexperienced appreciate the value of neither; one ought not to smoke or swim until he knows how. It fairly makes my heart ache to witness the first efforts of an incipient smoker: he bites and gnaws the delicate substance, as though it had no feeling, and every moment knocks off the white ashes. I should as soon think of wasting away the life of a friend in my behalf, and then scattering his remains to the four winds.

"I love to exhaust the heart of the fragrant roll, slowly, and almost imperceptibly, as

I would the breath of a rat under the receiver of my air-pump, and at last gently and sadly consign its ashes——confound them! they have fallen all over the page."

"Well, I have seen 'Cousin Lizzy,' and really the case is not so desperate, after all. What a modest, unassuming little puss she is, to be sure,—and those bright, black eyes,—I declare, I thought she would look through me. How she blushed when I kissed her, and how sweetly she smiled when I apologized, by saying, it was a way I had. Like Thomson's Lavinia,

'A native grace
Sits fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she is Beauty's self.'

Oh! yes, she's a darling—I've almost fallen in love with her already—tut! tut! only one week ago you was cursing your unlucky stars for throwing her in your way—oh, consistency, thou *is* a jewel. Yes, very true—but—ahem—but—hang it! I hadn't seen her then."

"Othello's occupation's gone!" Lizzy has beaten me at chess, and I shall never hear the last of it: for I have boasted so much, that the whole family are delighted at my defeat. She did play admirably! I thought, when she asked me to play with her, that she wanted me to teach her the game; but she soon gave me a lesson, such as I hadn't received for a long time. I was very careless in my first moves, supposing that I should have it all my own way; but I soon saw that she understood what she was doing. It was too late, however, and the twentieth move checkmated me. I urged my carelessness as an excuse, and played again and again, but with no better success, though I did my best. How could the little witch have acquired such skill! I didn't know they ever heard of the game in the back woods. She says she has read the *Essays of Elia*, and adores Charley and Bridget;—then, too, she quotes Shakespeare as readily as I can myself. Her education has certainly not been neglected.

"She has the sweetest temper that a pretty girl ever had; how good-humoredly she bore my taunting, and when she answered my 'verdant little country coz,' by uttering the word 'Freshman,' I took the first opportunity of hurrying away to scribble my thoughts here."

"Heigho! to-morrow I must leave her. What a humbug it is—this going to college! But, on the whole, I wouldn't do any thing else; though it sadly interrupts the chief business of man's life, which undoubtedly is to 'mirror the changes in that Heaven called woman.'"

"One year has passed since I saw my sweet coz, and here I am at home again. 'How the old time comes o'er me,' when I think of that vacation! It was *all* happiness, but *the parting* was bliss. I never recorded it, for I thought it almost too sacred to be written; but I have overcome that romantic prejudice, though I love her as warmly as ever.

"I had kissed my sisters, according to established custom, from oldest to youngest, but had reserved Lizzy for the *grand finale*. I put my arm round her waist, and looked for a moment into those sparkling eyes. A crystal drop trembled on each lid, her cheek flushed, and her lip quivered; I snatched a kiss, and hurried away, that 'woman's weapons, water drops,' might not 'stain my man's cheeks.'

"When I recovered my composure, the thought occurred that I was flattering my vanity with very slight reason,—perhaps, after all, she only followed the example of

the other girls, and dropped a tear because they did. But I was soon reassured, on examining the card which she had slipped into my hand as we parted. On one side was written, in the most delicate female hand imaginable, her name; on the other, 'Vale! and a blessing attend thee; toil on, hope on.

"Life is real! life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

"That little card has been my talisman, and I can say, with the poet,

'Thy bright image,
Glaze'd in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men!
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages.
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,
And Passion taught me poesy—of thee!
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty—Art became the shadow
Of the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes!
Men called me vain, some mad—I heeded not,
But still toil'd on, hop'd on, for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee!"

"I had painted her features from recollection, 'and little did they dream, who knocked hard and often at his 'oak' in vain, and taunted him with his unflinching work, that there lay beside that heavy folio, as he read, in a little circlet of gold, a bright and living charm—the morning star of his hopes and memory—that cheered him in his course, and lightened his labor, and made him never feel alone, and, when his task was done, sent him forth on his way rejoicing. He worked for *her*, and looked forward to that crowning joy, when, as he ascended the rostrum, one smiling face in that bright parterre of beauty should make him feel that his locket was a daub."

"Immediately on the arrival of my darling Lizzy, a large party of us started for Niagara. There were choice spirits among our number, and we anticipated much pleasure. I devoted myself entirely to my 'fair ladye love.' The journey was full of quiet happiness to me, though nothing occurred particularly worthy of note.

"We arose early on the morning of our arrival, in order to view the Horse-shoe, in all its grandeur. We safely ascended the stone tower on Goat Island, and immediately a scene burst upon our view which beggars description. The full blaze of the rising sun was poured into the cavity, and completely illuminated it with a perfect rainbow. As soon as I could withdraw my attention from the magnificent spectacle, I turned to my cousin, anxious to learn her feelings. I had never heard her express the slightest admiration of the beauties of nature, but I knew she could not be silent now. I was not deceived—her bosom rose and fell—her color came and went—her lips parted, and I could almost *see* the eloquent poetry struggling for utterance,—

'God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantles around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder, power to speak of Him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon the rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-stricken praise.'

But no, she exclaimed, '*I declare, it beats the bugs*'——I fainted."

OUR COFFIN.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—We always feel ourselves placed in a very peculiar position, when we come to this part of our bunch. Correspondents compose a class that of all others devours with ostrich avidity every word, syllable, and insinuation, their indebted Editor may let fall. Perhaps with all due modesty we may say, there is universally good reason for this interest on their part, setting aside all *personal* interest in the matter; but coupling this latter also, we find no room for wonder in the breathless haste and anxiety with which they fatten themselves on the scarce dry productions of the press. But if any should be so far gone in courage as to experience any peculiarity in their feelings at being talked to over the public counter, at which the rest of the world trade with us, we will condescend to utter in confidential whisperings, what in a louder tone of voice would, (we flatter ourselves,) cause embarrassment. So friends, "lend us your ears," while we chew with you the "cud of sweet and bitter fancies," in our private corner together.

We have received a poetic scintillation (*poetry*, of course) signed 'J.' which when carried out in its significant ramifications, reads "John Ebenezer Smith." If John really feels any of that "*first true love*" he so pathetically exhibits in his bubble of verse, we should by all means return him with his verses, his own advice—"Go ahead and get a wife!"

"S."—however much the writer *thinks* she should like to see her name in print, we *know* would never consent to obtain so fleeting a pleasure at so great a sacrifice as would follow the acceptance of his lines.

"The Character of Elizabeth," we have but just heard alternately vindicated and attacked by *higher* authorities. Man, your subject never'll do; take your ideas off of those historical *stilts* and come down into the workshop of human nature, and do not, "like an apothecary, make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one vessel into another."

"Quibs, quirks and quintessences," are just of the character we need in our Literary castor; men cry, change!—ladies, variety! and verily we have it here. The style of composition alone, however, delays our decision at the present.

"Vox" is rejected—decidedly—it sticks in our jaws.

"The Moonlit Arbor" is under consideration.

"N." promises well.

"Relics of other Days," have gone where *all* relics of ours go—into the 'Coffin.' They were fine *Re-licks* for the lapping flames.

Now, friends, gather round this Editorial bier, drop your tear for the departed, and hear "the words of the Preacher." Whenever you send us again, loosen your swaddling clothes you have wetted in Castalia, write in a plain, clear hand, and, above all, pay your postage. "*Nihil preterea*."

We have received regularly the numbers of the Nassau Monthly and the Williams Monthly Miscellany, and on the whole we are proud of their appearance. We are ever happy to have occasion to note the progress of Letters in our Universities and Seminaries, and find the present a peculiarly fitting one. Speed the work, Brothers; we extend you our Editorial hands across the hills of Connecticut and the surges of Long Island Sound; shake them, each of you, with all your warmth of feeling, then, say we, drive the quill.

目錄

The Character of Youth	1
Self at Midway	2
Thence to Midway	3
A Fragment	4
The Two Nations	5
The Song of Death	6
The Wandering Minstrel of Romance	7
"Good Bye!"	8
The Remembrance	9
The Future	10
Memory's Palace	11
Edmund's Tale	12

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THE CONTEST OF TRUTH.

For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty?—MILTON.

"*MAGNA est veritas et prevalebit*," is a maxim, the correctness of which may be established, by reference both to the past history of truth, and to its inherent nature. The records of time are replete with its victories. Though earth and hell have combined for its overthrow, yet, when from time to time it has arisen like Samson from sleep, and shaken the locks of its might, its enemies have been scattered "as chaff before the wind." Every department of knowledge has been a battle-field, in which truth has had to struggle against ignorance and prejudice on the one hand, and error and falsehood on the other. Thus beset by its foes behind and before, and too often deserted by its friends, it has stood alone in the dignity of its character, unharmed by the weapons of malignity and hate—untarnished by the spiteful venom of envy and malice.

While man was the favored resident of Paradise, he breathed nothing but the pure atmosphere of truth. Receiving all his impressions of the moral world from intercourse with angels, and with the Eternal himself; possessing an intellect unclouded by the effects of sin, either upon his moral or physical nature; his views were unmingled with error, his lips unaccustomed to falsehood, and his heart a stranger to deception. He was qualified to hold converse with his Maker, face to face. And though an eternity of progressive knowledge would have been insufficient to have acquainted him fully with the character and works of the Deity, yet doubtless he was able even then to reconcile much that to us is dark and inconsistent—to penetrate many things which are now enveloped in a cloud of doubt and mystery.

To what extent he could comprehend, or with what facility investigate physical truths, we are unable to determine. From the manner in which the works of Nature are spread out before us, and the high pleasure we derive from studying her laws and searching out her

hidden operations, we cannot doubt that even had man continued to maintain the elevated station in which his Creator first placed him, no small share of his happiness would have consisted in tracing the handiwork of the Almighty, through all the endless variety and extent of his dominions. Yet no less certain are we, that in that case all his powers of investigation and comprehension would have been far more acute; that he would not have been left to grope for centuries after laws and principles which, when once discovered, the merest child can comprehend with ease; but that with one bound of his intellect he would often have grasped what now costs him the study and toil of years. In short, that he would have enjoyed all the rich pleasure of discovering and comprehending truth, without spending a life-time in disentangling it from the knotty folds of error, or hunting it out from the conglomerated mass of ruins beneath which it was buried at the fall.

But the Tempter crossed his path in an evil hour. The Father of lies uttered the first falsehood that ever tainted the atmosphere of earth, and as a consequence a thick cloud of error sprung up, darkening both the moral and intellectual vision of man, and enveloping all nature in mist and obscurity. From that ill-omened hour, his spiritual eye has ceased not to be dim; his moral sensibilities are blunted, and his universal nature is but a miserable wreck of what it once was.

Thus Truth and Error were the offspring respectively of heaven and hell; and faithful have they ever been, each to the interests of its own author. They have belied not the places of their birth, nor proved themselves unworthy of those that begat them. Hence, like the spirits of the two worlds whence they sprung, there has from the first existed between them the most deadly hostility. The strife has been one not of words only, but sometimes of blows, and with weapons of steel; and in the struggle the elements of society have been thrown into confusion—kingdoms and empires have been shaken to their very centre—"the blood of martyrs has streamed like water," and the earth rung with the cries of those who have been persecuted for the truth's sake.

After the catastrophe of Eden, as men multiplied and replenished the earth, they began to rally and take sides around the standards of these respective champions. But the followers of Truth found the way they had chosen rugged and difficult. Though richly rewarded in the end for all their toil, it required manly resolution, persevering zeal, and unflinching courage to maintain the position they had taken. To exercise all these, ill accorded with the sluggish disposition of man. Hence multitudes went over to the side of the enemy, merely in obedience to the dictates of a wicked indolence; for to be admitted to a place among the followers of Error, they had only to lay down the weapons with which they opposed it.

Truth acknowledged none but such as were ready to sacrifice ease and trifling pleasures, and engage heart and hand in her service. Her favor was purchased only by constant and untiring labor. Her jewels were bestowed alone upon him, who bowed often and humbly at her shrine.

Error extended a welcome hand to all. The ignorant and the cowardly alike found refuge in her embrace; and the more lax they grew in their exertions, the more closely did she hug them in her benumbing folds. And if ever they repented of their illjudged course, and attempted to retrace their wandering steps, they often plunged deeper and still deeper into the recesses of her dizzy windings, till despair chilled their efforts, and they sunk into a state of death-like stupidity.

Others clung to the side of Error to hide the deformity of their own characters. Like the sun in the heavens, the bright orb of Truth shines with radiating splendor on every side. And as his rays, falling upon the plate of the daugerreotype, leave an unerring delineation of every feature, whether fair or deformed; so the rays of truth expose the moral character in all its hideousness, startling man with the view of his own depraved nature. To escape such an exposure, many rushed precipitately into the thick darkness of error; and not satisfied with *deserting* the truth, they fought hard and resolutely to extinguish her quenchless beams, and enshroud all in the common gloom. But it was like putting out their own eyes to avoid the light. To themselves a darkness that might be felt seemed to hover around; but to others they appeared standing under a meridian sun.

A third class were zealous advocates of error, simply because they loved her crooked paths; and could more easily gain distinction in her ranks, than as champions of the truth. They were few, yet mighty men and strong. And they gloried in leading a multitude after them, to wander in the cheerless wilderness of error. They brought confusion out of order; and found a fiendish delight in blinding the eyes of their fellow men, and, like the Philistines, sporting over their misfortunes. They fain would have extinguished all the beacon lights which nature had set up, to guide erring man amid the countless shoals and foaming breakers of life's tempestuous voyage. They sought to destroy his only chart, and leave him to buffet the warring elements, starless and guideless, ignorant as the new-born babe of the seas which lay unexplored before him.

To meet and repel this host of assailants, a little band was all that could be mustered. They were those who loved the truth for its own sake; who had resolution to grapple with cherished opinions and deep-rooted prejudices; penetration to dive into the secret depths of Nature; and perseverance to trace her through all her mysterious workings, and bring to light the hidden things of darkness.

Other men and other minds might have had fearful forebodings of the issue of a contest apparently so unequal. But, Spartan-like, they relied not on numbers, but valor. They were ready to forego momentary gratification; they shrunk not from difficulties nor shunned dangers. At times their sky was overcast with clouds, "the enemy came in like a flood," and the star of hope was concealed from view. But it has never set. Again they have rallied. Giant minds have headed their band, and earth has trembled under the encounter.

During the earlier stages of this contest, while the cause of truth

was yet as it were in its infancy, it could raise but a slight opposition to the overwhelming power of the enemy. Thus ere two thousand years had elapsed it had well nigh lost a place and a name on the earth. Error sat enthroned in the hearts of the people; darkness brooded over all, and the last ray of hope seemed about to fade from the world. Amid the universal shouts of the enemy, and the confusion of their exulting revels and bacchanalian songs, one voice alone was heard, faint, yet fearless, above the rest, pleading the cause of truth. It was the preacher of righteousness.

All had deserted him. His own friends chided his madness; his foes insulted and scoffed. Yet they regarded his opposition as too insignificant to be worthy of notice. The next wave of error, as it rolled over the earth, would silence forever his voice; and with its dying notes would mingle the death knell of truth. So thought the enemy, but their dream was an illusion. They considered not that its beams emanated from the throne of the Eternal: and that ere they could be extinguished, that throne, and He that sits thereon, must be blotted out from the universe.

The Author of truth saw the unequal struggle, and was moved with indignation towards the foes of this "daughter not of time, but of heaven." He laid aside for a moment his darling attribute, and stood forth to vindicate her claims. One stroke of his power swept her enemies from the face of the earth, and washed out the stain with the swelling flood.

But the seeds of error were deep sown in the soil of the human heart. And like Jason's crop from the serpent's teeth, a company of armed men sprung quickly up, ready to renew the contest. And like them, too, they needed no more than a stone cast into their midst, to generate contention among themselves.

As their numbers were multiplied with increasing years, and their insolence at times became insupportable, once and again the strong arm of Omnipotence was outstretched to check their mad zeal, and raise fallen truth from the earth. The builders of Babel, the inhabitants of the Plain, and the proud subjects of Pharaoh, experienced successively the weight of that arm. But the legionary hosts of error, as often as they have been put to flight, have again mustered their scattered squadrons, and prepared for a fiercer attack.

During the third and fourth millenniums of the world's history, the light of science was gradually dawning upon the earth. New truths were from time to time added to the list of those already known. But the spirit of opposition was scarcely less violent against the dissemination of physical, than of moral truth. So harmonious are the two, that they mutually confirm and strengthen each other. And where they advance together, they combine an amount of power that defies all opposition. Hence the fierce struggles through which every new science has had to pass, during the years of its minority:—the fiery ordeal that tests its true nature; deciding whether it is merely the creation of some crazy-brained transcendentalist, or whether its principles are founded upon the rock of truth. The powers of darkness

look with jealous distrust on every step by which the world advances in light and civilization. The innumerable branches of knowledge which are daily opening and spreading themselves out before us, are constantly increasing and extending the power of those who fight the battles of truth.

Before the dawning of the Christian era, the inculcation of religious truth had been neglected; moral darkness and error increased, and consequently the light of science shone but dimly. But when the glorious gospel sun arose, the clouds were dispersed, and a new and brighter light illumined the nations. The labors of Christ and His Apostles, gave a new aspect to all of the then known world. The legions of error were again put to flight, and multitudes brought back to their allegiance to the truth.

Centuries passed by before the foes of truth recovered from that shock sufficiently to hazard another general engagement. Meantime the contest was carried on, by noiseless yet spirited skirmishes, in various parts of the world, error now prevailing, now the truth.

The opening of the sixteenth century witnessed preparations for a desperate struggle. The powers of darkness had concentrated their forces at Rome, and from that, as a centre, had gone out an influence in every direction, that was holding the nations chained in ignorance and error. Many of the sentinels of truth had long been sleeping at their posts. Their weapons were become rusty through disuse, and a death-like stupidity seemed to have crept over their limbs, which nothing but the sound of the archangel's trump could drive away.

But happily for the world's fate, such was not the situation of all. In various parts of Europe might have been seen here and there an individual, watching with pious care the sacred embers of truth, which, like the fires of the vestal virgins, never ceased to burn. And all that was needed was one of sufficient courage to light from these the train connected with the vast amount of combustibles that had been accumulating for years, and a mighty conflagration must be the inevitable result.

In Luther was found such a man. With unflinching nerve he plied the match, and almost in an instant Europe was in a blaze. This was the signal for a universal rally. On one side were arrayed popes and emperors, clothed with more than royal power. Kings and princes went at their bidding and nations were subject to their control. Swords and bayonets were displayed before them, the rack and the gibbet enforced their mandates.

On the other side was a humble monk, with a handful of obscure companions, scattered and unheeded. They claimed not a lineage from the great ones of earth. They could boast no alliance with crowned or mitred heads. No earthly power was in their hands; no minions crouched under their authority. Their only weapons were the polished shafts of truth. Yet before these, princes quailed and the powers of darkness fled. Europe was a vast arena of strife, and thousands yielded at every stroke. Then the world felt the power, the dignity, the majesty of truth.

Ages cannot limit the effect of the reformation under Luther, when considered merely in a temporal point of view. They are wide as the habitation of man, and will be lasting as the planet on which he dwells. It moulded anew the whole face of the eastern continent, and had no small share in making America what she is, in social, civil, and religious elevation. Then and there liberty was conceived; destined, as it grew in age and strength, to give to the world freedom of action and freedom of thought, those two indispensable elements in bringing about man's complete civilization, and in the perfecting of his happiness.

The last fifty years have witnessed astonishing changes in the aspect of this contest. The means for disseminating truth have been multiplied almost beyond limit. New sciences have been discovered and old ones enlarged. Liberty of the press and of opinion is unrestrained. Hosts of valiant men are enlisting in every department of knowledge. The standards of truth have already been planted within the walls of China, along the borders of Ethiopia, and in many islands of the sea. The principle of voluntary association, but recently adopted, enables men to go forth in combined armies to meet the enemy; and already their sentinels encircle the world. The present system of benevolent operations forms a machinery so complete and powerful, that an individual has but to lay hold of the lever, and he can move the world in a manner Archimedes never dreamt of.

The veteran soldier, who has exhausted his physical powers in the open field, has but to withdraw into retirement and forge a single thunder-bolt with his pen, and the press will multiply it a thousand times, and in as many different directions at once it flies, on the wings of steam, in pursuit of the enemy. Thus his power, instead of waning as the sun of his life goes down, increases and strengthens to his latest breath.

True, the defenders of error have strong holds and extended coverts, under which they shelter themselves. Many battles have yet to be fought, and mighty efforts put forth. The man of sin must be met and unmasked, and all his deformities exposed to view. The mouths of false prophets must be stopt, and their followers made to turn their backs upon error. The castles of ignorance must be stormed, and their dark parts thrown open to the light. But for all these things the truth is sufficient. Every characteristic of it is adapted to the contest, and tends to strengthen our conviction that the issues will be glorious. Some of these characteristics we shall briefly notice.

It is *sudden* in its operations. The clouds of heaven discharge not their artillery more unexpectedly, than it bursts upon its astonished enemies. They may avoid the contest by fleeing from the field, but if they stand their ground they cannot shun the blow.

It is *silent*. Not unfrequently, some of its most efficient victories are achieved ere its presence has been suspected. Again it takes its place in the mind, apparently unheeded, and perhaps remains there for years, till the individual has ceased to regard it with suspicion, when, seizing a favorable opportunity, it dethrones error and establishes itself

in the citadel of the heart. As the beams of morning light steal noiselessly and imperceptibly into our apartment, and exclude the darkness by their presence, so truth in stillness illumines the soul, and none can stay its entrance, or define the time and mode of its progressive steps.

It is *simple*. Many of the greatest and most sublime truths, both in physics and morals, when once discovered and fully understood, are capable of being comprehended and dwelt upon with pleasure, by minds of even inferior order. This characteristic eminently fits it for conquest among the inexperienced and illiterate. The difficulty we so often meet with in perceiving truth, is chargeable not upon the nature of truth itself, but to the fact that our minds are clouded by reason of the error we are prone to mingle with it. Truth in its purity is ever plain, simple, and easy to be understood. And had sin never entered our world, we doubtless might have spent an eternity in discovering new truths, without stopping for once to question their validity.

It is *uniform*. While error, Proteus-like, takes on shapes endless as the variation of features in the human countenance, truth presents ever the same unvarying form. Instead of winding and twisting in a contorted and labyrinthine course, it is constantly the same straight forward line. Setting out with common sense for his compass, and tracing his way by the flagstaves of reason and discretion, man can scarcely fail of pursuing the true path. But when he throws these aside, and trusts himself to be led by the blind hand of prejudice and bigotry, he will stumble and fall into the ditches of error, or like the man bewildered in the woods, come round again and again to the same point.

It is *consistent*. Men engage in political and moral strifes; but the inconsistency of their lives and professions counteracts their influence and cripples their efforts. They say one thing and do another. They express this opinion or these sentiments to day, and the contrary to-morrow. Even the best of men fail here. Example clashes with precept, and precept with example. Their views are modified by every thing with which they come in contact. Consequently two successive days can scarcely find them the same and invariable, in thoughts, feelings, and conduct. Not so with truth. Every branch of knowledge in all the three great departments of morals, mind, and matter, accords perfectly one with another. And all the minor points in each of these branches are ever harmonious. Truth may be impeded in its progress by the inconsistency of its advocates, but its own nature will insure its ultimate triumph in spite of such obstacles.

It is *immutable*. Every object of sense is the victim of change. Each particle of matter is constantly entering into new combinations. All outward forms and appearances are endlessly varying. The mind itself is never stationary, but always progressing. But truth remains the same. What it was "in the beginning," it still is, and must ever continue to be. The same principles that it is now opposed to, it will oppose ages hence. That which is its enemy to-day, will be its ene-

my then. Is its every feature admirably suited to obtain a conquest over error? they will never be otherwise.

It is *omnipotent*. Its very nature is to surmount and to subdue. It never was fitted to endure restraint, but gains strength by every attempt made to smother it. Like the elements, when confined, it will burst forth with redoubled energy, overwhelming the man who attempts to oppose its onward movements. Its past history fully proves its power. With feeble beginning, it gradually widened and strengthened its influence, in spite of all efforts to crush it. Its opposers have repeatedly thought they had it within their power; but in every instance it has snapped asunder the cords and withes that bound it, and expanded itself beyond its former limits. They vainly thought they could fetter its giant steps and hold it with an arm of flesh.

They might as well attempt
To bind old Ocean's waves with silken cords,
Or grasp the forked lightning in their fists.

There is that in it which defies opposition, and scorns the power that stands in its way. It is destined to go on "conquering and to conquer." The clouds of error that gather around it, shall vanish as the mists of morning before a summer's sun. The night of darkness recedes, no more to return and envelop the earth.

Finally, it is *eternal*. Could there ever arrive a time, far onward in the ages of eternity, when truth should be no longer truth, it would extinguish forever the hopes of all holy beings, and shroud the universe in a pall of midnight gloom. But this cannot be. "The perpetual hills, and adamantine rocks on which they rest," may crumble and waste away. The earth itself may be dissolved. But the mighty colossal of truth shall continue to stand in all its grandeur and sublimity, alike unmoved either by the waste of decay or the wear of time. It is the main pillar on which rests Jehovah's throne, and when it falls his throne must fall with it.

From these brief considerations, upon a subject so unlimited, we are led to conclude that this contest is destined to have an end. That however much the powers of darkness may exult for a time, they will ultimately be defeated, and truth reign supreme throughout the universe of God. And we can say, as at the beginning, yet with increased confidence, "The truth is mighty and will prevail."

"For the day shall yet appear,—
When the might with the right and the truth shall be,
And come what there may,
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

FALL OF BABYLON.

NIGHT slept on Babylon's walls, dark, moonless night,
 Precursor of the city's coming doom;
 The gloomy heavens had girt themselves in black,
 Frowning in wrath upon its guilty towers;
 While through the dun and heavy air, which hung
 Like a thick mantle o'er the city's fane,
 And rendered darkness palpable, no ray
 Appeared, save when the lightning flash broke through
 The gloomy canopy, as if from heaven
 Some pitying angel, on an errand kind,
 Had look'd a moment on the doom'd with eye
 Of hope, and in despair had started back,
 Affrighted at the sight. The fitful gusts
 Wailed mournfully, and groans appeared to fill
 The air; the watchman shudder'd at the sounds,
 And sleepers started from their dreams to look
 Upon the night, and trembling hid themselves,
 At sight of its strange horrors. Many thought
 They saw forms flitting through the air, and heard,
 As though the moaning wind did whisper it
 In voice prophetic, "Babylon is no more!"

Where is Belshazzar now? At midnight hour
 The monarch rose—Fear dwells upon his brow,
 His trembling limbs refuse to aid his step,
 And round his failing heart the blood grows chill—
 "What midnight vision hath appall'd thee, king?"
 With pallid lip and quiv'ring voice he speaks—
 "Was it a dream, but a terrific dream?
 Methought I walk'd upon my palace dome,
 And gazed with swelling heart on Babylon's towers,
 While 'neath my feet the mighty city stood,
 Proud index of Assyria's boundless sway,
 When suddenly the sky above my head
 Grew dark with gather'd clouds, and mutt'ring sounds
 Of living thunder shook the frighted air.
 Upward I gaz'd, when, lo! the heavens divide,
 And as the curtaining folds in fear retire,
 A form of majesty terrific stands reveal'd
 "Twixt earth and heaven—thick clouds sustain his feet,
 He wraps their shadowy mantle round his form,
 And gathers blackness o'er his brow divine,
 While startled nature trembles at his frown—

That frown is bent on me ! How sinks my soul !"
"Belshazzar, hear thy doom ! Proud king, thy deeds
Of blood are known in heaven ; thy lifted heart
Defies the God of light thy father fear'd.
Thine hour is come—this city of thy pride
Is thine no more—the sceptre of thy power
Is rent from thy right hand—for thee, O king,
The ministers of vengeance ready wait.
To-morrow's sun shall set on Babylon's walls,
But never shall it dawn on thee again."
His brow grows darker yet with wrath, and from
His eyes the living lightnings pierce my soul.
Was it a dream ! Dread God avert thy wrath !
Hurl not thy thunders on my guilty head !
I'm but a worm, how can I bear the weight
Of thine almighty arm ? Oh, change the doom !
But, ah ! he changes not, my trembling soul
Must bide displeasure infinite ! Alas !
And does it wait so near ?—to-morrow's sun—
Away my coward thoughts, 'twas but a dream.
And shall a dream thus shake my soul ? never !
I yet am Babylon's lord ; I've liv'd a king,
In death I'll be a king, and never shall
My pliant knees bow down to God or man."

On Shinar's plain the Persian army lies,
Its myriads are at rest, and ev'ry sound
Through all the camp is hush'd ; a treach'rous calm,
Like that which sleeps on nature's quiet breast,
Ere charg'd with gath'ring fires, long pent within,
The rent earth, heaving with the earthquake's shock,
Engulfs some mighty town. Within his tent
At midnight hour reclined the Persian prince—
Unconscious instrument of God. And, lo !
A messenger from heaven bends o'er his couch,
And cries, "What, Cyrus ! sleepest thou ? Is this
An hour for thee to rest, when God prepares
To place the diadem upon thy brow ?
Rouse thee, gird on thy sword, array thine host,
God's own right hand shall lead thy sabaoth,
To-morrow's night shall see thee Babylon's lord."

Up springs the chieftain from his couch. The tent
Was still. He knows the sign from heaven, and cries
With kindling eye, "The omen is from God,
And I will follow where He leads me on."
Then with the early morn the camp resounds

With music sweet to warrior's ears. Throughout
The day is heard the din of coming war,
And at night-fall the trumpet's warlike note
Proclaims the onset nigh, and from the tents
Pour forth the warriors armed for battle's strife.

Morn dawned on Babylon's towers. Within her walls
Is heard the noise of revelry and mirth.
Belshazzar's gorgeous feast is near at hand,
And on this day the thoughtless crowds rejoice.
They see no signs of coming doom; the sounds
Of fear which swept upon the midnight air,
Are all forgotten now, and smiling mirth
Beams forth from ev'ry eye. Alas! how soon
Those looks shall change! The temples of the Gods
Are decked with festive wreaths, and maidens there
And smiling boys weave garlands round the shrine.
Along the avenues the gath'ring crowds
Pour forth in gay attire, and hands are joined,
Whose grasp shall ne'er be felt again, and looks
Of love beam forth from sparkling eyes, whose glance
To night shall close in the cold film of death.
Alas! great city of the plain, when morn
Again shall gild thy towers, how hushed shall be
Those sounds of joyous mirth! Where, where shall be
This mighty multitude which crowds thy streets!

The sun went down; the palace gates are closed.
Belshazzar has assembled there the lords
Of Babylon. A thousand princes feast
Upon a thousand couches rich with gold.
Loud sounds the wassail song; and revelry
And dance and wine fill up the midnight hours.
Then rises up the monarch from his couch,
And cries, "Bring hither now the golden bowls,
My father brought from Salem's haughty shrine;
That shrine which He they style Omnipotent
Sufficed not to defend. To better use
We'll dedicate them now, than to adorn
The temple of the cringing Hebrew's God.
Now lift the song, fill high the bowl, and praise
Assyria's fire-robed Gods, the mighty Gods
Whose power divine shall aid my own right hand,
To crush our trembling foes. Strike, minstrels, strike
The swelling lyre. But hold! My father's Gods!
Yon hand of flame—it writes upon the wall—

It writes my doom in characters of fire.
I see again that midnight form, and hear
Again that awful voice denouncing wo."

Then there was trembling in that hall, and hearts
Which never shook before are quiv'ring now.
The monarch bows to earth; the agony
Of fear wings the sharp cry of wo; his frame
Shakes with intensity of dread. "What words,"
He cries, "are these? Call in Chaldea's seers—
They cannot tell? Oh, God! can no one read
Those burning lines?" The Hebrew prophet comes.
"Now, king of mighty Babylon, hear thy doom,
Nor shall the Gods thou hast invoked to might
Avail to save thee from impending wrath.
Thine end is near, for thou art weighed in God's
Eternal balances, and wanting found.
Thy kingdom is divided now; the crown
That rests upon thy regal brow, shall be
The diadem of Media's haughty lord,
And Persia's king shall sit upon thy throne."
The prophet has retired; deep stillness holds
Th' assembled multitude; you might have heard
The gentlest whisper of the sighing wind.
Low bends the king to earth. He places now
His hushed lip in the dust and yields to fear.
One moment, but no more, his iron soul
E'en this strange horror scarcely could appal.
Proudly he rises up. "Well! let it come—
I'll grapple with the king of death himself,
And in my dying hour defy him still.
Why cease ye now? lead on the jovial dance.
Fear ye the words of yonder hoary seer?
Think ye to die to night? fools, Babylon's walls
Might well defy Heaven's thunderbolt itself.
But hark—what sound was that? nearer it comes!
The clash of arms.—Gods! is it so? my hour
Has come.—What! slave, within the palace walls?
Bring me my sword. Oh, could it reach his heart"—
'Twas his last word, and trembled on his lip
E'en as it blanch'd in death. The Persian spear
Ended at once his empire and his life,
And vengeance slept when haughty Babylon fell.

R. A.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

THE author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," "The Pleasures of Hope," "O'Connor's Child," and "Hohenlinden," is dead. The sacred character with which poets are associated in our minds; the superhuman qualities we sometimes, in a glow of admiration, attribute to them, are unacknowledged by Death. Innocence, beauty, valor, or station have no more mercy at his relentless hand, than vice, deformity, or infamy. Ay, how often is it even that

"The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as Summer dust,
Burn to the socket."

How many of those whom we delight to love and remember, has he cut down within the past short half century? Cowper, the gentle, the gifted and the afflicted, saw and only saw its dawn; Byron, though nursed and tutored by the genius of poetry herself, was compelled to follow; Scott, the praises of millions could not exempt from the same universal necessity. The sublime and rapturous musings of Coleridge are heard no more on earth. The delicate harp strings of the loved and loving Hemans are broken forever; while the last dark hours of Southey have tinged with a gloomy grandeur the king-like career of that illustrious man. Yet the victory over such a noble band could not satiate the grim monster. In his eager search for one more to grace that triumph, his eye fastened and soon his cold hand was laid upon Campbell.

Here however his work ceased. Terrible though he is, after he hath killed the body, he has no more that he can do. The soul and its correlate productions of Thought and Beauty "are not born to die." The one returns to the God who gave it, while the press erects for the indwelling of the others uncrumbling temples whither the sons of men voluntarily and gladly, and frequently resort for worship, nor think it idolatry.

Thus that all of Campbell that can perish has perished, admiration and affection invite us to call to memory the greater and better portion of him that survives—his spirit and his works.

His youth was a pleasant and joyful one. Being the youngest son of an accomplished scholar and wealthy merchant, he was furnished with all the facilities for a solid and finished education which the University of his native city, the second city of Scotland, could bestow. A rapid and astonishing success in the study and elegant translations of some of the Greek Dramatists, indicated at once the character of his mind. It also awakened in his friends those high and bright anticipations of the future which had long warmed and vivified his own feelings, and which he so soon afterwards bodied forth in his living and glowing picture of the "Pleasures of Hope."

The truth is, an interesting one to us, and one which will cast much light upon his subsequent history, Campbell was much more of an American and a Greek than he was a Scotchman. Our country was then the chief topic of remark and discussion in the newspapers, magazines, and clubs of the day. He was born one year after our Independence was declared. An important, in some respects the *most* important part of his education, was received during our arduous but glorious struggle for its achievement. Every Western breeze was hailed and questioned as to the progress of the Revolution. To every Briton it was a subject of the deepest interest; to the Campbell family intensely so. The father of the poet had lived here several years. He understood well and sympathized deeply with us in our grievances. Besides, an uncle and a brother of the poet's were living here at the time. One of the uncle's sons became subsequently a district attorney under Washington, and the brother married a daughter of the bold-hearted Henry, the morning star of the Revolution.

The knowledge thus gained from common rumor, from those relatives, and from the anecdotes and conversations of his father, could not fail to acquaint him well with our early history, and of course awaken in him an unquenchable love of civil and religious freedom.

His passionate study also of the noble language of ancient Greece, had made him familiar with those

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
They who at Marathon and Leuctra bled;"

with the matchless beauties and the sublime creations of her poets and artists, and with every thing in her annals fitted to inspire pure and permanent patriotism.

The future appeared to his glad and buoyant spirit full of the brightest anticipations. Hope strewed his pathway with flowers, and held up in the vista before him a precious and unfading garland; and in the rapture of his vision he exclaims,

"Congenial Hope! thy passion kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour,
On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand."

Indeed, the whole of this his first work is but a transcript, an impress of himself as he then was and felt. The cheerful mellow calm that steals upon us at its very opening, resembles the fresh odorous breathings of a summer morning. We know nothing to compare with it except it be the beginning of that part of Handel's grand oratorio of the Messiah called the "Nativity," where the instruments represent the waving of an angel's wings in the distance; his gradual approach like undulations of light, and his joyous announcement of "peace on earth."

The gladdening and animating influence of Hope upon individual,

social, and national character and action, is next pictured in a graphic and glowing style. How it sustains and encourages the young son of Genius as he tremblingly enters upon the realities of life, with a consciousness of powers which a gold-loving world will not notice! How it fires the soul to high and noble effort! How it blunts the shafts of envy, disarms prejudice, and converts a cold and wretched garret into a smiling palace! What meat and drink to the pennyless adventurer! What invulnerable panoply to the warrior! What an anchor and beacon to the storm-tossed son of the ocean! In social life, but for this heavenly messenger, that dream of Byron which was not all a dream, would be realized in more than its fictitious horror. Friends and Home, and all the blessed charities of life, would become tedious and unlovely; mercy return to its home in the skies, and gratitude find no resting place in icy and shriveled hearts.

Its effects upon nations in the thousand metamorphoses to which they are liable, are finely delineated. Degraded and depressed, though they be, Hope sees the day at hand when virtue and intelligence shall spangle them with temples of religion and science, and the banner of Freedom be unfurled and wave on every hill. Though heartless armed ambition should crush, and despair shroud them in its dark pall, Hope had bade the world farewell, only for a season. The dying shrieks of butchered Poland yet echoed across the North Sea. Campbell was in Glasgow University, when the news of the dreadful battle and massacre of Prague was received. It made his blood boil as it did the blood of every honest freeman; and he poured out his burning indignation in the well known passage,

"Oh sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile," &c.*

But even such darkness is relieved by a ray from the same unclouded source, and Hope again sings in prophetic strains,

"Yes! thy proud lords, unpitying land! shall see,
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free.
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled—
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!"

After some allusion to those dreams of future felicity, in which a warm imagination so often indulges, he closes with that sublimest anticipation of all—Hope irradiating the last hours of a son of sorrow and pointing forward to a tearless and blissful immortality.

His next principal poem, the one by which he is best known to

* A touching incident, illustrating how deeply the Poles felt and appreciated his interest in their behalf, occurred at his burial. At that solemn passage in the Episcopal service which commits "the body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," one of the Polish exiles cast upon the coffin some earth which he had brought with him from the grave of Kosciusko.

Americans, is his beautiful "Gertrude of Wyoming." The interest in our country which was awakened in him by the circumstances already mentioned, lead him to read with avidity the numerous accounts of travelers and adventurers in the New World, with which the journals of the day were filled. The romantic seclusion and patriarchal simplicity of many of the settlers, the unrivaled grandeur of its forests, lakes, and rivers, the virgin beauty and loveliness of its valleys and wild flowers, and the natural nobility of its primeval children, could be uninteresting to no heart, much less a poet's. For the heart of Campbell they possessed a charm and a vividness unsurpassed by any scene upon the Clyde or the Tweed, the banks of the Doon or the braes of Yarrow, in his own native land. Of the many, no less sequestered and picturesque spots to be found in that and other parts of the country, the pleasing and melancholy interest which invested it, led him to select

" On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming."

The characters are few and the incidents natural: some of them contrary to facts, it is true, but poetry is not history. The story is divided into three parts. The first lightly sketches an outline of the scene and introduces to us the actors: the "delightful Wyoming,"

" The loveliest land of all,
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore ;"

the Patriarch Albert, "that venerable man, beloved of all;" his lovely and affectionate Gertrude,

" Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild,
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise ;"

the noble-souled Outalissi, the Oneida Chief,

" A soul that pity touched but never shook ;
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear,"

and the gentle, unoffending orphan boy Henry, who came,

" Led by his dusky sire as morn brought by night."

In the second part we are presented with this picture filled out with the highest artistic skill and power: the harmonious blending of light and shade, action and repose, of warm and delicate coloring, animating the canvas as it were with breathing and moving forms of life. The description of Albert's Cottage, slumbering so peacefully "two quiet woods between;" the curving and almost interminable vista so naturally "opened by the wandering stream," is charming. This would seem almost sufficient, but the Poet has closed the third stanza with two or three lines, in which we hardly know which most to admire, the melody of the metre or the soft voluptuous poetry of the idea. He is representing the gradually silent flow of the Susque-

hanna from the gap at the north where it plunges into the valley through a narrow defile of high craggy cliffs, struggling onward through deep, broken ravines,

But soft'ning in approach, he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, *and laid him down*
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

It is one of those unexpected touches where the hand of the master is often most clearly and strikingly detected, as Venus, discovered to *Æneas* by her walk.

“*Et vera incessu patuit dea.*”——

Gertrude, in her rambles, her studies, and her filial devotion, as she is here portrayed, completely captivates the heart by her Miranda-like purity and guilelessness of thought and action. “Enthusiast of the woods,” gathering flowers and wreathing her hair with evergreen in the morning; reading Shakspeare in some shaded retreat at noon, and King James’ Bible to her aged sire at their evening orisons, how could she not be lovely?

The third part closes the poem, and with it closes the lives of that entire group which has just passed before us in such happiness and enjoyment. The dreadful carnage of which this lovely valley was the theatre, must freeze the blood of all who have ever read or heard its early history. The evening and night of the 3d of July, 1778, will never be forgotten in Wyoming. The news was carried to England in a British dress, and of course the half was not told them. Campbell therefore knew nothing of the consuming flames—the groans of the tortured and dying—the butchery of decrepid old men, widowed women and helpless children—nor of daughters and wives subjected to the insults and brutality of merciless civilized and uncivilized monsters. The half however of such a story were enough to make any heart feel; and this, though presented with all *his* imagination and graphic power, force upon us the thought that Truth verily is stranger than fiction.

The silver-haired old patriarch is their first victim. Within shadow of the fort which the loving pair had just reached, and in their sight, an ambushed band inflict the death blow,

“And Albert—Albert—falls! the dear old father bleeds.”

Gertrude, scarce recovered from the shock occasioned by this appalling spectacle, is herself struck down, and expires in the arms of her own dear Waldegrave, breathing out the ruling passion of her heart in her last breath,

“And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.”

So nearly cotemporaneous was the death of *Hénry*, that had her fair

spirit but lingered (and must it not have lingered ?) a little while near that spot, they might have winged their way together to a home whence parting was no more. The brave old Outalissi, who had remained by them to the last, sung "in loose numbers wildly sweet" their death song, and then sprang away to perish in fierce conflict with their heartless foes.

Of the minor poems and songs of our author, many are known by heart wherever the English language is spoken. In his "O'Connor's Child" there is something so affectingly melancholy, a spirit so heroic and a love so ardent and inextinguishable, that it at once calls forth deep sympathy and lofty admiration. The wild, wizard music of "Lochiel's Warning," haunts us like the dismal moaning of the winds on a wintry night, when we are unoccupied and alone. What lover of England's naval glory, what admirer of Blake and Nelson, what British sailor, what patriotic son of that land

"Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,"

is not familiar with that thrilling ode, "Ye Mariners of England!" The vividness, the glow, the condensed fiery energy of the thirty-two lines of "Hohenlinden," is incomparable in English poetry; and, the same pen and during the same week, if we mistake not, wrote that sad, touching, homesick lament of the "Exile of Erin."

He has written much more of which our limits alone forbid the notice which they deserve.

Two general characteristics of all his poetry must be obvious to every attentive reader, *picturesqueness* and *metrical polish*. By the former we mean not so much the thoughts, as that peculiar combination or grouping of them which presents us at one glance a perfect picture. We know of no writer, if we except perhaps Goldsmith, whose works could be so easily illustrated. This will be observed, or rather felt, by selecting the description of any scene or incident which he has given. A minute study and analysis of it will reveal to us an unique whole in its most accurate and beautiful proportions. The color and expression of the eye, the attitude and bearing of the body, the tones of the voice and the pulsations of the heart are before us like those bright forms of "the departed,"

"That visit us in dreams;"

and in Nature, the soil, the surface, the number and position of trees, the quivering of the foliage, the gurgling of the rivulet, the odorous breathings and "mute, aerial harmonies" of botanical and vegetable life.

By *metrical polish* we mean the exquisite mechanism of the versification. Every word seems to have been chosen with the nicest accuracy and inserted with the taste and skill of a master. In the stanza which he has chosen for his "Gertrude," the noble Spenserian, this harmony appears with great effect. There is something in what we should call the *ore rotundo* of that last line sustaining and

closing up the stanza and the thought, which is surpassingly fine ; and admirably has our author availed himself of it. The other metres also which he has used, prove him no less delicately sensitive to this peculiar charm of metrical composition.

We have made no mention of Campbell's prose works, first, because they add very little to his reputation, and secondly, because it is as a poet, and only as a poet, that he has been best known and most affectionately loved. Nor have we spoken of his demerits. Not that we cherish any blind adherence for the maxim, "*nil de mortuis*," but because there are vulture-eyed critics enough ever ready to discern and expose them ; and the bard has already sung too sweetly to us, now to thrust him off with taunting him for his poverty, or insulting his uncombed gray hairs.

On the 19th of June last, a long funeral procession might have been seen entering Westminster Abbey. Conspicuous among the pall-bearers were Sir Robert Peel and Lord Brougham, and among the crowd of mourners, Macaulay, D'Israeli, and Lockhart, and to the number of the illustrious dead, to the honored names of Chaucer and Spenser, Addison and Johnson, whose dust has consecrated "Poet's Corner," was added the name of THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis midnight. All is still, save now and then
 The gentle rustling of the autumn leaf.
 From out the curtained window gleams a light,
 Revealing where the youthful sufferer lies.
 The stifled sobs, and altered mien of friends,
 Disclose the startling fact that hope is fled.
 O'er him they bend, eager to catch the last—
 The faintest sound, that dies upon his lips.
 Alas! the few and incoherent words—
 The tokens of an intellect unstrung—
 But tend to tear afresh their wounded hearts,
 And seal the truth, that death, with icy hand
 Uplifted, stands to deal the fatal blow.
 No more he heeds the kind regard of friends ;
 He knows not that a mother's gentle hand
 Is pressed upon his cold and clammy brow.
 His frame is racked throughout, and every nerve
 Is stretched—as though 'twere hard for life
 To part, from one so young and promising.
 And now the struggler pants for breath. Not long
 Can he endure th' unequal contest. Hark !
 The dismal hollow groan—the gurgling breath—
 The last long gasp ;—and nature's debt is paid.

THE TWO STUDENTS.

Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?

BROWN.

ON a fine morning, towards the close of the summer of 1830, two young men were seen stepping into the stage, at a pleasant mountain village in the southern part of Vermont. Judging from the hearty 'good byes' of friends, and their wishes for happiness and success to the departing, together with their plentiful baggage, they were evidently purposing to be absent from home for some length of time. Could we have taken a peep into their spacious trunks, we doubtless should have recognized the traces of a mother's hand, in a thousand little items carefully prepared and arranged for future convenience and gratification—such items as maternal affection is ever prone to suggest, at the first departure of her favorite boy to take up his residence in a land of strangers.

The young men felt a momentary sadness as the stage drove off; but a multitude of other thoughts soon crowded into their minds, and dissipated all feelings of melancholy. One might easily gather from their conversation, that they had already passed the ordeal of an examination requisite for admission to college, and were now on their way to enter upon their new mode of life. Their minds naturally ran forward to the strange scenes in which they were about to mingle, and busily pictured the rugged path that lay before them, and up which they must climb to reach the wished-for goal. And not unfrequently did they find themselves back, in imagination, chatting with familiar village friends, or calling up, one by one, the countenances of those from whom they had last parted.

"Ike," said one of them to his companion, "I almost wish I could jump right over my college course, and go into business. It appears to me, that by studying law a few months, I shouldn't be afraid to try my strength against that young lawyer in our place. I heard him make a plea the other day on an easy case, and he didn't talk half as glib as I did at our last debate, on that question about the 'expediency of early marriages.' They must have thought I was anxious to take somebody, 'better for worse,' as the 'Squire said when he was marrying Nick Hopper the other day. But as I was saying, when I got into the spirit of it that night, I almost made the house jar. I might have spoken longer, but I happened to think that the old parson's window was open right across the street, and I was afraid he would think it thundered, and would send for his girls home again, as he did when the other shower came up in the midst of our debate; and, by the way, I didn't wish to be cheated out of my walk that time, as it was the last chance I expected to have at present of waiting on them home

from Lyceum. Didn't we make a long walk of it though, to get across one street! It's well the parson don't know all my moonshine excursions with those girls. He would eye us closer than he does now. This reminds me of the sport we had with the ladies last evening. Why, Ike, you are a dunce for not going into society more. I wouldn't miss of such fun as we have had this summer, for an interest in Texas."

"I was very well satisfied with the way I spent last evening, John," rejoined the other. "But it strikes me, that if you still cherish the idea of taking the valedictory, you had better forget the ladies, and pursue one object at a time. If one of the old Roman racers, that we read about, had stopped to catch butterflies by the way, he would have been very apt to have come off second best, as the saying is."

"There's another of your sage speeches, that you originated while coming over your rusty classics. Last evening, that you were so well satisfied with, must have been spent in company with Mr. Virgilus. I am thinking I shall cut his acquaintance hereafter, as also that of Messrs. Cicero, Sallust, Cæsar, and a host of worthy friends, and thus diminish the circle, in accordance with your advice. But as for the valedictory, I can 'speer it' half the time, and then *recite* better than you. Besides, it is such jolly sport to set a dozen young ladies all bewitched, and finally to cut them every one. I don't know but some of them will have me up for breach of promise yet; but I will tell them, as uncle Tom does when he wants to back out of a bad bargain, 'Ah! 'spect no written 'greement.' What say you, won't my plans work?"

"Nature has done her part faithfully for you," replied Isaac, "but, with all your confidence of success, the allurements of society may cheat you out of your anticipated honors at last."

Isaac Wilson was somewhat older than his friend, and withal possessed of a sound mind, though by no means brilliant. He was one of those steady, good-natured individuals, whom all love and respect, notwithstanding their apparent dullness and uncompanionable appearance at first sight. He was poor, but honest and persevering, and by diligence in business and close application to study, he had fitted himself for college, and had the prospect of at least making a respectable figure in the world. He was often rallied on his want of regard for the ladies; but in his sly way, he entered more deeply into the merits of this business than was generally supposed.

On the evening previous to the journey here spoken of, Wilson had slipped on his best suit, (which, by the by, was not exposed to the rays of every day's sun,) and after brushing and adjusting his clothes beyond his ordinary custom, stole away towards the house of one Deac. Beaufort, situated in a retired part of the village. The deacon was a wealthy and highly respectable gentleman, who had already passed the meridian of life, and withdrawn to spend the remainder of his days in quiet, on a beautiful and snug little farm. The spot was at once healthy and delightful, being an elevated situation at the foot of the Green mountains. The dwelling of recent model, was tastefully sur-

rounded by trees and shrubbery; the various walks were bordered with flowers, and a thrifty honeysuckle was seen clambering affectionately around one of the front windows, as if playing bo-peep with the smiling occupants.

Wilson was not without taste for rural scenery, but something still more enticing led him to the deacon's—an object that took a deeper hold on his feelings than verdant shrubbery or blooming flowers. The deacon had an only daughter, a young girl of seventeen, whose hitherto concealed charms were just unfolding themselves into the full bloom of womanhood. Having spent most of her time in the school-room, neither her beauty nor accomplishments had yet begun to attract attention. But the sound judgment of Wilson had led him to the conclusion, that, taking into consideration her superior training at home, and the opportunities yet before her for the cultivation of her mind and habits, she would eventually far outshine, both in polite accomplishments and sound education, the meteor-like beauties which from time to time passed for the belles of the village.

While pursuing his preparatory studies, Wilson had been employed as an assistant teacher; and was thus thrown in contact with many of the first young misses in that region; and he had long ago decided in his own mind, that Jane Beaufort, in mildness of disposition, agreeableness of manners, and strength of intellect, was surpassed by no young lady of his acquaintance. In short, he had resolved, that if kind attentions could win her favor, and persevering study render him worthy of her hand, she should one day be his. Prompted by these feelings, he pursued a straight forward course, and by modest deportment and a universally kind disposition, and above all by strict attention to his own business—a sure index of success—he gradually won not only the good will, but the highest esteem of the parents, and also, as he was well nigh persuaded, the heart of the daughter. But this last point remained yet to be discovered.

Such was the place towards which Wilson was wending his way, and such the attractions that drew him thither. In spite of his usual calmness and dignity, his heart fluttered as he approached the house. Not but that he felt sure of a ready welcome; yet as he was about to leave for near a twelve-month's absence, he was anxious to learn, if possible, before his departure, whether he had made an impression upon the heart of Jane, that would ensure him a place in her thoughts by day and her dreams by night, till he could himself return and deepen the image. He feared not but if rejected there, the business he had chosen would prove a passport to every class of society, and if diligently pursued would raise him to a station where he could successfully offer his hand to one of even higher rank in life. Still he regarded no rank except that which is conferred by intellectual cultivation and moral worth. These he believed he had found in Jane; and provided he could be certain that his own feelings were warmly reciprocated, he chose rather to concentrate his affections on one whom long acquaintance had proved, while there was enough of the fire of youth remaining to cement them thoroughly, than to run the risk of a

hasty acquaintance—a love chilled by age and subsequent disappointment. Moreover, he was one of those who believe that in a union of kindred spirits, whether bound by the formal ceremonies of the parson or not, there is a depth and purity of enjoyment to which the world without are strangers.

“That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed as chemic compounds are,
Each with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!”

The shades of twilight were already beginning to give a misty haziness to distant objects—that hour which is ever fraught with witching charms to lovers—

“When evening steals in blushes to her west,
And clouds are in their marriage garments drest.”

Jane had been sitting by the window, apparently admiring the beauty of the setting sun, and the relighting of the starry lamps, as they took their places, one by one, in the heavens. But whether her thoughts were confined exclusively to the scene before her, or whether they sometimes danced off upon such subjects as this hour is ever prone to call up, we will leave for the reader to judge. Her form possessed a beautiful symmetry and elegance of proportions, which, set off by her easy and graceful movements, made a deeper impression on the beholder than would delicacy of complexion and beautiful features combined. Her dark hair hung in loose curls upon her shoulders, in imitation of ‘the good old days of Adam and Eve.’ The sound of approaching footsteps deepened the crimson upon her full cheeks; all combining to render her ten times more lovely than ever before, in the estimation of her eager admirer. As Jane met Wilson at the door, she extended the warm hand of greeting, in a manner that showed him to be no stranger or unwelcome guest.

When his name was announced, Jane’s parents made their appearance in the parlor, and chatted sociably for a few minutes; but, as though they half guessed the object of his visit, they soon left the young couple to manage for themselves. It would ill become me to intrude upon the sacredness of the hours that followed. It was the communings of similar minds—a blending of all the gentlest feelings of the soul—a social concord, akin to that which binds hearts in heaven. The hours sped on wings of light; and ere they were aware, *Media Nox* announced her arrival, by the distant echoes of the village clock.

Wilson had already revealed, by degrees, the feelings of his heart, and was watching anxiously for any indications that those feelings met with a response. Nor was his mind long kept in suspense. Jane looked about for some

“Token flower to tell
What words could never speak so well.”

On a concealed branch of the honeysuckle that surrounded the window by which they were sitting, she remembered to have seen a single blossom, yet unfallen and unfaded, notwithstanding the lateness of the season; as if it had lingered behind expressly for the occasion. The language of the flower itself—the hiding-place it occupied—its solitary stay upon the deserted vine—and the hour of the night—were all alike significant. She plucked it and placed it in the bosom of her lover; as much as to say, ‘Your modest virtues have won my heart; bound by the cords of a generous and devoted love, I pledge myself to you, though you should be forsaken by all others: let the silence of midnight keep this secret from a heartless and prying world.’ The token was mutually sealed by a kiss. Whether more than one was stolen by our hero before his departure, ‘your deponent saith not.’ Or, how long they lingered after this,

On fairy land,
Forgetting that the world was not a dream,

prudence forbids me to tell. If they overstepped the bounds of seasonable hours, and cheated dame Nature or themselves, the importance of the occasion, and the long year of separation that was before them, may be some apology.

But let us take another peep into the stage, that we may have a more minute survey of Wilson’s fellow-traveler and future chum. John Prescott was very unlike Wilson. He had a little more of what the world calls riches, but less of that priceless wealth that consists in a contented and persevering spirit. His talents might dazzle for a moment, but, unfortunately for his studies, he was extravagantly fond of society, flirting with every lively miss that fell in his way—charmed for a moment, then on the lookout for some new object of attraction—changeable as the ever-varying winds—one day aiming at literary distinction—the next buckling on his armor for an attack upon the heart of some unsuspecting damsel.

Thus they jogged on together through college; Isaac, struggling with his adverse circumstances, applying himself with might and main to his studies; John, studying some but frolicking more. While Isaac was snoring upon his couch, or dreaming of home and vacation walks and visits, John was mingling with merry companions, or spending his evenings at the social party. Temptations he had neither courage nor inclination to resist; and day by day his character suffered and his constitution weakened. If Wilson felt for a moment an inclination to yield to the song of the charmer, who failed not to charm him ‘never so wisely,’ one thought of the object before him was enough to repel the assailant.

“Chum,” said John one day, as he came from the post office, “here is a love-letter for you! I can guess the hand-writing, so you may as well own the truth. I have suspected for some time that you didn’t take so much pains with your letters for nothing. Who would have thought honest Ike Wilson would have been one of the first to break

college laws? I guess you have forgotten that article that forbids any student to contract for marriage, on penalty of forfeiting his college membership. Look wild, old chap! You have been lecturing me, sermon after sermon, upon violation of college laws—courting the girls for fun, and the like o' that. Now just clear up your own character."

We frankly confess that Wilson's countenance and manners betrayed some confusion at first; not that he had any compunctions of conscience in respect to college laws, but a secret was exposed. He, however, set himself to reading the letter, without taking much notice of John's home thrusts and attempts at wit. In a moment his mind had overleaped the space that separated him from the beautiful cottage and its fair occupant. He imagined himself seated by the side of Jane, upon the same accommodating sofa which they had so often occupied together, and where they had mingled their sympathies,

"And shared the matchless joys of virtuous love."

John might have read volumes from his expressive features, as he traced line after line of the grateful epistle, if he had only been initiated into the secret mysteries of Cupid's art. But his ideas of love had always been confined to the shadow rather than the reality; and you might as well set a monkey to tracing out Egyptian hieroglyphics, as a professed gallant to describe the nature of the passion that exists between two lovers, whom similar tastes and feelings have been linking together from the days of childhood.

"Oh! happiness, where art thou found,
(If, indeed, on mortal ground.)
But with faithful hearts alone,
That Love and Friendship have made one."

When Wilson had finished perusing the letter, John endeavored again to rally him upon its subject and author, but without effect. He then sought to reason him out of the folly (as he called it) of becoming entangled in any body's trap, when future years and professional dignity might introduce him to some nobleman's parlor, decorated by costly furniture and enlivened by strains of foreign music. But Wilson had too much good sense to think for one moment of seeking happiness in such things as these, even had they been within his reach. He had been in the families of the wealthy enough to discover that all the pleasures money could purchase, would be but a poor equivalent for the enjoyment he then experienced. He thought, too, that one who had showed an attachment to him while in obscurity, had loved him for his own sake, and would still love him, though the buffeting storms of adversity, or envy's fierce hate, should strip him of his present favorable prospects, or of his good name. He was aware that his habits differed widely from those of the self-styled nobility, and he could scarcely conjure up in his mind more perfect wretchedness, or a severer pun-

ishment, than to be doomed for the remainder of his days to conform to the dull ceremonies and heart-chilling forms of high fashionable life. He might have replied, too, that he preferred rather to hear the soft-toned voice of Jane, as she made the hill-tops resound with her own mountain airs, than listen to the richest foreign strains and the most costly instruments.

* * * * *

Wilson hastened to complete his professional studies, and soon found himself in readiness to enter into the full fruition of that happiness he had so long and ardently enjoyed in anticipation. He had ever felt that two objects were to be sought in uniting himself to a companion for life, the promotion of his future *happiness* and *usefulness*. In receiving the hand of Jane, he secured both these objects, even beyond his own expectations. For in his cool and calculating way, he always made it a point to expect no more from the future, than he had the strongest probability of realizing.

As good fortune willed it, they never found it necessary to forsake permanently the beloved cottage, but joined their efforts with those of the good old Deacon and his lady, to add to its elegance and comfort. No one could pass an hour in Mr. Wilson's family, without feeling that they were radiators of blessings and happiness on all who came within the circle of their influence. They were mutual helps in every good undertaking, and were daily more and more convinced that the great secret of blessedness consists in conferring blessings on others.

As for John Prescott, he not only lost the valedictory, but barely escaped with his 'sheep-skin.' He, of course, had no habits or qualifications for business—his money expended—his health impaired—destitute both of moral and intellectual manliness—having never realized his dreams of 'matrimonial wealth and foreign music,' he is now an irritable and nervous old bachelor; and according to present prospects, he is destined still to

"Resolve and re-resolve, and die the same."

P. S. By the latest advices, we are happy to inform our readers that the occupants of 'Honeysuckle Cottage' are yet living in the peaceful enjoyment of health and happiness; and that, in addition to their former variety of plants and flowers, they have now two or three thrifty little 'Buds of immortality,' which it is their daily care so to nurture and train, that they may be at length fitted for transplantation, to blossom forever in the Gardens of Paradise.

D.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

"I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and see. And I looked, and behold a pale me; and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed with him."—Rev.

I come, I come, and my steed is pale,
And I ride through the length of the earth;
Make way, ye poor mortals, and look but to quail,
While I speed me on in my mirth.
Around me I carry my messengers true,
That fly loose at my word of command;
My scythe, by its use, of a blood-stained hue,
Hangs loose, hangs loose in my hand.

I fly by the hovel, I fly by the hall,
Desolation I scatter and wo;
Before my red blade ye vain mortals fall
In the dust where I lay you so low.
I ride on the blast of the tempest loud,
O'er the face of the mighty deep,—
On the breath of the zephyr I steal in the crowd,
To lull them, to lull them to sleep.

I nip the young bud from the parent stem,
I'm heedless of age or youth's bloom;
I seek the young flower and the brilliant gem
To adorn the dark shades of the tomb.
I draw the deep sigh, I heave the young breast,
Life's goblet I dash to the earth;
By a thrust of my scythe men sink to their rest—
How it heightens, it heightens my mirth.

Dash on, dash on, my courser so brave!
And circle ye round me, my train!
I'll crush the whole human race in the grave,
Ere I yield up my sceptre again.
I'll speed me on in my rapid course,
And knock at the gates of proud kings;—
No, not till I'm conquer'd by high Heaven's force,
Will I take, will I take to me wings.

THE WATERING-PLACES OF GERMANY.

“ Sie fanden sich
 In einer neuen Welt, die Ihnen huldigt,
 Wärs auch durch Neuheit nur, Ihr Auge reizt.” SCHILLER.

If a stranger, traveling in Germany during the summer months, have a curiosity to see “ life,” or mingle at all in society, he must not expect to find it in the capitals. There, indeed, he will see the palaces, cathedrals, picture galleries, and lions in general. This accomplished, let him follow the stream, which at this season sets strongly in but one direction—to the watering-places. Here he will find not only every class in society, but almost every nation in Europe, fully represented; in fact, a sort of fashionable congress of nations.

One pleasant morning, in the month of August, I found myself with a party of friends at Wiesbaden, the Saratoga of Germany. It is the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, and about an hour's pleasant ride from the banks of the Rhine. After securing lodgings opposite one of the promenades, we had just time to join the solemn procession which was moving to the hotels in quest of dinner. It was not a little amusing to a foreigner, to see with what characteristic gravity and deliberation these Germans proceeded on their way, when one considered the enormous quantity of provisions they were about to consume. We entered, with the rest, a large hall, whose walls were handsomely painted in fresco, while in an orchestra at the farther end, was a band of musicians. When the two or three hundred guests had taken their seats, flower girls went around the tables and distributed bouquets. The dinner was served in courses without number. A bottle of Rhine wine was placed by every plate, and this, when mixed with effervescing Seltzer water, seemed to be the favorite beverage. There was no greediness, no impatience, no “ bolting” of food, but every thing was done leisurely, and the intervals were relieved by animated conversation. So well trained are the German attendants, that no one thinks of calling out “ Kellner.” After an hour and a half had elapsed, the company retired, with countenances expressive of the most perfect satisfaction.

After dinner we sauntered to the Kursaal, a building common to all the German watering-places, somewhat like the English pump-room. It is a huge edifice, occupying one side of a square, while two other sides are covered colonnades, lined with gay shops, forming a sort of bazaar, and an agreeable promenade in rainy weather. It serves the fourfold purpose of banquet, ball, assembly, and gaming room. Numerous visitors were promenading in the great saloon, while at the gaming tables in the side apartments, play was commencing. After stopping awhile to admire the paintings, statuary, and decorations of the walls, we stepped into the gardens at the rear, where a gay spectacle met the eye. On a spacious lawn, shaded with trees, and ornamented with

shrubbery, three or four thousand people were seated in groups at separate tables, with coffee or ices, chattering away in half the tongues under heaven, and gesturing like pantomimes. It seemed like an animated *tableau vivant*. An artificial lake, on whose surface stately swans and various aquatic fowl disported themselves, added to the quiet beauty of the scene. At a little distance, in a temple tastefully decorated, and half concealed by vines, a band of musicians were playing, as Germans only can, the witching airs of their native land.

Returning to our lodgings, we watched the different equipages as they rolled by. Now came the lumbering carriage of some Russian prince, his face half buried in whisker and moustache, regarding the people through his eye-glass with a somewhat contemptuous glance; then the plain, well-appointed chariot of an English gentleman; then a party of English equestrians dashed by on high-bred, prancing horses. On the shady promenade before us, a French party might be distinguished from the rest of the company, the ladies conspicuous by their Parisian dress and vivacity of manner, while their gallants wore an air of easy nonchalance and gayety, perfectly characteristic. Here a staid German was slowly moving on with his good Frau and demure little Fraulein, smiling benignantly, and taking off his hat to every acquaintance. Under the trees sat an old patriarch, one in humble life, surrounded by a family group, the women in high snow-white linen caps, gaily trimmed with ribbons, knitting and gossiping with some young soldiers, and the grandchildren of the old man climbing upon his knee, or playing at his feet. Every one seemed to be out of doors, enjoying the summer afternoon, the men smoking in the porches, and their wives beside them with their ever-busy needles. Presently, the word was given, "the Duke is coming," and as the young sovereign passed by in an open carriage and four, every head was for a moment uncovered.

In the evening, after supper—for tea is unknown—we again visited the saloon, now brilliantly illuminated and filled with well-dressed company. The gaming tables were surrounded by men old and young, and even by some who appeared to be ladies, all looking anxious and completely absorbed. These establishments are all licensed by government, and "farmed" by a certain wealthy French proprietor. Roulette and rouge et noir, are the favorite games. This passion for gambling has ever characterized the Germans. It was remarked by Tacitus,* in the time of the Roman emperors. The government having vainly attempted to suppress the practice, license it, exacting, however, a heavy tax, which is applied to charitable purposes.

Next morning, at an early hour, we repaired to the pavilion, which covers the Kochbrunnen, (boiling spring.) A number of fat, quiet-looking Germans were already on the ground, walking slowly up and

* De Moribus Germaniae, Sec. XXIV. "Aleam, (quod mirère,) sobrii inter seria exerceant, tantâ lucrandi perdendive temeritate, ut, cum omnia defecerunt, extremo ac novissimo jactu de libertate et de corpore contendant."

down a covered alley, and, with looks of resignation, gravely sipping from their beautifully colored cups of Bohemian glass the hot spring water. This has a temperature of 150° Fah., and is flavored very much like chicken broth. Having breakfasted, we consulted our obliging host whether to visit the ducal villa and park, a few miles distant, or the famous springs of Schwalbach and Schlangenbad. The latter was decided upon, as the route lay over the Taunus mountains, so, without delay, we engaged a carriage and postillion, at whose grotesque figure we could scarce restrain our laughter. A sort of decapitated, not to say dilapidated, hat, a coat, which would have been a roundabout, but for two horrid little tails just sprouting out from behind, and yellow knee-breeches of buckskin, with high boots, large enough for his grandfather, completed the costume of a youth, who seemed not a bad imitation of the fat boy in Pickwick. How he managed to get into the saddle is best known to himself, but once seated, he could not be easily dislodged; and confident in his powers, he started off with a blast of his trumpet that aroused the neighborhood, and a vigorous cracking of the whip that lasted till we had left Wiesbaden far in the distance. After two or three hours of tedious ascent, we reached a point whence a magnificent view presented itself. The whole Duchy of Nassau lay beneath, like one great park, its boundary the Rhine, winding its silvery way between frowning hills, and Mayence on the opposite bank, conspicuous with its lofty towers and cathedral spires, while through an atmosphere transparent as ether, distant cities might be discerned everywhere dotting the horizon.

Descending from this eminence into a deep valley, a sudden turn of the road surprised us with a view of the village of Schwalbach—a secluded and delightful little spot,

“Where scarce a sunbeam wanders thro’ the gloom,”

known only to the lovers of nature, or invalids in search of health. One of the springs here has the spirit and flavor of champagne; others are strongly impregnated with iron, so that, after immersing the head, one’s pillow looks as if a rusty shell had been reposing on it. An hour or two more brought us over another ridge of the mountain into a second valley, to which the euphonious name “Schlangenbad,” has been applied. The water of this Spa is very celebrated for its peculiar properties. It is about as warm as new milk, but much softer, and almost oily to the touch. The effect upon the skin is to whiten it, and impart a softness and brilliancy like that of polished marble, sufficient to justify the remark of a short, fat Frenchman to his friend, while recommending these waters,—“*Monsieur, dans ces bains on devient absolument amoureux de soi-meme.*” The water is sent in stone bottles, as a cosmetic, as far as St. Petersburg, and ladies modestly approach it from the most distant parts of Europe.

In the shady terrace which adjoins the bath-house, we found the ladies sitting in groups at their little tables, with the usual accompaniments, a cup of coffee and their knitting, before them. The gentlemen,

in caps and dressing gowns, stationed at a respectful distance, half concealed themselves in the huge clouds of smoke which issued from their meercaums. Smoking is a part of the German's nature, as indispensable to him as breathing to other mortals. We once observed a student, in one of the Rhine steamers, smoking continuously for six or eight hours. Such a fellow ought to be extinguished, like Raleigh, with a pail of water. Perhaps he intended, at some future day, to blaze forth, like the sun from a fog, as Horace describes the poet of old—

“Ex fumo dare lucem

Cogitat.”

Speaking of smoking naturally leads us to consider some other characteristics of student life in Germany. It is an error to suppose that the mass of students are wild and disorderly in their habits. The majority of them are hard-working men, and true to their own interests. The government have a strong hold upon them, since, to obtain any official post, they must not only pass an honorable examination at the University, but also a special one before receiving the appointment. A certain portion, however, among whom the foreign students are conspicuous, take the liberty of acting as they please, avoid behaving or appearing in any way like other people, and, consequently, a more odd, queer, and outlandish set of characters can nowhere be found.

Smoking, beer-drinking, and duelling are their preparatory studies before entering on the business of life. First of all, every man has a pipe at least a yard long, and must consume, in the course of the year, more tobacco than he is worth. Then, if his capacity allow him to drink thirty or forty tumblers of beer at one sitting, it proves him a man of spirit, and continent withal. But especially, if he take care to insult every little fellow he meets, and fight him next day—then, indeed, in the eyes both of friends and enemies, he is past improvement, and is often graduated prematurely in consequence. Let not the reader fancy that there is any danger in this amusement. In such a case, a man would be a fool to fight. They take the precaution, therefore, to pad and wad the person, as effectually as though they were sewed up in feather beds; and thus accoutred, they cut and thrust most terribly at the wadding till a flesh wound draws a little blood. Then, rushing into each other's arms, they call for pipes and beer. It is a great point to wound an antagonist in the face, and spoil his beauty, but so few of them have any beauty to spoil, that little harm is done in this way. Formerly, their dogs were allowed to be present as spectators, on the ground of fellow feeling; but, on one occasion, an animal of otherwise irreproachable character, seeing his master cut off his enemy's nose, sprang forward and snapped it up in a twinkling. This lamentable accident caused the privileges of these animals to be curtailed. The English or American students, when challenged, demand the pistol, and as the padding is not bullet proof, the affair is pretty certain to be amicably adjusted. The dress of this independent order of odd fellows is perfectly characteristic. With huge rolling collars, hair worn over the shoulders, à la Raphael, ridiculously small scull-caps, coats of indescribable cut, jack boots, with immense spurs, they parade the

streets, accompanied by dogs queer as themselves, with arms round each other's neck, the wonder of little boys, and the terror of all respectable citizens.

But, to return to the quiet valley of Schlangenbad. The band had seated themselves in the little orchestra, in the open air, and were regaling our ears with harmony, which echoed most delightfully among the hills, and reminded us of the evening parade at West Point, when the notes of martial music, on a calm summer evening, are reflected from its rocky amphitheatre. With the sounds still ringing in our ears, we climbed to one of the nearest hill-tops, where, in a romantic spot, on a little bit of table land, overlooking the landscape and the village below, there is a seat, with a table of stone, and near them a simple column, ornamented with a beautiful device, erected by a Dutch nobleman and his lady, to commemorate their delightful honeymoon passed in this quiet retreat, "*En reconnaissance des délicieuses saisons passées ici ensemble par.*"—One would hardly have accused a Hollander of possessing so much sentiment.

We returned to Wiesbaden as to a home. With friends, in such a place, there is no *ennui*, so pleasing and novel are the various scenes and amusements. Balls in the saloon once or twice a week, with music, gay company, and fireworks in the gardens, enlivened the evenings. The Germans are not so graceful as the French, especially in the quadrille and gallopade; but in the waltz, which, like the Polka, is a national dance, introduced by themselves, they appear to better advantage. It is singular that while no one objects to the freedom of the waltz, etiquette strictly prohibits ladies and gentlemen from walking arm-in-arm, unless betrothed. The German ladies have very fair complexions and perfectly Saxon faces, which, to our taste, is the highest style of beauty. Their manners are unaffected and agreeable; they are well read, versed in the modern languages, and like Madame Roland, not only skilled in the higher accomplishments, but in the arts of domestic life. The late Empress of Austria is said to have prepared daily, with her own hands, the coffee for her husband's breakfast.

While the gentler sex are educated in this way, it is not to be wondered at, that society, in this country, unites in itself so many charms, charms too potent for the heart even of an old bachelor to resist. Perhaps nowhere else is the tender passion so intense and absorbing. It not unfrequently occasions insanity. Neither time nor absence can diminish the deep and lasting attachments of early youth.

Not long since, a young German, who had left his fatherland some years before, took passage at Cincinnati in one of the steamers bound for New Orleans. At one of the stopping-places on the river, a party of his countrymen came on board with their families. Among them he saw his early love, whom he had left at home and had never since heard from. She recognized him at the same moment, and with an exclamation of joy they rushed into each other's arms. We will not attempt to describe the scene which followed; it is enough for the reader to know, that before the boat reached its destination, the happy pair were united in the holy bands of matrimony.

Sincerity and artlessness characterize the German—his sentiments, like his voice, seem to come “*ab imo pectore*.” Avoiding the bluntness of the English, and the extravagant mannerism of the French, his manner is full of kindness and affability, which, united, render his society delightful. A stranger, on arriving at a hotel, is treated with such attention that he might fancy himself at home. The modes of salutation are characteristic. They are forever taking off the hat to one another, and never enter even a public room without paying this courtesy to the company. Some captious old fellow, not long ago, wrote a pamphlet against the practice, calculating that the wear and tear of beavers which it occasioned cost the nation six millions of dollars annually. Certainly, it is all the better for society in general, and hatters in particular, that such courtesies should be observed. When friends meet after an absence, they embrace and salute each on both cheeks, even in public. In Germany, as in England, society is very aristocratic; but, while the higher classes in the one country are disliked for their hauteur and exclusiveness, in the other, their affability and condescension make them exceedingly popular. A German nobleman will take off his hat to a peasant, and does not compromise his dignity at all in doing so. This is, perhaps, partly owing to the circumstance that the titled classes in this country are very numerous. The sons of a prince are all princes, while the eldest alone inherits the estate. Even some of the sovereign princes have estates so insignificant that their title and government seem quite a burlesque. The standing army of one little principality is said to consist of a single hussar, who gallops every morning to a neighboring capital to procure hot rolls for his sovereign’s breakfast. Another prince, on showing to his bride, for the first time, the views from the four sides of his palace, caused his single battalion to run successively to the four sides and present arms, to give to his visitors the idea of a numerous force. On the other hand, the wealth of some of the nobles exceeds that of any other in Europe. The Austrian princes, Esterhazy and Metternich, possess very numerous estates, and revenues almost imperial. The former appears at court in a dress blazing with diamonds, valued at £100,000. He inherited his title and possessions. Metternich is a self-made man, and is at the present time, perhaps, the most remarkable person in Europe. At once the favorite and prime minister of the Emperor Ferdinand and a firm ally of the Czar, he is the champion of despotism, and rules half the Continent with the iron rod of tyranny. His enemies, playing upon the name, change it to “*Mitternacht*,” i. e. midnight. As a diplomatist, he has always stood unrivaled, and outwitted even Napoleon. He strongly resembles Wellington in character and person, though he is still a very handsome man, a consummate courtier, as well as a successful gallant.

A strong national feeling pervades Germany. Though not one consolidated empire, but a federative union of thirty-eight independent States, under every variety of government, those ties of brotherhood are recognized which connect them as one great family. The French invasion and tyranny united them more closely than ever. They em-

bodied their patriotic feelings in poetry and song, which became watch-words throughout the land, inspiring every breast with ardor and resolution. A deep seated love of home and fatherland, and their natural fondness for music, render the people very susceptible of strong impressions. Music, indeed, is a part of that education which, in many of the States, every child receives. The Prussian monarch deems the general diffusion of knowledge so indispensable, that he forbids any one to enter his army who is unable to read. How vastly superior is such a force, well disciplined, to a mass of men, acting as mere machines, possessing only brute force, and destitute of soul or intelligence. The martial music of Germany is truly inspiring. The Austrian bands are the finest in the world. Even the Italians, jealous as they ever have been, and disdaining the rivalry of those whom they were wont to call stupid barbarians, have allowed their superiority. In the churches, too, vast congregations join in singing the hymn or chant, in four parts, while as many notes from the deep organ combine, in unison with the voices, to form the most sublime and simple harmony. One of the chief amusements in the cities, is to resort to the public gardens, laid out on the banks of rivers, or without the ramparts of walled towns, and there, in the cool of evening, to listen to bands, well trained, and led by some distinguished composer. In the Volks garten at Vienna, on the banks of the Danube, Strauss and Lanner are seen leading bands whose music is like that of one powerful instrument, played by a master hand—now breathing softly as the zephyr, and anon swelling into a tempest of sound. In England, the oratorios of Handel are occasionally performed by five hundred musicians, while the Germans, at some of their festivals, unite the harmonious strains of two thousand performers.

The Germans enjoy life heartily ; they work hard, study hard, and when their labors are over, give themselves entirely to amusements, which combine with their cheerful and placid disposition to secure health and prolong life. This may explain why students are able to devote so large a portion of the day to literary employments.

After enjoying awhile the pleasures of Wiesbaden life, we visited Frankfort, the birthplace of the famous Göethe. The house in which he first saw the light is a noble mansion, and bears his father's arms over the door. They are singularly appropriate—simply three lyres.

We attended a public examination of children held at the town hall, whose walls were covered with the portraits of the Emperors arranged in chronological order. Several old burghers were present, whom the little boys and girls seemed to regard with suitable reverence. The entrance of a party of strangers somewhat diverted their attention, but did not appear to disconcert them at all, or prevent their answering promptly the questions asked by the examiner.

Once again we are upon the Rhine, that "exulting and abounding river," which the Germans almost worship. Lives there one with soul so dead to the charms of nature, that he has gazed upon it without enthusiasm ? How shall we describe its beauties, when the master hand of Byron has painted them in living colors ! "There are rivers,"

says Dr. Lieber, "whose course is longer and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost every thing that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming, in the same degree as the Rhine." Its banks present every variety of scenery. Now we see its dark waters rushing through a gloomy gorge, where "castled crags" impend, and now expanding into a placid lake, dotted with innumerable green islands, while smiling vineyards skirt its shores. Crowded cities, and ruined castles, subjects of many a wild legend, noble fortresses, and towering cathedrals meet the eye in sailing down its stream. On the other hand, we must confess that it is rather a dark and turbid river, and at Cologne, a city whose native odors all the perfumed water in the world could not extinguish its almost inky hue, provoked Coleridge's epigram :

"Ye nymphs who reign o'er sewers and sinks,
The river Rhine it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne:
But tell me nymphs, what power divine,
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine."

The vineyards of the Rhine deserve a particular notice. The Rheingau, the "Bacchanalian Paradise," extends about fifteen miles along the river, and five or six miles towards the back country. In some places where the hills rise from the water's edge, they are terraced to the very summit, and present the appearance of a broad staircase. On these narrow ledges the vines are planted and suffered to grow only to the height of three or four feet from the ground. The soil is constantly washed away by rains, but as often replaced by new earth, which is carried up in baskets upon the shoulders of the industrious peasants. Some parts of the land are valued at two thousand dollars an acre. Not a grape is lost, but those that fall are carefully picked up. The excellence of the wine is owing to the situation of the land, which by an abrupt bend in the river, has a southern exposure, protected by hills on the north. About the middle of October, when the grapes begin to fall, the vintage commences with a general illumination. Rockets are let off, guns fired, and shouts of joy echo among the hills. Yet there is no intoxication, a vice which will be eradicated in our country when the banks of the Ohio rival those of the Rhine, and the pure juice of the grape flows like water.

Twenty-four hours' sail brought us to "divine Baden-Baden," *par excellence*, the Bath of Germany. It lies in a deep valley, among the mountains of the Black Forest. The surrounding hills are crowned with picturesque ruins. An old castle in the vicinity partly inhabited by the Grand Duchess, is shown as a great curiosity. It has all the corridors, winding staircases, trap-doors, long galleries, and gloomy dungeons, so graphically described in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels. The apartments of the castle, though modernized, are indifferently furnished and wear rather a cheerless look. We found nearly the same society and routine of gayety in Baden which we had left behind us. The same quiet amusements seemed to prevail: the active sports so

general in the English watering places are unknown in Germany. Neither racing, hunting, angling, nor shooting, suit the taste of this phlegmatic people. Boar hunting is almost exclusively a royal game. They sometimes kill game in the *battue*, where a circle of men surrounding a wood, move slowly towards the centre, and all the animals driven together to that point, are shot by the sportsmen.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun has disappeared below the lofty hill tops, and the air has a balmy freshness, a stream of carriages rolls through the delightful drives and avenues which penetrate the deep forest for miles in every direction, and parties ramble along the grassy bank of a pretty little river, gently flowing at the extremity of the place. The wild, romantic character of the country, prepares one for the grandeur and sublimity of Alpine scenery. Its charms particularly attract English travelers, and have induced some families to make it a permanent residence, so that there is always an agreeable society.

The Romans were well acquainted with these warm springs, and many of the shrines, votive tablets, and baths which they erected, are shown by the guides. But we must bid adieu to Baden and to Germany.

One morning about four o'clock, the shrill notes of a trumpet roused us from slumber, and long before the streaks of morning light appeared in the east, our heavy diligence was rumbling over an old Roman road hard as adamant. That day we dined in France, and wandered through the aisles of Strasburgh Cathedral. We saw the sun set in Switzerland, and supped in an apartment, overlooking the clear blue waters of the Rhine.

R.

"STAND BY!"

We are warriors on the field
Of Life;
By your blades and glistening shield,
By the weapons that you wield,
Stand by!

We are men! a place we hold
Of high birth!
For the Truth be ever bold!
Tear false error from her hold!
Stand by!

See ye those accused,—reviled,
Ye love?
Look into their hearts so mild!
Nerve yourself for conflict wild,—
Stand by!

Always stand! no,—never flee
For fear!
Stand for Friendship pure and free!
Stand for human liberty!
Stand by!

As ye march through threat and fear,
With the brave,
So, when with the conflict here
They have done, and Death is near,
Stretching them upon the bier,—
Stand by!

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

BY GULDENSTERN.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

THE 'family beast' was soon under full head-way. And well was it that the whole affair required the darkness of night to complete its success;—for such an outfit is indeed of rare observance. In the bottom of the old vehicle lay all the implements necessary to the professions of carpenter, sexton, physician, and surgeon. The establishment was surmounted by an old tattered canvas, in the shape and intent of a cover stretched across three or four ribs, which we may call the frame work. Inside of the wagon all was snug, dark, and confined—a grand vehicle for the transportation of human as well as of animal flesh and form. Away they went at the top of their speed, through mud and mire,—now passing an old lamp post with lightning rapidity; now dashing through a lane as dark and lone as the grave itself, save where the straggling rays of a lamp in the upper story of some dilapidated old building, came out from the side of a curtain and crossed their faces.

"Cold night," gasped Timothy Twitter, anxious to get up a courage in time for action.

"D—d cold," responded Bob; "however we'll manage to keep warm enough," and here the matter ended; neither felt excessively disposed to converse.

They rode on in silence for some minutes. At last they made the Runville Road, the true path for adventurers or inhabitants to the Truckton burying-ground.

"How did you leave your friends at home?" asked Tim, ever aiming his blunt arrow at that shining mark, Lilly.

"Oh, as usual; nothing new—broke through their women's nets to keep me in with difficulty. But old Tim's the fellow—all's right there."

The subject took an altogether different coloring from that Tim intended or expected, so he said nothing, but dropped his head in his coat collar.

They soon came up with the old tavern on the road, where so many parties had stopped to warm themselves in as great a variety of ways, and halted. All was still without, though voices were distinctly audible within. It was a sore trial to Bob Sangar to pass such a temptation as this safely: there was with him, as with too many others of his stamp, a strong, though by no means strange sympathy with mirthful voices, and happy shouts, and peals of laughter. But Bob drove on at last: our heroes had feared their designs might attract suspicion, and to this determination they came. And away they

went again. It was a raw night in November, such as those when the winds shake down the golden meteors and stars from heaven, such as when comfortable housing and roaring fires make a man truly thankful. How poor Tim shivered and breathed. The wind swept across their road in fitful gusts, then wheeled and attacked them in the face, wheeled again and curveted in the dry dust and sand, then scud away across an adjacent field. The straggling cows crept under the fences and walls for shelter, and wistfully looked for the approach of any thing. Occasionally some lone traveler turned and stared at the coming establishment, then wrapped himself again in his cloak and kept on.

They had rode about an half hour when they found themselves on the ground. 'Twas a bleak, dreary place,—such as all country burying places may be supposed to be at such a time of the year. It was on the top of a hill, overlooking a pleasant stream, and fenced in in the rudest manner imaginable. Their horse they drove into an out-of-the-way place, where no notice from passers might be attracted. From their seat Bob sprang down lightly, and Tim of course followed. The instruments for operation were taken out and got ready: first came an old suit of clothes for the corpse, then followed a shovel, then a rope, a dark lantern and a hoe. All these they shouldered and pushed their adventurous way along. There are times and occasions in the life of even the most timid men when courage and boldness are natural—nay, unavoidable; when a feeling that this particular time calls for decision, for action, and any neglect or fear will only increase an evil, otherwise perhaps avoidable. This was one of them. It would have been lowering to the *self-respect* of two such worthies as ours to have for a moment thought of retreating: each felt the weight of the other's opinion too, and neither in consequence dared propose it to the other.

So Bob the foremost, and Tim readily following, took new courage and pushed on. All around them was dark and dismal. The old grave stones that first met their gaze seemed covered with a story of affection and suffering—the long, nicely rounded graves looked like the results of struggles on the part of the sleepers with Death himself. The wind nestled through the long, dry spears of grass, and swept with a doleful whistle through the boughs of the old trees that overhung the walks.

"Here, here, this way," says Bob: "old Tim said here: he knows exactly the place."

The grave of the victim lay in an unfrequented corner of the yard, where with a few others it told more faithfully its tale of earthly poverty than any written testimony man can gleam from tales or tradition. Thither they wended their way, equipped as before related. There is something always strangely softening to the strong nerves in approaching a grave we know: the brother feels it in all its depth as he directs his steps toward the just visible grave of a sister: the devoted son takes each step more softly as he nears his loved mother's last bed, and whispers within himself—'Here she lies;—and

even in a case like this, some of that bold courage the necessity of the occasion had imposed was fast drooping beneath the heat of such a sacred influence. So they slackened their pace, and looked steadily at the spot,—and said nothing.

"Which is it?" whispered poor Tim, who cared nothing in reality about knowing any thing about it.

"This one," responded Sangar. "Yes, here's the spot: the same stakes at the head and foot Tony had told me of. 'This is it and no mistake.'"

"There, set down your things there," continued Bob in almost a whisper. "I'll get ready the lantern; you rig the clothes."

Tim of course obeyed, and occasionally for the support of his reputation, or rather for the saving of it with Bob, dropped a word either of surprise or fear. They stooped both of them on the ground and began their necessary preparations. A noise is heard from a neighboring fence—the extremity of the yard;—Bob takes no notice of it, if he hears it;—Tim cannot help hearing it. He however says nothing, and pursues his temporary avocation in silence. Again there comes an unearthly sound; what is it? "Bob," says Tim, "did you hear that?"

"No, what?" answered he.

Tim put no further questions: he confided solely in the bravery of his friend, and hoped to get through safely at even that. Again the sound was heard, and again. Tim was in agony; his mouth was worked up into strange contortions, his heart beat with fearful rapidity, his blood curdled in his veins, and he would willingly have changed his situation for any other under heaven: but he said nothing. "Alone! and in a grave yard!" thought he, "and at such a time too, in a cold, dark, winter night!" Oh, it was enough to send a shudder through humanity itself, except where it might happen to have taken up its abode in such a person as Bob Sangar. Then the thought of what they were doing came over him like a flash; robbing a grave!—spoiling the last, narrow bed of a poor man of its noiseless, breathless body! Opening a room in earth every man is entitled if not forced to, and where of all other places molestation and crime should be the last visitors! Such thoughts might have had their proper effect on Tim, but Bob Sangar was proof against them all.

CHAPTER IV.

The dark lantern was soon put in readiness, the grave clothes duly arranged, and the implements of labor at hand. Bob rose from his seat on the ground and taking them in his hands, approached the grave. It would be useless to say that strange feelings did not come over him at such a moment, to him so novel and unprepared for. However, calling in the same low whisper his friend and stand-by,

Tim, to his side, he forthwith proceeded to his unpleasant task. He struck his spade in the mound of earth, so newly reared: the ground yielded:—he pressed his foot upon the spade and pushed it deeper. The first shovel full was loosened, upturned and laid carefully near: then followed the next,—the next,—and the third. The mound is all levelled: an excavation is now made; stones and sod are carelessly turned from their dark resting place. Ah! how still and breathless they were the while! The faintest footfall might have sent back an echo, that would have startled them. Tim plies the hoe and assists speedily to arrive at the buried treasure.

"Pretty deep down he is," mutters Bob, but continues his work uninterruptedly: to which, as it required no answer, Tim of course made no reply.

At last the bright spade of Bob strikes something: he raises it in his hands and lets it fall again on the object: a hollow, dull sound runs through the grave, and shows too plainly that Bob has struck the coffin.

"There it is!" exclaimed he, in an air half of gratified triumph, and half of regret.

He takes the hoe from the hand of poor Tim, and clearing the lid of every particle of dirt, prepares for his descent. Down he dropped slowly into this place of the dead, supporting his weight when it might at any time be fearful by the sides of the grave. He trode softly on the coffin, as much to quiet his own fears as out of any regard for the object within. Now he calls for his lantern, and takes it down with him into the dark grave. He pulls from his pocket a screw-driver and slowly proceeds to loosen the fastenings of the lid. All is now ready, the screws taken out, and the lantern hoisted up again. Bob jumps up with a vigorous spring, and kneeling again on the earth reaches down his arm's length, and lifts off the cover, lid and all. With a couple of short ropes in hand, with which to displace the body, and his lantern to show him the position of things, he again leans down and drops his ropes on the body. As the first glare of the light from the lantern showed the object of Bob's adventure to him, he was, it may well be imagined, greatly startled. There lay the corpse, stretched at full length, arms extended, in his white grave clothes. The joints and limbs were all stiff, the lips firmly set, the eyes sealed and sunken! oh, how terrible a sight to the otherwise courageous Bob. He had broken in on the possession of Death, and he here beheld, without the coloring of poetry or tale, the sober reality of Death's doings. Here, he thought, sleeps man away for centuries, sole and undivided possessor of his little, silent realm. When the breeze dallies with the tender leaf of spring, and the summer rain patters with its soft footstep upon the fresh, green grass, here sleeps and sleeps on man in his "best estate:" no sound ever wakes him—no music of waters or harmony of birds reach his cold, dull ear, unheard, unfelt: the light fell back on the dark, damp walls of the earthly dungeon, and only served to oppress the senses, already well nigh overloaded. Tim looks but once over the verge

and withdraws. No hand is he to stand at such an hour of the night in a solitary burying-ground, over an open grave, and calmly survey the sleeper. He is unwilling to take any further steps than stern necessity may impose upon him.

The cords Bob proceeds after recovering himself from the shock incident to such a sight, to pass under the body, and passes them up to his friend. They are grasped with reluctant obedience, and Bob throws himself back convulsively from his posture. They stand now at each end of the grave, cords in hand, ready to receive their new companion from his spoliated bed. Orders are given, the first pull is steadily made, and their burden rises. The lantern throws a few faint rays over the verge of the grave, which strike the moving body as it approaches the surface; oh, to Tim, to every sensitive spirit, yea, to Bob, how strangely sickening the sight! Had our heroes been engaged in any lonely place at such an hour of the night by themselves, their feelings would never have been so excitable; but the introduction of a *third* person, and that a dead body, to their ceremony, completely extinguished every spark of courage left—they hardly knew themselves or their situation. The corpse is laid upon the cold, frozen ground, disrobed of its grave garments, which are replaced in the emptied coffin, and the lid again restored and the grave filled. The outfit of clothes they had brought with them they proceed carelessly to wind about their victim as they best can, and placing it thus clothed across two boards, they wend their lonely way back to their wagon. Every thing is found just as they left it, horse, wagon, and contents. By a concert they had made in Twitter's shop before starting, and for which they had brought the clothes with them, the corpse is lifted without a word or the least ceremony into the seat and placed in an upright posture, resting its back against the back of the seat. Bob unties the horse, and they both take their seat beside their cheerless companion, not a word the while escaping their lips. They rather feel that the greatest danger is past, and drive away with as much rapidity, and, in fact, glee as they came. The cold, bleak wind sweeps as before across their lonely road, the same cattle, slinking away from the blast, meet their hurried gaze; but one change is made—a third man rides with them they had not with them coming. A few minutes' fast riding brought them to the old tavern again, where by a sort of tacit understanding, and according to the expectation of Tony, they stopped. The horse is left unfastened, their voiceless guest keeps his seat alone, the apparent driver of the establishment—the redoubtable heroes enter the house. With their usual, though at this time forced joviality, they call for their "mountain dew," and sit down to discuss, as best their spirits permit, the events of the night. Once warmed inside and out, they button up as before, draw down their skull caps, and make as speedily as possible for their treasure. There he sits as upright and silent as when they left him, the reins still in his hands. Bob exclaims, it is a capital deception, for without doubt the frequent passers had been deceived in the nature of the driver by this stroke of their artifice. They are soon by his side on the seat and away. All thus far was going on

to perfection, when the comparative serenity of their minds is disturbed by an ejaculation from Tim. "Good God!" exclaimed he, "he is warm!"

"No!" gasped Bob, at other times the personification of bravery itself.

"Feel of him!" said Tim.

He did feel of him: no sooner had he placed his hand on the pulse of what they imagined a corpse, than it exclaimed in a sunken, sepulchral tone, at the same time throwing off the cloak in which it was wrapped,—*"Take 'em off! take 'em off!"*

Here was no time or disposition for thought. Tim shrieked, Bob shouted for mercy at the top of his voice, and both leaped with fearful avidity from their seat, caring nothing for their horse—much less about securing his burden. Away they went as fast as legs could carry them, through dirt, sand and wind to the city, Tim for his shop, and Bob for his home, never so acceptable to him as now. Tim closed his door and locked it, without a thought of his friend Bob. Bob ensconced himself in bed and lay for hours rolling on this side and on that, to avoid the sting of his meditations.

The reader will perhaps be anxious to know the whereabouts of our friend Tony all this time. Alas for our heroes, he taught them in truth that "nigga flesh be as good as white skin," and probably felt much elated at the complete success of his plans. It seems that the black rascal, on learning from his master Sangar the object of the outfit, and obtaining by his negro inquisitiveness all the particulars respecting the case in hand, even to the dying words of the victim, had forthwith betaken himself to the aforesaid tavern, equipped for his purpose. He had watched them as they passed for the grave-yard, and waited patiently for their return. No sooner had their establishment drawn up again on their way back and they dismounted, than Tony with a beating heart slyly dragged the corpse from the wagon, and hid him under an adjacent wall. Taking from him his cap and cloak he hastily clapped them on his own person and took the vacant seat. So still and so silent he sat, as stiffened as a corpse, that our heroes in the flush of their excitement noticed no new appearance in things. He had managed to press himself against Tim that he might perceive his warmth, which proved so admirable a trick, and brought such perfect success. As soon as he finds the coast clear, he drives back to the place where he had left the body, takes it in and carries it back again to its old resting place, never again to be disturbed by the hand of a resurrectionist. Every thing is taken back home, the horse put up and Tony in bed without exciting any suspicion from any one. Bob enquires the next morning if the horse is right, to which Tony replies he heard him when he drove up, and shortly after went out, finding every thing as he had agreed. Bob felt a little easier, though for his life, neither he or poor Tim could conjecture what became of their traveling companion.

Bob still continues a constant friend of Tim, and no small portion of their evenings together is occupied in discussing their first and last

adventure in a grave-yard. Bob firmly believes in ghosts, and his friend of course inclines the same way. Each are practising physicians in their native city, with a business rapidly increasing from their undivided attention to it; and it will be a long while yet ere they again quit their present avocation for the more adventurous employment of Resurrectionists.

THE COTTAGER.

Pride, like an eagle, builds on high,
While Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.

Young.

I.

O TELL me not of your palace proud,
For I love my cottage still,
I love to taste of the *frugal* meal,
And drink from the pearly rill.

II.

Nor tell me yet of your gay attire,
That you're free from care and toil,
For I neither need nor wish your pomp,
And I love to till the soil.

III.

I love to gaze at the clear, bright sky,
When no work of man is near,
And the wild and lofty precipice
To my heart is doubly dear.

IV.

Though brilliant may be your tinsel'd shrine,
Where ye lift your prayers on high,
Yet Nature's God will as quickly hear
The humble, though poor man's cry.

V.

I love to behold the verdant earth,
And to view the rising storm,
For the God that hurls the thunderbolt
Does in both reveal his form.

VI.

And when my spirit shall take its flight,
And return to its maker God,
I would have my dust repose beneath
The turf that I living trod.

LITERARY NOTICES.

COLERIDGE, and the MORAL TENDENCY OF HIS WRITINGS. By ———. 8vo. pp. 118. Leavitt, Trow & Co.

A pamphlet with the above title has recently fallen under our notice. The author (a young minister in New York State, we learn) must, we should suppose, have had painful forebodings that the world, in its infatuation, would overlook and leave him "unknown to fame." He informs us in his preface, with profound self-complacency, that "an intelligible reply to the question, What is Coleridge? would transcend the ordinary powers of the human mind;" and then as coolly proceeds to such a reply, as though this were not the fact—for it would be too extravagant a hyperbole to accuse him of the only remaining alternative.

In the first place the *tone* of this pamphlet is unworthy the character of any candid critic. It has too much of that low and sneering air which is the infallible index either of a very small soul or of a secret distrust in the rectitude of its cause. In the second place, its materials, with two or three exceptions, are derived wholly from Coleridge's "Literary Remains," a selection of isolated thoughts and observations found, after the author's death, upon scraps of paper, margins of books, &c. &c., while not a single thoroughly digested treatise, essay, or opinion, is touched. Thirdly: it contains direct misrepresentations; and finally, it is illogical and contradictory in its conclusions.

Justice to the publishers compels us to notice the elegant and tasteful manner in which they have performed their duty.

ESSAYS: second Series. By R. W. EMERSON. 1 vol. 12m. pp. 313. James Monroe & Co., Boston.

Another precious little volume of Essays has been presented us by this thoughtful and heartsearching scholar. We thank him for it. There are some things in it we do not understand, and some we do not believe; but even these apparent objections bring with them their own correction—they *compel us to think*. Nor is it merely for these Eight Essays we thank him; it is for the Eight hundred which they contain. For they are not so much the trees stately, umbrageous and fruitful, as the good seed which, if *planted and in good ground*, will bear fruit an hundred fold. He is, in his own charming lines, one of those

"Olympian bards who sung
Divine ideas below,
Which always find us young,
And always keep us so."

May his eye not grow dim, nor his heart faint, nor his hand weary, till he has multiplied their number greatly.

The "NABAU MONTHLY," for December, is on our table. Its appearance is in every respect creditable. In fact, its very title would insure for it a high degree of respect. We are always glad to greet its appearance, and as willing to acknowledge its acceptance.

The "LOWELL OFFERING" is *not* on our table! Ladies, what can you have been thinking of? Do open your 'Juno's lids' a little wider, and see *who are* your friends!

EDITORS' TABLE.

" Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast—
Let fall the curtain—wheel the sofa round."

COWPER.

TAKE it, kind reader, take it, reeking from its damp fount, while it is yet warm with life, and that the patient *printer* may with one set of type make two *impressions*. We have wandered up and down our domain already for hours—tedious, weary hours together; we have chased our thoughts excitedly across the room, and at last caught them with our *lassoo*, and dragged them struggling to our paper; we have alternately been through a mental transmigration from prose to verse, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and so far enwrapped ourselves in the effusions of other minds as to hear the imagined jeer, or the united approval of our friends and readers. All this, yea, and more than this, not for that child's bauble, praise, but for the valuable coin of satisfaction to all parties. Of the fastidious, squint-eyed critic, who weighs others meritorious actions with the weights of his own dogged prejudices, we expect, we ask nothing. Alack! let the day never come when we are forced to trade with such petty retailers of opinion!—but give us the approval, or, if you please, the anathema of an honest-faced, intelligent *man*, and we rest by the decision.

The revolving wheel of time has at length trundled *us* around to fill, in turn, the gubernatorial seat, and guide for a single trip our humble bark, as it goes forth to circumnavigate our little world, and leave for each his quota of "strong meat," or lighter food, as his strength will admit. We profess not much skill in the management of such craft; but, yet, we trust we shall be able to bring her on her way in time to deal "to each a portion in due season." To all who have aided us in our outfit, we make a graceful bow, thanking them for their kind attentions. If we have alighted the offers of any, it was not willingly, but "pro bono publico."

The "winged hours" of another month have perched for a brief moment upon the rock-bound "shores of time," (we call them rock-bound, for who knows not the perils of landing on them, and the dread of embarkation) and then flown swiftly away—each bearing, like the carrier-bird, a slip, on which is inscribed a report of our doings. Reader! have you ever stopped for once, as old father Time's sentinel has dinged away, to remind you that this mail was leaving, to consider seriously what record it was conveying to the great bar of final decisions? If you make no settlement, from time to time, mayhap some unexpected charges will meet you when the hour of reckoning comes.

Death ceases not to claim his victims one by one; nor are youth, beauty, or genius any security from his depredations. Two choice spirits, whose voices used to echo in our halls, and whose countenances still linger familiarly in the minds of some of us, have but recently been borne to "the place of graves." Nourse and Taylor, of the class of 43, have ceased to be numbered among the living. They had gone out from us, but they were children of our common "Foster Parent;" and such as those who knew, could not fail to love. They had but just stepped upon the arena of strife, when the summons came for them to face the last enemy.

Brothers! the wilderness we tread
With graves is thickly strown—
Behind, they tell us of the dead—
Before, may be our own.

Then let us earnestly contend
For virtue, truth, and love,
That when our course on earth shall end,
Our souls may soar above.

Another gathering of the blooming and lovely from "the City of Elms" has graced our halls, and cheered by their smiling countenances our solitary toils. Verily, "it is not good for man to be alone" always, however favorable the seclusion of college life may be to our present pursuits. The occasion that drew them forth, was the anniversary of the "Yale Temperance Society," and we think none went to their homes regretting the pains they had taken. The speakers were, the Rev. Mr. Thompson of this city, and Rev. Dr. Cox of Brooklyn, N. Y. It was one of the Doctor's happiest efforts. We can give no correct idea of his address—to be appreciated, it must be heard, as it fell sparkling and dancing from the speaker's own lips, like the bounding of some of the modern fire-works—now here—now darting away to a distance, glittering and shining along its crooked path. To borrow the words of one of our most distinguished Professors, "He is a man of brilliant corruscations—of meteors and rockets; though discursive, always interesting, leaving behind him a deep impression, because he fears God and loves his fellow-men." In his shrewd way, at which none could take offense; he passed easily over to the subject of smoking, dwelling upon it with a keenness of wit and cutting sarcasm that placed the practice in no enviable light. But, since

"Men of so much fire and smoke
Seldom have relish for a joke,"

it becomes us to speak sparingly, however unfortunate we may have been in sometimes having to bring our olfactory nerves into near proximity with the proboscis of some zealous disciple of the weed. Now, they do say that certain of our good friends have made prodigious hard work of learning the art. Poor fellows! We pity them, and not them alone—

Oh! who could not weep for the pretty Miss,
That's fated to share "love's honeyed kiss"
From the lips of the smoker, whose garments and hair
Are all fetid and steaming with odors rare.
Oh! who does not pity the smoker's wife,
That's destined to spend all the days of her life
Tied up to a man, whose every breath,
One would think, must have come from the caverns of death.

We make bold to say this in a *whisper*; one of our body is quite *sensitive*.

Peace to the ashes of our Puritan fathers, who gave us the New England Thanksgiving, with its rich dainties for the body, and its richer feast of loves and friendships renewed. And a blessing, too, on those "gude soules," that bethought themselves of our own "*Editorial leanness*," and kindly adopted us into their household pro tem. May the same rich profusion which they so bountifully spread out before us, be strewn through all *their* future path. Who has not felt his social powers enlivened, and his wit made keener, at sight of a Thanksgiving dinner-table, groaning under its burden of fish, fowl, and flesh, pies, puddings, and sweetmeats, cakes, custards, and vegetables, raw, roasted, and stewed, baked, boiled, and sodden—every name, nature, and variety, kind, sort, and condition, from the lusty old gobbler of fourscore weeks, down to the wing of a humming-bird, served up in a nut shell—I say, who, at such a sight, has not felt his very soul moved with pity at the groanings of the table, and involuntarily set himself, with both hands, knife, fork, and spoon, and whatever other utensils might chance to lie within his reach, to removing the burden as fast as his struggling nature would let him? Then comes the gathering up of the seven baskets of fragments, and every mother's son with his back-load, wending his weary way to

the hovel of poverty, (we know not whether grunting most from the burden within or the burden without,) making the heart of the poor widow to rejoice, and the children of woe to weep for very gladness. (May this chapter of the ceremonies never be omitted.) Next in order, is the assembling of the cousins from the four corners of the earth, beginning with the marriage of Cain, and so on, down to the nine hundred and ninety-ninth generation. And now for fine times, famous frolic and fun, fruit, nuts, and good ci——. No! We mistake. "Times aint as they used to was," when we were in the poetry of life. We must therefore leave the remainder for each to fill out according to his liking.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—As we enter on this part of our duty, we can imagine that we see the eager aspirants after honor, bending over our shoulders to know the fate of their dearly-cherished bantlings: nay, we almost hear their unmanageable hearts, thumping lustily against their breasts like the hoofs of the steed upon the frozen earth, as though they were determined to tear the buttons from their vests, and break out of their dark prison-house; while the authoring searches for some traces of his first-born. (Gentlemen! think not that we judge unwittingly, we speak from *experience*.) For the consolation of the bereaved, we assure you that we are not so destitute of the common feelings of humanity, as to leave any of your stillborn or deceased offspring uncoffined and unwept; but with due solemnity we have laid them quietly to rest in their last lonely bed, and after the manner of our illustrious predecessors, we now proceed to write their *obituaries* and *epitaphs*.

"*Political Apostasy*" expired 'without a struggle or a groan.' Good in its place while it lived, it soon fulfilled the end of its existence, and was 'ripe for the reaper death.' In accordance with the author's request, in case it should not survive, we wrapped it carefully in a *winding sheet*, and returned it by the way whence it came. We doubt not ere this, that it slumbers quietly with the ashes of its kindred, in a private cemetery. 'Requiescat,' &c. *Application*. From the fate of this, learn and lay it to heart, that our Magazine is a wide stream open to literary efforts—not a narrow channel for party drift-wood.

"*A Nation's Wealth*," was deserving of a better fate. It lingered along for many days between hope and fear; and when at last its life was despaired of, the Editorial corps were all summoned to its bedside, and

"In solemn council sat with much debate,"

when one of their number was commissioned to perform surgical operations upon it, hoping to remove the disease—but all to no purpose. The vital spark was already plumed for flight, and soon winged its way. 'Sic transit,' &c. *Improvement*. We advise the young author to individualize his ideas a little more, and not let them get lost in that great abyss—generality. Let him try his hand again, and we trust he will not try in vain. We admire his subject and many of his sentiments.

"*American Citizenship*," has not yet gone to the land of 'shades and black night.' It is in many respects commendable, and would have found a place in our number, had not the length of pieces previously accepted, crowded it out. We hope however when the author again writes for publication, he will make free use of 'Webster's Dictionary.'

The "Letter" from the self-styled "Julia," was a decided abortion. We would inform the writer thereof, that he must change his style and penmanship amazingly, before he can pass for a lady, (or a gentleman either.) The *Shaver* had *soft soap* a plenty, but 'no cut.' So much for the prose, now for the poetry.

"*The Maniac Brother*" was not without some merit, but of the two its faults predominated. A trip to the Asylum might be beneficial.

"*The Student's Valedictory*" is a rare collection of all the metres our language affords, and some half dozen invented expressly for the occasion. Our limits forbid or we would gladly give it entire. A few specimens we cannot withhold and do justice to our readers. If they find their sympathies moved as ours were, they will need a napkin before them, that the flowing tears may not disfigure our Magazine. And now for the first verse:

"By days bygone of purest love,—
By vows enrolled in Heaven above,—
By all our hopes of wedded bliss,—
Refuse not, love, the parting kiss."

From the frequent insertion of this verse during the progress of the poem, and particularly the last line, we are inclined to think that our Poet lover has met with no little difficulty in obtaining the "boon so dear." We can only say *persevere*. 'It'll never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown!' But again.

"How oft by night have we reclined,
And watched the summer lightning's play,
And wooed the gentle southern wind,
And marked the cricket's measured lay?

The gentle look, the attentive ear—
The silvery voice, how will I miss!
I go, but seek the boon so dear—
Refuse not, love, the parting kiss."

"The kiss is given,
'Tis owned in heaven;
Now by this sign
I know, I feel that thou art mine."

But we must hasten to the latter part. After speaking of the tears his *Dulcinea* was shedding on his account, he thus breaks out in soothing accents:

"Think of the hour when we shall meet,
To hold again communion sweet;
Think of the day, when, hand in hand,
Before the altar we shall stand;
Think of the happy years to come,
When ours shall be the self-same home;
Think"—

The effort was too great for his strength. He breaks off thus abruptly; but his words have produced the desired effect. Smiles follow, and his heart is cheered. His recovery is soon revealed by his change of metre. He goes tripping off, like a rabbit through the bushes.

"Wherever I go the kiss and the tear,
The tear and the smile shall be there;
Depending, they'll beam to dispel every fear,
They'll enhance all the charms of the fair."

We have had other poetry before us, but cannot stop to notice each piece separately. We have been compelled to tumble the remainder *en masse* into one common grave. "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note."

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CONTENTS.

Agriculture,	97
The Diversity of Tongues,	117
Moral Outlines of History,	111
Wanderings in Italy,	117
The Self-Denied,	121
Mr. Brownson's Lecture,	125
Literary Notice,	133
Editors' Table,	135

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



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THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1845.

No. 3.

AGRICULTURE.

"I shall, first of all, good Socrates," said Ischomachus, "acquaint you that husbandry is an honorable science, and the most pleasant and profitable of any other; it is favored by the gods, and beloved by mankind, and may be learned with ease. Husbandry, therefore, is becoming a gentleman."—XEN. ECON.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employed
The kings and awful fathers of mankind;
And some, with whom compared, your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire—ruled the storm
Of mighty war—then, with unwearied hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seized
The plough, and greatly independent lived.

Our homely subject may occasion, now and then, a smile from those refined and fastidious critics, who are for ever writing and talking of old English literature and Lord Byron. Like snarling Dr. Johnson, they may say, with much contempt, "He talks of beeves." But of the utilitarians in literature, who think that the scholar's pen is best employed when upon something practically useful, we would humbly bespeak an attentive eye.

The staid, old-fashioned farmer, too, if he should chance to see this, will doubtless enjoy a hearty laugh at the idea of "College Agriculture"—for he thinks very little of "book learning," and has spared his puniest son for literary pursuits, because he was good for nothing else. Yet will he soon be far behind his age, if he disdains the assisting labors of the mind, which are bringing forth the treasures of science and philosophy for his use. The chemist, in his laboratory, the political economist, in his study, and even the amateur gentleman farmer, with his "new-fangled experiments, his theories, and his tastes," are but his friends and fellow-laborers.

The remarkable progress of the few past years in agricultural science, bids fair to do away with old-fashioned prejudices and stereotyped habits. All over the civilized world, men seem to be considering anew

the importance of this most ancient and honorable profession. The press teems with recent discoveries. Educated men are applying their minds both to the philosophy and the practice of agriculture; schools and professorships are established to encourage its pursuits; and even in our most able literary journals and reviews, an ample space is devoted to it. Associations are formed, and public rewards held forth as incentives to an honorable emulation. Our professional orators, statesmen, lawyers, and clergymen, address the people upon the occasions of these agricultural fêtes. We welcome the dawning signs of that day, when this noble and useful art shall take its just rank among the most liberal and enlightened pursuits, and be, as it was in the best days of Rome, the favorite theme of our poets, the recreation of our philosophers, and the employment of our statesmen.

Agriculture was styled by an ancient philosopher "the nursing mother of the State." When we go back to its origin, we find it at the foundation of all social and political compact. Man's physical wants led him on through the several stages of savage and pastoral life, till agriculture, by leading him to discover a certain and stationary means of subsistence, roused up his mental energies to other and nobler objects of pursuit. In the pastoral state, the wild tumult of passion which rules the savage, had lost its dominion, but there was nothing in its calm, listless, and wandering life to advance man in social progress. The cultivation of the earth now gave him his destined rank. It created permanent divisions of the soil, and gave rise to fixed and accurate ideas of property. Out of confusion, it brought order. It subdued the wild forests, and caused the fens and deserts to smile. It gave man a home, and allied him by a thousand ties to the place of his birth. It prepared him for a life of labor and obedience. In fine, it organized civil society, and made his sovereignty of the world complete.

But, while agriculture is the primary means of civilization, it is also the inseparable attendant, and surest support, of national power and wealth.

It is the basis of all other occupations, because it affords subsistence to all. Increase of population must always be in proportion to the plentiful produce of the earth. To the philanthropic lover of his country, the power of the soil to support vast numbers in happiness and competence, is a most cheering idea; and with a secure reliance upon the internal and never-failing resources for the exertions of national industry which the earth affords, he has no reason to dread a burthensome and dangerous population. The more skill and industry are employed in cultivating the earth, the more will it produce; and that vast increase of population which results, gives vigor and importance to the State.

But the political utility of agriculture appears most evident, when we view it in connection with commerce and manufactures. It is plainly the basis of the other two, for it alone can supply our immediate and necessary wants; and until these are supplied, no one can be spared for other employments.

It is the surplus produce of Agriculture which creates the fund, by which all other professions are supported. The number of those en-

gaged in commercial and professional pursuits, as well as all idle and unproductive persons, must be proportioned to this surplus produce of agriculture. We would not adopt the theory of the French economists, that the only productive labor is that bestowed in cultivating the earth. Man's artificial wants, the conveniences and luxuries of life, which begin where its necessities end, undoubtedly tend directly to increase this surplus produce of the land, and to stimulate the husbandman to increased industry and enterprise. Yet agriculture must clearly take the precedence of all other sources of national wealth and prosperity. The more agriculture produces, the more consumers there will be, and the more to manufacture and dispense abroad its raw materials, provided the supplies of agriculture are first adequate to their necessary demands for subsistence. "He was surely a wise man," says Xenophon, in his *Economics*, "who said that husbandry was the mother and nurse of all other sciences; for if husbandry flourish, all other sciences and faculties fare the better; but whenever the ground lies uncultivated, and brings no crop, all other sciences are at a loss, both by sea and land."

Another advantage which agriculture possesses over commerce and manufactures is, that since it supplies the common and necessary wants of life, there will of course be a constant and uniform demand for them, while the conveniences and luxuries which the other two afford, depend upon artificial desires, the patronage of fashion, and the caprice of tastes and opinions. Hence that internal confidence and stable security which distinguishes an agricultural above a merely commercial state. Its commerce and manufactures may be destroyed, and yet though devoid of many luxuries and refinements, it can sustain its population and its independence; and when misfortunes abate, it can rear again its commercial prosperity upon the only true and sound basis. We have in history full testimony to this truth in the rapid subversion of many commercial states. Dependent upon external resources and all the contingencies of time, chance, and credit, they have, one after another, fallen. Thus it was with ancient Phœnicia, and, in later times, with Venice. Unforeseen and accidental circumstances diverted the channels of their wealth, and they could not be recalled. Meanwhile, there exist in commercial states, even during the full tide of their prosperity, the poisonous seeds of decay. An excessive thirst for wealth, and the alluring prospects of sudden gain, lead men to desert the more sure and laborious occupations. An undue excitement pervades the state, and destroys that healthful vigor and energy which are the results of an even and industrious spirit. In Spain, we see a memorable example of these effects. She is now degraded in the scale of power, the abode of indolence and wretchedness. In ancient times, a fine climate, a rich soil, and an active and intelligent husbandry combined to make her the most beautiful of the Roman provinces—the garden of the Hesperides. From Columella we learn that all the arts of tillage were practised in their utmost perfection. Even the invasion of the Goths, and their possession for three centuries, did not reduce Spain to its present pitiable condition, and under the Moors agriculture was

again revived, and became the chief and most honorable occupation of the valiant men of Granada.

But Spain, after the expulsion of the Moors, became a rich commercial state. The discovery of America, and the great influx of wealth consequent upon it, caused husbandry and all useful and laborious occupations to be deserted. An ill-judged policy, enriching bishops and convents, by manorial grants and unequal divisions of the soil, gave the whole state to the church or the nobility.

Those fertile plains are now uncultivated wastes. It is, say modern travelers, not uncommon to travel eight or ten leagues together without finding a trace of human industry, and troops of horses and wild cattle roam about in undisturbed possession of the soil.

Even in Andalusia, whose fertile plains, under a most miserable culture, still yield considerable crops, the inhabitants are too lazy or too few to harvest them. Columella describes, with great minuteness, the beautiful Andalusian dairies. Now, even at Madrid, they deal so little in cow's milk, that they have to purchase goat's milk for their chocolate. How astonished would the old Roman agriculturist be to revisit those plains, in his days so plenteous in all rural productions! What a disgusting picture does Spain present of a State enfeebled and ruined by the excess of her ill-gotten treasures!

But a nation's finances are not the foundation of her strength. It is to the character of her citizens that we must look for stability and true renown. A spirit of patriotism is the first principle to be considered as binding together national interests. How evident is it that agriculture tends more than any other employment to inspire and strengthen this spirit! The husbandman is an owner of the soil which gave him birth and home, and his strongest attachments are connected with it. The physical causes which surround him, all strengthen these local attachments. He beholds the impressions of his own labor, and himself experiences the blessings which the earth pours forth in return. The commercial adventurer feels none of those thousand almost imperceptible ties, which bind the husbandman so strongly to his native soil, for the roving and desultory operations of trade tear them rudely asunder: his treasures are scattered over the world, and exist in no visible and permanent form. History shows that where agriculture has been practised and honored most, there have prevailed the strongest local attachments, and the purest patriotism. Especially true must this be under democratic institutions like ours, where the owners of the land are the guardians of the laws. Security and independence strengthen ten-fold the natural ties of home and country. A strong national feeling must prove the surest bulwark of our Union, and the more agricultural we become, the more causes will exist to strengthen this feeling. The interests of an agricultural nation will never be widely diverse. De Tocqueville somewhere remarks that our sectional divisions of North, South, and West, may create diversities of national character, but not real diversities in national interests. The Northern and Eastern States must be the consumers and carriers of the great agricultural staples of the South and West, aiding in the man-

ufacture of their raw materials, and furnishing their medium of intercourse with foreign nations. With no national barriers to divide us, our broad rivers and iron roads speedily exchange the various products of a soil, which, under a favoring climate, is capable of producing every thing.

Meanwhile, there are a thousand other salutary influences upon the character proceeding from agricultural pursuits, which, in their aggregate effect upon the State, merit our attention. The most healthful physical influences surround the husbandman. Free air and constant exercise, temperate habits and absence from luxurious indulgences, impart a cheerful tone to both mind and body. He pursues his labors singly, among mild and tranquil scenes, far removed from the vices and tumults of a metropolis. While there is nothing in the quiet serenity of a rural life to excite turbulent passions, the variety of his occupations demands the full exercise of his mental powers. "His employments," says Cicero, "approach nearest of all to those of a purely philosophical kind." They lead him to watch the operations of nature, and render them subservient to his use; and, while they afford room for the unlimited expansion of his mind, they leave him more leisure for liberal pursuits than any other profession not purely literary. The merchant, whose sole object is to acquire gain, often by administering to the vanities and follies of mankind, almost necessarily practises cunning and finesse. The temptations of a commercial life are towards the commission of fraud, in a thousand almost imperceptible ways. Thus, the mind is narrowed, and the moral sense weakened, if not destroyed. The natural tendency of manufacture, too, without strong counteracting influences, is to degrade the mind. It is apt to make a man too much like a machine. Owing to the great division of labor, it demands only enough of intellect to enable him to perform a single physical operation, allowing, in itself, little room for his powers to expand. The immoral tendencies of manufacturing life are too evident, where a very high degree of intelligence and good principle does not prevail in the mass of operatives.

But, more than all, perhaps, the familiar converse which the husbandman holds with the operations of nature, tends to bring him nearer to his Creator, and to establish a firmer reliance upon his providential care. He is led to refer more directly than others the blessings that surround him to their Giver. Thus it is, that all his pursuits tend to give simplicity and goodness to his character—to make him a wiser and a better man; and, therefore, the best defender of his country's welfare and honor.

Having considered the importance of the various benefits which agriculture bestows upon nations and individuals, it will be interesting and profitable to inquire by what causes, at various periods of the world, it has been hindered or advanced.

Physical obstacles have done comparatively little to hinder agriculture. While the most fertile countries have often been the abode of careless and indolence, industry and enterprise have made sterile and rocky soils the most productive. Indeed, when necessity rouses

to exertion, every natural obstacle is easily surmounted. Witness Switzerland and our own New England.

We have already spoken of the aid which commerce and manufactures render to agriculture, by taking away the surplus produce of the earth. But, beyond all other local circumstances, we must look to the civil institutions of a country, as the foundation of its agricultural prosperity. The husbandman must have the encouragement which perfect freedom and security give to his labors. China, from the remotest ages, has been sustained by a flourishing agriculture, though little aided by foreign commerce. The laws have always encouraged and honored this employment. The emperor is father of the State, and the people are his children. They live in security and independence. Every year a great national agricultural fête is held throughout the empire. In early spring, on the fifteenth day of the first moon, the emperor repairs, in state, accompanied by the imperial princes and heads of government, to the field, where the laborers of the province are assembled, to witness the august ceremony in which their art is practised and honored by the head of the empire. The emperor enters the field alone, and prostrates himself in devotion to the God of heaven, whose blessing he invokes upon his labor and that of his whole people. Then he sacrifices an ox in homage to the Heavens, as the fountain of good. While the victim is being offered, they bring a plough to the emperor, to which is yoked a pair of oxen, magnificently comparisoned. Having laid aside his imperial robes, he opens several furrows. His mandarins, and the most skillful of his laborers, complete the work. Then the emperor commences the sowing with similar ceremony, in presence of the people. At the same time, in all the other provinces, a like ceremony is performed by their respective viceroys.

In Greece, we see that agriculture did not even supply the necessary demands of life. Repeated emigrations drained the inland districts, and no solid foundation was laid for national wealth and defense. Sparta was too proud to cultivate the soil, and left it to slaves, while her sons were trained for war, by the barbarous and fruitless exercises of the gymnasium. They did not believe with Xenophon, "that the practice of husbandry makes men hardy and courageous, and able to defend their country." In Athens, too, the same injurious policy prevailed. The husbandmen were degraded below the citizens by law, and hence agriculture was left to the wasteful and miserable management of slave-labor. The days of Hesiod, with their primitive and rural manners, had passed away, and the healthful philosophy of Socrates and Xenophon had little influence upon their refined and luxurious age.

In the earlier history of Rome, we have the most illustrious contrast to the Grecian policy. Here are illustrated almost all the advantages which we have predicated of agriculture. It received encouragement and protection from the laws, and acquired dignity from the men who practised it. "*In agris erant tum senatores, et iidem senes.*" Would that our space allowed to quote the whole of that most enthusiastic and beautiful eulogium which Cicero pronounces in the "*De Senectute*" on agricultural pursuits. Nothing, in Roman history, is more familiar to us

than the fact, that the old generals, statesmen, and dictators tilled their own lands, "*usque ad ultimum tempus senectutis*," even to extreme old age. They left these favorite pursuits with reluctance, and Cicero tells us that couriers were first introduced by them to run between the capitol and their farms, that they might leave them only when important things demanded. Almost every one of their noted writers on agriculture, whose works are extant, were distinguished men. Varro was consul; Cato, the most remarkable man of his age; Pliny, the governor of Spain; Palladius and Columella noted statesmen; their poets and philosophers were passionate lovers of their farms and villas, and their writings abound in praises of country life. "*Nihil est agriculturâ melius, nihil uberius, nihil dulcius, nihil homine, libero dignius*," was the voice not only of Cicero, but of the whole Roman nation. The soldier owed his strength and hardihood to his rustic labors. In every foreign country where he was stationary, he practised the art so familiar and esteemed, and when his campaign was over, he either remained to till the lands he had conquered, or returned to the plough he had left at home.

The rustic tribes were peculiarly favored, and the Agrarian laws drew off from the capital its turbulent crowds to settle in the country. In the genius and spirit of the people, their simple manners and love of country, we trace the influence of their favorite occupation.

Now let us notice the gradual decay of Roman patriotism and virtue, which began with the neglect of agriculture. When civil war drained the fertile plains and laid them waste, the people flocked to the capital to engage in civil mischief. The Roman statesman saw the evils resulting from the desertion of agriculture, and vainly endeavored to recall the simple manners and virtuous habits of rural life. It was, for this reason, that Cato and Varro employed their pens in writing treatises for the instruction of the people in agricultural science, and doubtless Augustus, from a conviction of its high importance, employed the genius of Virgil to adorn and recommend it. But luxury and venality had taken too deep hold of the State. The great men at Rome, trusting to their provincial revenues, neglected the cultivation of their Italian estates,* or they raised all they could from them upon credit and mortgage, and to pay the interest upon the luxurious demand, the rents of their tenants were raised to an oppressive height. Thus the Roman farmer's spirit was broken, and he became idle and rapacious like his landlord. The civil wars arose, and largesses of corn, often bestowed by ambitious leaders upon an indolent and venal populace, effectually prevented the revival of agriculture, until the plains of Italy were fully prepared for the desolation of the Gothic invaders.

We now come to the dark and lawless times of the middle ages. Amidst the insecurity and barbarism of the feudal system, we could not expect the peaceful arts of agriculture to flourish. No one would sow without knowing that he should reap. The wild chimeras of chiv-

* Varro complains that they resided within the city walls, and employed themselves in the theatre and circus more than in the corn-fields and vineyards.—(De RR. Lib. 1.)

alrous adventure occupied the knights and barons, and the people were their serfs. Land was not valued for its produce, but for its extent and the power it conferred. Hence the laws of primogeniture and entail arose, unequally and tyrannically dividing the soil among those who cared nothing for its improvement. The petty barons oppressed and degraded their followers, and almost every useful and enlightening art was despised. and had it not been for the credulity which led them to respect the religious establishments, probably few remains of letters and the arts would have escaped destruction. It is to the priests that we owe the preservation of the Roman agricultural writers, and the gradual revival of husbandry. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the best lands of France were in the hands of the clergy, and several canons were published by the church for the security of agriculture. In England, too, the lands of the monasteries were by far the best cultivated, The abbots and monks were themselves accustomed to assist in rural labors, guiding the plough, winnowing corn, and forging upon anvils the instruments of husbandry. But our Anglo-Saxon ancestors derived their origin and manners from the ancient Germans, who, Tacitus tells us, were too restless and haughty to cultivate the earth, and committed the ignoble occupation to their women and slaves.

It is to our Norman ancestry that we must accredit the great improvement in agriculture, which began soon after the conquest. Among those invaders were thousands of husbandmen, from the fertile and well-tilled plains of Flanders, France, and Normandy. Many of the barons, too, are celebrated in history for their skill in husbandry; and, more than all, the Norman clergy, and particularly the monks, were practical agriculturists. Even the famous Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, used to go into the fields and join with his holy brethren in reaping corn and making hay.

But our limits will not allow the further pursuit of these interesting historical notices of agriculture. We are wandering too from our design, which was merely to gather from history the causes which have tended to advance or hinder its progress. It appears that all the aid which agriculture needs from government, is perfect freedom and security to the husbandman. Nowhere, at the present time, does this state of things obtain except in our own country. The English indeed boast of their superior advancement in all liberal arts, and we must concede to them the advantages of superior age and wealth. But we are fast gaining in the race, and have none of the checks which a privileged and luxurious aristocracy throw in the way of progress. The land of England is mostly owned by a nobility, upon whom it is entailed by the law of primogeniture. They, with all their costly dependencies and idle retinues, must first be sustained from it; after them the clergy, for whose support the farmer must pay the vexatious and oppressive tithes. Then the yeomanry pay three fourths of the enormous poor rates. In addition to this, the farmer is generally a tenant at will, with no interest in the soil, or if he has a lease, it is, except in a few counties, a short one of three or five years. He has no security that his children are to be benefited by his improvements, which make him

liable to a higher rent, or being turned away. Then there is a land tax of several shillings per acre, to defray the public burden and pay interest on the public debt. There are the game laws too, by which privileged oppression devotes immense tracts of arable land to the idle caprice of the noble sportsmen and licensed game-keeper. Of the many other vexatious hindrances and discouragements to the English farmer we will merely glance at one; "The Bondage System," which exists in the North of England. When we hear so much of scornful reproach heaped by Englishmen upon us for our slave system, it is somewhat astounding to read the confessions of their own philanthropists, as to the degradation and oppression of large portions of the English laborers. We have heard much of the abuses of their mining and manufacturing systems, but that the agricultural population in some parts of free England are under a degrading "Bondage System," is not so well known.

Lest prejudice might lead to misrepresentation, we quote from William Howitt, a most enthusiastic admirer of his native land. Upon first entering Durham and Northumberland, as he journeyed northward, he was astonished at the strange sight of bands of women working together in the fields, under the surveillance of one man. "Bondagers!" he exclaims, "that is an odd sound, you think, in England. What! have we bondage, a rural serfdom, still existing in free and fair England? Even so. The thing is astounding enough, but it is a fact. As I cast my eyes, for the first time, on these female bands in the field, working under their drivers, I was, before making any inquiry respecting them, irresistibly reminded of the slave gangs of the West Indies—turnip hoeing, somehow, associated itself strangely in my brain with sugar cane dressing; but when I heard these women called bondagers, the association became tenfold strong." On all the large estates, in this part of the country, this bondage system prevails; and no laborer is permitted to dwell upon them unless he comply with the regulations of the system. "Let any one imagine," says Howitt, "a body of men, bound by one common interest, holding in their possession all the population of several counties, and subjecting their men to this rule. Can there be a more positive despotism? The hind is at the mercy of his caprice, the anger, or the cupidity of the man in whose hand he is; and if he dismiss him, as I said in the early part of this paper, where is he to go? As Cobbett justly remarks, he has no home; and nothing but irretrievable ruin is before him. Such a condition is unfit for any Englishman; such power as that of the master, no man ought to hold. A condition like this must generate a slavish character. Can that noble independence of feeling belong to a hind, which is the boast of the humblest Englishman, while he holds employment, home, character, every thing, at the utter mercy of another?"

With a gladsome heart, we turn now to our own land, as the true Alma Mater of agriculture and all liberal pursuits. The American farmer is not the tenant or the serf of the soil, but its exclusive and absolute proprietor. In the beautiful and eloquent words of Mr. Biddle—"His tenure is not from the government; the government

derives its power from him. There is above him nothing but God and the laws—no hereditary authority usurping the distinctions of personal genius—no established Church spreading its dark shadow between him and heaven. His frugal government neither desires nor dares to oppress the soil; and the altars of religion are supported only by the voluntary offerings of sincere piety."

But especially does his character assume its true dignity when we consider him in his influence over the public liberty, as the guardian genius of our Republican institutions. The simple hearted and patriotic owner of the soil, he feels more interests at stake than the wandering adventurer, or the crowded and restless populace; and whenever those predicted evils come, which shall reveal the weak points in our institutions, then our surest reliance, will be upon the mass of our well-educated, honest, and independent agriculturists, to soothe the harsh passions of men, heal conflicting interests, and avert all threatening ills.

We have thus endeavored to show the importance of agriculture, as being anterior to all other professions in the progress of civilization. We have seen it, in the history of nations, a chief source of political grandeur and of individual virtue and happiness. We have seen it the peculiar growth of free and liberal institutions; and, at the same time, by its tendency to nourish within us patriotism and an independent spirit, the best preservative of our liberties, and the surest bulwark of our national strength.

It remains for us to consider some of the hindrances to the growth of agriculture in our own land, its peculiar home. How is it that the German peasant, and the Russian serf, import their millions of bushels of corn, and thus, under the disadvantage of a duty, undersell the American farmer in his own market? And why are we, a people so full of intelligence and enterprise, behind the monarchies of Europe in agricultural improvements? Great Britain, with her five or six millions of agriculturists, is able to produce enough for eighteen millions, and, besides, often has a surplus to export—while we, with ten millions engaged in agriculture, do not provide for our own wants; and with this immense production, the soil of England is increasing in fertility, while ours, in the aggregate, is deteriorating.

In answer to this, one most obvious cause is the disparity in the price of labor in the different countries. We are deficient in physical force; and what we have, is wasted on too much land. Notwithstanding the unprecedented increase in our population, our internal public improvements, manufactures, and new settlements, continually draw off the labor, and continue its deficiency. Immigration is, then, one of the greatest auxiliaries to agriculture. The state of European society favors, nay, compels immigration. There are no wars, as formerly, to engage and carry off the redundant population. A democratic spirit is abroad there, among the hardy laborers of the lower classes, which causes them to thirst for liberty. Away with this illiberal and too cautious spirit, which would discourage and harass the emigrant. It is depriving him of the genial blessings of truth and liberty, which may reform his character, and raise him in the scale of being—while,

at the same time, it is depriving ourselves of national wealth and strength.

Another great check to American agriculture is a too general want of respect for the profession. That feverish thirst for gain, which so eminently characterizes the American people, has made wealth the chief criterion of rank, and therefore men make great haste to be rich, even to the sacrifice of a quiet, comfortable, and happy life. With young men too there is a feeling widely spread, that there is something vulgar and degrading in the noble pursuits of agriculture, and disdaining the plough, they immure themselves behind a counter, show calicoes and muslins, and chaffer for a few cents profit; or, they become shop-boys and run of errands, to obtain a higher place hereafter at the desk of the counting-room. There is another class who hasten through an academic course, with no definite intent, to crowd into professional life; hardly knowing what to do with their attainments, they seize at hap-hazard upon any employment which is dignified by the term *professional*, and become pettifogging lawyers, or poor physicians, or unwilling and unfit clergymen, or they jostle one another in the heartless and unprofitable strife of politics. These things they do when an honorable competence and the happy pursuits of rural life are before them, for fear of becoming *country farmers* and loosing caste. But these prejudices will not long exist—a social revolution is begun. The dignity of labor has been asserted, and the labors of the mind summoned to aid those of the body. The reason why the agriculturists as a class have not commanded and enjoyed their due rank and influence in society, is because their standard of education has been lower than among other classes. They have been themselves too careless of the advantages of science to their profession. While every other department of industry has gladly sought and received the assistance of knowledge, agriculture has been considered as a stationary and imitative art, requiring few mental aids, and capable of little improvement. Happily a new day has dawned, and a thousand influences are now at work to elevate the profession. Men of influence and wealth are becoming practical farmers, and leading the way in new experiments, while such lovers of science as Liebig, Johnston, and Dana are bringing forth the treasures of chemistry. Our most enthusiastic and well-informed agriculturist, Mr. Colman, is now abroad to observe the husbandry of Europe, and convey to us the results of his valuable experience, and one of our own graduates is devoting himself to the study of agriculture under Prof. Johnston. Under such influences there is no reason why the American farmer should not take his just rank among the most honored of his countrymen, both as a private citizen and in the high places of trust and preferment. Happy will that day be for his country when he shall be a Cincinnatus, not only at the plough but in the senate hall; honest, industrious, and frugal in private life, wise and patriotic in the affairs of his country.

We will mention but one or two of the several other causes which might be descanted upon, as tending to hinder agricultural improvement in our country, did our limits allow. Our farmers seem to be in-

fluenced by the old feudal passion for the extensive acquisition of territory. They add field after field, till enough land has accrued to make a German principality—thus causing a wasteful expenditure of force, without increasing the value or produce of their farms.

Slavery too unhappily puts a great portion of our best soil under the ban of a wasteful and impoverishing system—the enemy of free labor, and a complete discouragement to all internal improvements. Whenever, in the progress of liberty, the northern slave States shall be thrown open to the industrious enterprise of free labor, a thousand avenues to wealth will draw in upon those naturally fertile plains a host of intelligent agriculturists to take the place of an indolent and unprofitable slave population. Manufactures will arise, new markets be created, and agriculture assert its just prerogative of leading the van of all other branches of industry.

We have dwelt long and tediously enough upon the philosophy of agriculture, but before ending must bestow a hasty glance upon a part of the subject where we would fain dwell longer—The Pleasures of Rural Life. On recurring once more to that beautiful treatise, “The Economics,” we meet with that beautiful encomium in which Xenophon, with his quiet enthusiasm, describes the pleasures of husbandry: “Moreover, it furnishes us with beautiful flowers, and other excellent materials for the ornament and decoration of the temples and altars, affording the richest gayety and most fragrant odors. * * What science is more agreeable to a studious man? for he finds in it every thing he can have occasion for. Where can we abide with greater pleasure in summer, than near rivers, springs, woods, groves, and fields, where gentle breezes fan the air? Where may a man treat his guests more agreeably, or make more triumphant banquets? What place do servants delight in more? Or, what other place is more agreeable to his wife? Where do children covet more to be? Or, where are friends better received, or better satisfied? There is no science, in my mind, more delightful than this, if a man has a convenient substance to put him to work; nor any business more profitable to a man, if he has skill and industry.”

How charming are the associations which ancient literature has thrown about rural pursuits! Among the Greeks are Hesiod, Homer, and Theocritus—how simple, picturesque, and lifelike are their descriptions of country life! Venerable Laertes, pruning his vines, and bringing young stocks from the woods for his hedges. Old Eumæus entertaining Ulysses and Telemachus, his king and prince, in his rustic abode! Hesiod sitting on the banks of Helicon, and teaching, in his flowing strains, the husbandmen their art! Virgil, too, in after times, who taught the Mantuan farmers, though too late, the blessings of their occupation—

“O fortunatos nimium, si sua bona nôrint
Agricolas!”

The villa life of the Romans, as described to us by Cato and Columella,

affords many amusing glimpses into their daily habits and domestic economy.*

But the amenities of rural life would open too wide a field. Suffice it to say, that almost all the pleasures of taste, which a love of the beautiful in nature inspires, belong most peculiarly to the country.

Horticulture and landscape gardening are beginning to lend an adorning hand to their elder and parent art. They are the handmaids which wealth and refinement lend to husbandry. The most simple of the fine arts, they are more or less within the reach of all, not less pleasing the eye than improving the heart.

Thus, while agriculture well deserves the attention of the statesman and the philosopher, it possesses all the attractive charms which delight the man of taste; and we welcome the signs of progress which promise to reinstate this most ancient and noble art in its due honors and importance, making it not only a means of extended private happiness, but of our national welfare and strength.

* "After the landlord," says Cato, "has come to the villa, and performed his devotions, (in another place he forbids any of the family or servants to perform any devotions whatsoever, as it would be waste of time, and the master can perform sufficient for them all,) he ought that very day, if possible, to go through his farm—or if not on that day, on the next. When he has considered in what manner his fields should be tilled, what work should be done, and what not, next day, he ought to call the bailiff, and inquire what of the work is done, and what not, and what remains; whether the laboring is far enough advanced for the season, and whether the things that remain might have been finished, and what is done about the corn, wine, and all other things. When he has acquainted himself with all these, he ought to take an account of the workmen and working days. If a sufficiency of work does not appear, the bailiff will say that he was very diligent, but that the servants were not well—that there were violent storms—that the slaves had run away, etc. When he had given these and many other excuses, call him again to the account of the work and the workmen. When there have been storms, inquire for how many days, and consider what work might be done in the rain. Casks ought to have been washed and mended, the villa cleaned, dung carried out, a dunghill made, seed cleaned, old ropes mended, new ones made, and the servants' clothes mended. On holidays, old ditches may have been scoured, highway repaired, briars cut, the garden digged, meadows cleaned from weeds, twigs bound up, far (maize) pounded, all things made neat. * * * He should inspect his flocks, make a sale, sell all the superfluous wine, corn, oil. If they are giving a proper price, sell the old oxen, the refuse of the cattle and sheep, wool, hides, old carts, old iron tools, and old and diseased slaves. Whatever is overplus he ought to sell. The farmer should be a seller and not a buyer."—(Cat. c. ii.)

THE DIVERSITY OF SONG.

FROM HERDER.

I.

Einst schlug mit wunder süßem schall
Die klagenreiche Nactigall;
Ein muntre Sperling hörte zu:
"O säng ich, Nactigall, wie du!
Doch warum soll mirs nicht gelingen?
Ich will auch lernen also singen."

II.

Die Nactigall spricht: "nun wohlan!
Es singe, wer da singen kann;
Den nie war ich um Kunst bemüht:
Nur aus dem Herzen quillt mein Lied.
Nur meiner Liebe zarte Klagen
Und tiefe Seufzer will ich sagen."

III.

"Wenn Liebe den Gesang dir giebt,
Wer ist mehr als der Spatz verliebt?
Auch klagen kann ich." Was geschieht?
Den Sperling zirpt ein Klagelied,
Und seine Buhle war gufrieden:
Ihr war ein Sperlingsohr beschieden.

IV.

Nicht also wars die Nactigall:
"Was quälest du den Wiederhall?"
Sprach sie, "o bleib' in deiner Art,
Die Meinelass mir aufgespart.
Du tändelst froh; ich singe Schmerz:
Wie der Gesang, so ist das Herz."

V.

Die ihr der Sappho Töne wagt,
Hört, was die Nactigall euch sagt.
Ein muntre Spatz der seufzen will,
O schwieg er mit den seufzen still!
Ein Lied voll Philomelens Schmerz
Erfordert Philomelens Herz.

I.

The nightingale, in melting strain,
Warbled her song of amorous pain.
A cheerful sparrow heard: "Ah me!"
He cried, "could I but sing like thee,
Dear nightingale! Yet why despair?
I, too, can learn thy style of air."

II.

The nightingale replied—"To each
His fitting song let nature teach.
I never vex myself with art:
The music gushes from my heart.
'Tis love alone that bids me try
The soft complaint, the deep-drawn sigh."

III.

"If love thy strain inspire, I'm sure,
My love is no less deep and pure;
It has its sorrows, too." And so
He twitters out a tale of woe.
His mate applauds with rapturous cheer;
She listened with a sparrow's ear.

IV.

Not so the nightingale. "'Tis pity
To vex the air with such a ditty,"
She cried—"the notes of joy are thine;
Keep them, nor seek to borrow mine.
Thy heart is glad—mine racked with pain;
And like the heart must be the strain."

V.

Wouldst mourn like Sappho? First, my
friend,
The nightingale's advice attend.
The sparrow, cheerful bird, had best
Smother his sorrows in his breast.
The tale of Philomela's woe,
From Philomela's heart must flow.

MORAL OUTLINES OF HISTORY.

If man be, indeed, immortal, and his existence here only preparatory to another and higher state of being, then the life of nations, no less than that of individuals, will evince this great design; for centuries are as years in the broad plan of Providence, and the life of a generation often but a day in the moral progress of man. This progress has not been a steady, uninterrupted advance; but, in mind, as in nature, it is the resultant of the conflict of opposing forces. How few are the writers of history who have had an adequate conception of the great purpose of man's existence—how small the number who have followed the hidden workings of those mighty causes which, traced through the lapse of ages, are seen slowly converging toward the moral elevation of humanity! Science, literature, and even liberty itself, are only the means through which this great end is to be gained; and it is only when viewed as subservient to this grand result, that we begin to comprehend the true design of history—nor till then shall we be able to form any just conception of the object manifest in the past existence of our race.

This moral elevation and progress contains the principle of unity, which lies far beneath the apparent confusion of human events, and is no other than the end which the Deity himself proposed in the creation of man.

The magnitude of the subject forbids, in a brief sketch like the present, anything more than a rapid glance at some of the principal facts of man's history, any one of which, if properly treated, would require a volume to do it justice. After the Deluge has swept from the earth both the monuments and the crimes of the antediluvian world, and man again commenced a career, the consummation of which the eye of the Omniscient One can alone discern, take your station upon the mountain range that divides Central Asia, and look off on the horizon of nations, as they lie spread in a semi-circle around you.

China, on the east, has remained, nearly to this day, an almost inscrutable mystery. With an antiquity shrouded in fable, though her oldest authentic historical records extend no farther back than the Trojan War; with neither hereditary priests nor hereditary nobles, until near the Christian era; in possession, at an early date, of the rudiments of those arts and inventions which have contributed so much to the progress of Europe, through the long lapse of ages, in which others have discovered and improved what she had known of old—China has yet remained a moral icicle—a soulless statue. Her government, based, as it is, upon the "paternal theory" of Confucius, in which the Emperor is supposed to hold the same relation to the State as a father does to his children, has, of course, made the monarch a despot, and his subjects slaves. Being, also, the High Priest of the nation, he was, at once, the vicegerent of the gods, and the incarnation of absolute authority.

So rigid has been this principle of Chinese civilization, so frozen into form are the very thoughts of this singular people, that, though repeatedly overrun by the Nomadic tribes, which wander through the vast deserts that lie along her northern boundary, the mass of the conquerors have invariably been absorbed into the body of the conquered ; and while office and honor remained with the victors, no change, until recently, has ever been perceptible, either in the ideas or customs of the vanquished.

Combine this peculiarity of the Chinese with their persistent Paganism, together with their complete and systematic isolation from the "outside barbarians," and we see, at once, a part of the reason, at least, why nearly one fourth of the earth's millions have, as yet, done so little towards the moral advancement of man.

India, on the south, of higher antiquity, perhaps, than China, with a primitive philosophy ascending to an epoch so near the Deluge, and marked by such a grandeur of conception, "that in listening to the Vedas, one seemed to hear the echo of a great voice which sounded out in the primeval world ;" yet, cursed with her system of caste, which virtually has prohibited any advance, India, with all her philosophy, and all her civilization, has been but a zero in her influence on human progress—the extension of Buddhism over Asia, about the middle of the first century, being the sole outward influence she has exerted during an existence of over three thousand years.

Through Egypt, on the west, the civilization of the East came in contact with Europe ; and although a flourishing kingdom in the time of Moses, in which the authority of the monarch was restrained by law, yet the same system of caste buried her science in the bosom of the sacerdotal order. Thus, she made her vast store houses of knowledge nearly useless to herself, and though furnishing a treasury from which the sages of antiquity may have drawn, still her impress upon humanity seems to be but faintly visible through the few scattered colonies which she reluctantly sent forth.

Ninus founded an empire in the plains of Assyria, which flourished a thousand years, handing down to us the bare record of its existence ; while, under the guidance of the Deity, a peculiar people took possession of the hills of Palestine, whose moral influence will be as enduring as time itself. That light, which so soon went out in darkness, amid the moral desolation of the surrounding nations, nourished by patriarchs, prophets, and "holy men of old," long burned among the children of Abraham, lighting up those distant ages with the pure rays of truth, and guiding man toward that greater era when types and shadows became lost amid the clear blaze of a complete Revelation.

Phœnicia, the great commercial nation of remote antiquity, through her colonies and her alphabet, gave the science of the orientals a firm foothold in the west ; while Babylon succeeded Assyria, and Persia, Babylon, preparing the barbaric East for its first memorable onset upon Europe.

Separated from Asia by the Egean Sea, and defended on the north by the ramparts of Thessaly, with a climate and soil adapted to de-

velop the energies of man in the highest physical perfection, lay the Peninsula of Greece, the mere mention of whose name stirs the blood like a trumpet, and whose deeds and arts have left an impress upon human intellect, enduring as the life of thought.

The victory of Marathon was a triumph of knowledge over numbers ; it was a turn in the tide of conquest, which, heretofore, had been setting westward. The arts and arms of Europe were thenceforth to triumph over Asia. The preparation for a new epoch in man's history was rapidly drawing to a close.

The philosophy, the literature, and the arts of Greece, those peculiarities in her national character, which, while they developed with wonderful rapidity her imagination and intellect, unfitted her, at the same time, to become the mistress of the world, are too well known to the scholar to justify more than a passing allusion.

The great principle upon which the civilization of antiquity rests, was fundamentally wrong. In Greece, as in the rest of the ancient world, the State was every thing—the individual nothing. *The individual existed for the State, and not the State for the individual.* Man's worth, as an immortal being, consists in the possession of those rights that give him value as an individual, and impart a dignity to his whole nature, however humble his position may be in the social order; but, in the blindness of Paganism, his individuality was regarded as nothing, when compared with the glory of his native city. Consequently, the most outrageous tyranny, and a total violation of the dearest social and civil relations, were cloaked under the name of patriotism. This system, destructive as it was of man's highest interests, did not want advocates ; for among its defenders are to be found even such philosophers as Plato and Aristotle. The laws of Sparta and the government of Athens bear this great fact stamped full upon their front. The Democracy of Athens, where thirty thousand citizens ruled three hundred thousand slaves, and her narrow civil policy, which made her the tyrannical mistress of a tumultuous confederacy, rather than the enlightened head of a confederate Republic, rendered her downfall certain ; and the laws of Lycurgus, fitted only for a single city, and a peculiar people, could not rescue Sparta from the fate of her more cultivated and polished rival.

With Alexander at her head, Greece rolled back the tide of war upon Asia, thus carrying a knowledge of her arts and language from the Propontis to the Indus. But the vast empire of that great conqueror, held together by no common bond of unity, was partitioned among his generals, and prepared to become an easy prey to that mighty power now gradually gathering force upon the banks of the Tiber.

Rome, with her stern morality, her exalted patriotism, her iron will, was trained from infancy to conquest ; and in the construction of her government, as well as in the spirit of her people, she foreshadowed that destiny which was so gloriously realized in her three hundred triumphs. Rome became mistress of the world, and her colossal empire, with its front of iron and feet of clay, exhibited, on a gigantic scale, the organic weakness of ancient civilization.

When, through the extension of the Roman power, the old landmarks were obliterated, and Patriotism became but a name; when people of every clime and tongue, of every religion and no religion, bowed the knee to Cæsar, man came to a pause, and progress ceased. The mission of ancient civilization was at length accomplished. The arena was now ready, and Providence disclosed the great design which, amid the convulsions and rage of contending nations, had been steadily advancing to its consummation. Revolution after revolution had disheartened the statesman; a deep-seated corruption pervaded the whole empire; while, too wise for superstition and too weak for philosophy, even if she were able to direct him, man anxiously looked for some guide, to tell him whence he came and whither he was going. When, to every human eye, impenetrable darkness seemed to be settling down upon the history of our race, He, to prepare for whom empires had risen and passed away, He whom prophets foretold, and God himself had promised, came to rescue humanity from the moral midnight of despair—Jesus Christ appeared on earth as the Saviour of the lost.

Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome, each in their various tongues, reiterate the truth, that mere human philosophy is utterly powerless to save man from the deepest moral degradation; but, in the history of antiquity, we may trace the hand of an overruling Providence, guiding events, seemingly the most discordant, gradually onward to that long designed consummation, the advent of the Redeemer. If a dispensation of *temporal* rewards and punishments, in which divine justice overtook the offender in the immediate presence of the people, failed to preserve the chosen nation from rebellion and idolatry, need we wonder at the long course of preparation necessary to fit mankind for the reception of a spiritual Christianity.

There enters, at this point, a new element into civilization, which forms the great antagonism between ancient and modern history. This is the Christian element. While the entire civil and social relations of the one were based on the principle that the individual is merely an integral portion of the State, the other considers man in the true dignity of his nature as an immortal existent, whose brief residence here was intended only as a state of trial, in which to decide his destiny for the unchanging Hereafter. Man, now conscious of his high origin and inherent dignity, appears under a new relation, and claims a new regard. He first asserts the right of conscience and next of liberty. Who will dare deny him the first, while the progress of intelligence and principle are rapidly strengthening his hold on the last? This is the distinguishing feature of modern civilization, and from this, as from the living spirit, springs the life of the present aspect of humanity.

But, though man's relations to his Maker, and to eternity, were the great truths which revelation was commissioned to enforce, still it required the lapse of centuries to raise him from his degradation, and prepare him for that steady progress which we now so happily behold. Christianity, indeed, appeared, but the work was not complete. The habits and feelings of ages cannot be uprooted in a day; and when,

after ten most bloody persecutions, under successive emperors, Constantine quenched the flames of Pagan fury by uniting Church and State, there was not sufficient vitality in the Roman empire, even when aided by Christianity, to react against the degrading influence of an absolute despotism and a corrupt civilization. Europe would have sunk into the same fatal lethargy that, for a thousand years, enchained the soul of the Eastern Empire, had not Providence prepared a bitter but effectual remedy for the living death that threatened man.

The barbarians, issuing from the Hercynian forest, swept over Europe like a flood. Odoacer, chief of a barbarous horde from Pomerania, seated himself on the throne of the Cæsars. Roman law gave place to the feudal system, in which each petty chief became lord of his narrow domain, and, in isolated independence, rendered merely a nominal service to his suzerain, the king. In the simple habits, the manly independence and love of liberty, which so strongly marked the German race, lay the regenerating principle, which infused new vigor into man, while the feudal system, a remedy desperate as the disease it was used to counteract, contained, in itself, the elements of its own destruction.

As long as the social elements existed in that state of repulsion, which so strongly marked the middle ages, all progress was impossible. Mind must be brought in contact with mind, before man, from his very nature, can even hope to advance. But there were causes in operation, which were steadily bringing about this last result. The constant struggles of the kings with their nobles, and the vast ambition of the Papal See, powerfully tended to overthrow those barriers which separated man from his fellows; and they prepared an arena, where truth, armed like the youthful shepherd, with a simple sling, might contend with superstition, backed by power, and win the victory.

The kings labored to fortify their power against the encroachments of the nobles, while the papacy, guided by the genius of Hildebrand, was rapidly advancing toward the spiritual and temporal control of Europe. The Crusades, designed by the Popes, to render their power forever unassailable, in reality, only weakened the feudal system, by cutting off that stern Nobility which so long held the Monarchs in awe; while the increase of commerce, the rise of the free cities, and the immunities granted to the commons, as a defense against the power of the Barons, by breaking up the moral isolation in which the mass had so long lived, were preparing anew the arena for the next great epoch in human progress. The fall of Constantinople, and the revival of letters, consequent upon the dispersion of the Greeks over Europe, aided by the active and inventive spirit of the fifteenth century, were the precursors of that event which has so strongly marked the present aspect of modern civilization.

When the Roman See, regardless of the low mutterings of the approaching tempest, had, through her shameless traffic in indulgences, opened paradise to crime for money, and filled her treasury with the "price of blood," then, the Saxon spirit was aroused—Luther spoke, and Europe trembled. The fetters, forged and riveted by the skill and

craft of centuries, at that moment fell from enfranchised mind. Man heard the call, for a Greater than Luther was speaking to his soul. Liberty of conscience was the banner cry of freedom—the right of private judgment was the rallying point of the Reformation. From this great principle issued that flood of light, which has changed the entire face of society. The intellect of man, released from the slavery of superstition, expanded with an energy which persecution might retard, but could not wholly destroy. This great revolution in human thought did not, however, advance unopposed. The sword and the Inquisition produced their purposed results in Spain, Austria, and Italy, while the order of the Jesuits waged desperate warfare with freedom in the remaining countries of Europe. The peculiar character of the French was ever opposed to the Reformation; while the force of standing armies, the genius and energy of Richelieu, and the perfidy of Louis Fourteenth, quenched in blood that feeble flame which still flickered on the altars of the Huguenots.

In Holland, Switzerland, and Protestant Germany, the principles of religious liberty found a more congenial soil; and Sweden, through the heroic Gustavus Adolphus, traced with her sword those lines which have marked the territorial position of the Catholic and Protestant countries since the peace of Westphalia. The power of the kings and feudal nobility, but, more especially, the existence of standing armies, and the absence of any middle class in the social system, were the great reasons why the Reformation remained so long stationary on the Continent. It was reserved for the Anglo-Saxon race to exhibit the full meaning of its principles.

England, defended by her geographical position from those tide waves of military fury which have so often desolated the rest of Europe, was peculiarly fitted for the part she was to act in the great drama of human progress. The ancient proprietors of the soil, and the conquering Saxons, blessed by the institutions of Alfred, and filled with ideas of feudal independence, were crushed by the Norman invader down to one common level. The peasant and the noble became alike the serfs of the victors. The descendant of the Saxon knight at Hastings, tilled the lands of his sires beside the serf who once fed in the halls of his fathers. The intense hatred generated by the oppression of the conquerors lasted through centuries; and from the vanquished Saxon there rose that middle class, by which England has been so widely distinguished from every other people in Europe. The war of the Roses destroyed the power of the feudal nobility, and smoothed the way for the entrance of the principles of the Reformation. It was in a soil, thus prepared, that these principles took root; and in the manly courage, the stern resolve, the self-sacrificing devotion of the Puritans, the Anglo-Saxon element of the British character stands out in bold relief. No standing army existed in England to check freedom of opinion, and the attempt to form one by Charles cost that infatuated monarch his head.

To the Puritans, we owe the deep foundations of this Western Republic; and it is to the conservative influence of their principles alone, that gives ground of hope in the great struggle yet to come.

They fled to these western shores, to secure to themselves and to their children untrammelled liberty of conscience; and the pen of the impartial historian will record that, whatever may have been their faults, they were the faults of the age, while their virtues were peculiarly their own. To their eternal honor will it be said,

"They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

The French Revolution is the last great epoch in the history of man. Having its birth in the infidelity and oppression of preceding generations, it swept over Europe like a whirlwind, overturning the institutions of the past, and confounding in one common ruin both the virtues and the corruptions of accumulating ages. It is the precursor of a great change in the government of the world. Power is now passing, and will continue to pass, from the grasp of the few into the hands of the many. In the spirit of Democracy is found the key to the history of the nineteenth century. The terrors of this fearful struggle are deeply graven on our memories; but the final results of that convulsion are yet concealed behind the veil of the future.

Glancing back along the line of this world's existence, who will deny the moral progress of man? It is seen in the changed aspect of society. Patriotism, which, among the ancients, meant little more than devotion to the city of their birth, is now succeeded by a far-reaching philanthropy. Purified and elevated by a spiritual Religion, man is beginning to recognize his brotherhood with man. Genuine benevolence is moving in its power over the nations, and exalting degraded humanity to its original greatness. But, on the horizon of the future, there are clouds that portend the coming storm. There are elements at work in society, which power may be able for a time to repress, but can never wholly destroy; and the attempt to repress these aspirations for a higher destiny, will surely be followed by a terrific explosion. There are feelings in man's bosom, no matter how degraded he may be, which will, ere long, find an utterance. From many quarters—from Ireland, from England, and from our own land, may be heard low moaning voices, which are harbingers of the tempest. He who loves mankind is summoned once more to the conflict. Let him go forth with the conviction that intelligence and principle are the only safeguards of liberty; that in the virtue of a people lies the sole security for a rational freedom. Let him be impressed with the great truth, that in the brotherhood of humanity is to be found the only sure basis of national felicity; and as the thoughtful student of history traces the footsteps of Providence through successive centuries, let him feel that, even now, far removed from the din of battle, is another Witness of the conflict, whose hand is ever guiding the destiny of nations to a determined consummation. Let him not despair when the contest between truth and error, between freedom and despotism, shall seem to be doubtful—for to Him there is nothing doubtful or uncertain; but rather, with faith and joy, may he recognize the great law of human progress, and know, with absolute assurance, that **GOD ALSO IS IN HISTORY.**

RAMBLINGS IN ITALY.

"Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virûm."—VIRG.

WHOEVER crosses the Simplon, cannot fail to be most agreeably impressed with the first view of Italian scenery, as he descends from the rugged Alps into the sunny vales of Piedmont. This celebrated mountain pass, the highway of Hannibal and Napoleon, abounds in scenery, romantic and sublime. The road ascends very gradually. Winding its way beside precipices, and crossing frightful ravines, it pierces for hundreds of feet the solid rock, laden with avalanches above, and worn by the rushing torrent below, till reaching a point where neither larch, nor fir, nor the hardy pine can flourish, where glaciers and snow-peaks fill the eye, it descends into valleys, enlivened by the shrill notes of the *Ranz des vaches*, and enters the rich plains which border the "Garden of Europe." Behind, rises the broad black front of the mountain, its head turbaned with clouds—before, luxuriant fields, rich in vines, festooned from the mulberry trees, plantations of rice and buckwheat groves of Spanish chestnut and olive, burst upon the view, and remind us of the fair Hesperia.

Instead of the fair face and flaxen hair of the Swiss, a different race appear—"a people of fierce countenance," covering their dark eyes with the slouched sombrero. Soon we reach the shores of Lago Maggiore, with the charming Isola Bella, and other fair islets, resting, like water lilies, on its bosom, but pass them by with a lingering look, to visit the capital of Lombardy.

'Twas late, one evening in October, when I entered Milan, in company with an English barrister, my *compagnon de voyage* as far as Venice. One of the passengers was a jovial friar, with a twinkling eye and a fine voice, who cracked jokes and sang snatches of opera music. When the beggars, as numerous in Italy as the poplars which skirt the roads, besought his reverence in piteous accents for charity, "*Carita, per l'amor di Dio*," he freely gave them—his blessing. He pointed out to us the amphitheatre, built by Napoleon for his devoted subjects, and the magnificent arch which terminates his Simplon road. The diligence rolled smoothly into the well lighted streets gay with shops, upon a carriage way of granite, laid in double wheel tracks. Numbers were abroad, going to the opera, or lounging in the caffè, and every third man seemed an Austrian soldier, conspicuous in the white imperial uniform, and wearing a look of superiority, which the poor Milanese vainly endeavor to resent. Lofty houses rose on either side, massive as fortresses, and defended in the lower story by iron gratings. We were not sorry, after a long day's journey, to alight in the arms of a gigantic porter, in the spacious court of the Hotel Royal, and dream of distant home in its airy apartments paved with tessellated marble.

Next morning, the chime of convent bells waked us to a hasty breakfast, and soon after, I found myself in the aisles of the beautiful marble cathedral, second only to St. Peter's, in company with a young Eng-

lish lady, listening to the service. Chaplains and scarlet-robed canons were chanting the mass, while silver censers flung sweet incense upon the air, and the rich windows glowed like ruby clouds at sunset. My fair companion had passed some time in Milan, and from the roof, bristling with its forest of statue-crowned pinnacles, we studied together the plan of the city. The far Alps, crested with rose-tinted snows, and o'ertopped by Monte Rosa's glittering peak, encircled the northern horizon, like a crescent rim of frosted silver.

We spent some few days pleasantly in exploring the city, then crossing the bridge of Lodi, and stopping to breakfast at Cremona *fiddis*, we entered Mantua, a ruined city, with great gloomy squares, forlorn churches, and deserted palaces. It is very strongly fortified by four lines of circumvallation. Two or three statues remind the scholar of Virgil, whose birthplace, the suburb of Andes, is a mile or two distant. A few soldiers, priests and beggars, who manage to vegetate here, are almost its only inhabitants. The Via Æmia, which leads from Milan, guided us to Verona. When we arrived, there was a novel exhibition going on in the ancient amphitheatre—a sort of daguerreotype imitation of the Roman games. In the morning, a band of trumpeters paraded the streets, followed by girls on horseback, and men in antique chariots, to announce the shows. In the afternoon, the people flocked to the amphitheatre, and witnessed athletic exercises and feats of horsemanship. Just before leaving Verona, I ran to see the tomb where Friar Laurence is thought to have watched beside Juliet. It is in the garden of a monastery—a rude sarcophagus, with air holes and a candle socket. My legal friend, devoid of romance and quite incredulous, preferred a stupid newspaper to a sentimental reverie. We set out for Padua, at midnight, in a long train of diligences, with a mounted escort and glaring lights, that made us think of banditti, and recalled some of the nocturnal scenes in *Gil Blas*. We found the town in great commotion. A splendid suite of *Conversazione* rooms had just been opened, and half the literati of Italy were there. Several years had been spent in preparing the apartments. One was fitted up in the ancient Grecian style, another as a Roman hall, and another after the manner of the middle ages.

As we sail from the little port of Fusina, over the shallows of the Adriatic, Venice rises upon the enchanted view—a mighty capital, with lofty domes and towers, moored upon the placid waters, its picturesque outline strongly marked on the blue horizon.

The shallow Laguna is crowded with barges of fruit, and black gondolas, threading their swift way, by the impulse of a single oar, through the three or four hundred canals which intersect the city.

The Grand Canal winds, in the form of the letter S, through rows of noble mansions, whose porches and stairs are washed by its wave. How glorious was the olden time, when these palaces were the abode of beauty and power—when the golden-beaked gondola, sparkling with gems and the lustre of brighter eyes, glided over the waters, and, by the torchlight, conveyed “knights and ladies fayre” to some gay revel!

But "the soul of the city is fled," the harbor is filling with sand, and the palaces are sold for the lead that covers them. The Doge's Palace fronts upon the open Laguna, and attracts the eye by its imposing facade and oriental air. The style of its architecture is that so characteristic of Venice—a mixture of the Saracenic with the Grecian and Gothic, possessing a barbaric magnificence, "grand, gloomy, and peculiar." Crossing its inner court, we ascend the Giants' Stairs, and gaze with interest at the highest step, where the Doge Marino Faliero was crowned and executed. The Lion's mouths gape beside the grand entrance, no longer fed by secret denunciations. It fills one with melancholy to follow a dull, automatic guide through the vast and gloomy halls where the mighty once sat enthroned. One room there is, which cannot be entered without a shudder—the Chamber of the Council of Ten. At one end is the tribunal, where the Doge presided, with the ten ranged in a semi-circle before him. The accused, brought from the prison across the Bridge of Sighs, were arraigned in this awful presence, which the gloom of black hangings, and dim tapers, made yet more overwhelming. If convicted, they never returned to the prison, but lingered out wretched lives in cells, beneath the scorching leads, or in stifling sub-marine dungeons—the "Piombi" and "Pozzi," graphically described by Silvio Pellico. The bow-string and guillotine rid the Republic of its victims, and any Capuchin friar, picked up in the lone streets at midnight, and brought hither blindfold, shrived the wretched souls before they were thrust into eternity.

The Piazza of St. Marc, enclosed on three sides by arcaded buildings, and terminated on the fourth by the Cathedral, presents the most brilliant *coup d'œil* in Venice. Italians are seen gesturing and chatting with Greeks and Armenians, in richly-laced dresses, and the grave Turks and Arabs, with long beards and turbans and flowing robes are grouped together, seeming, by their dignified deportment and distinguished air, the aristocracy of Nature! At evening, they hold a divan beneath tents, smoking the long hookah, and playing chess, with cups of coffee or sherbet before them. Fair Venetians, wearing the long white veil, flit across the square, and the ear catches the sound of their musical voices and their pretty dialect. Dark-robed magistrates and priests move with a stately step among the inferior people. The church of St. Marc, if church it can be called, appears rather like a mosque or temple, with its glittering domes and minarets and slender columns. From one of its arches, the winged lion of the Piræus looks out upon the sea, and the four fiery steeds, wrought in bronze by Lysippus, that have graced the triumph of many a conqueror. A lofty Campanile or belfry tower rises before the church, from whose summit Galileo watched the stars. From this point the city seems divided by a network of silver into a thousand islands, and the churches appear like rocky islets rising from the sea. In the days when Venice was

"The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy,"

and when

"The exhaustless East

Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers,"

this Piazza, covered with a painted awning, hung with embroidered tapestry, and spread with the richest carpets of the East, was metamorphosed into a vast saloon, where the Senate received and royally entertained princes.

Imagine Venice by moonlight. The soft radiance, reflected from the sea, while it kindly conceals the havoc of Time and adversity, imparts to each noble structure an air of mingled sadness and grandeur which touches the soul. A thousand dancing lights gleam upon the waters, and the strains of evening serenaders are caught and imitated by the responsive voice of many a gondolier, while the soft plashing of the oar, and the rippling of the waves against marble palaces, lull the mind into dreamy forgetfulness. Before the sober morning light dispel the pleasing illusion, let us bid "good night to Venice."

One of the disagreeable circumstances of traveling in Italy is the annoyance, not to say expense, resulting from the passport regulations. A carriage never enters the gate of the most contemptible town, but a fierce looking *militaire* with moustache and braggadocio air, thrusts his head through the window, to demand the "*passaporto*." Then follows a detention of half an hour, and if any word be mis-spelt, the traveler is coolly told to go back a hundred miles and have it made *comme il faut*. Any remonstrance is answered by an Italian shrug of the shoulders, and a most lack-a-daisical expression of countenance. I found myself once in an awkward situation on account of an omission, though happily the affair terminated without much difficulty. At Padua, I had engaged a caleche to Ferrara, and on leaving before day-break I was astonished at finding another passenger already seated, for the rascal vetturino had deceived us both with the idea of traveling alone. My companion, however, proved to be agreeable and intelligent, an Englishman apparently from his conversation and manners, though his dark features were quite Continental. He smoked the most fragrant Turkish tobacco, had traveled in Syria and Arabia, spoke several modern languages, and readily translated some Greek verses, written on the walls of an inn. We came to the banks of the Po, a swollen, turbid river, the largest in Italy, and ferrying over in a crazy skiff, landed, after a perilous voyage of ten minutes, in the dominions of his Holiness the Pope. A party of soldiers surrounded and took us prisoners, and we remained in a little den till the passports were examined. Mine should have been signed at Venice, and finding that I was a heretic, they desired me to return and have it 'approved,' which I flatly refused to do. Finally the matter was compromised by my writing a very reverential letter to Cardinal Somebody, at Ferrara, ending with the words, "I prostrate myself before the sacred purple," a mere form, but indispensable. Mr. J., my companion, politely offered to see the Cardinal in person, and spent the afternoon in strolling about with a soldier and conversing with the people; who, thinking perhaps that I might be a State criminal, were very inquisitive. They were much puzzled when I disclaimed being an Englishman, German, or Frenchman, and on hearing me pronounce the single word "*Americano*," they started back in aston-

ishment and looked at me three times from head to foot, to see if I were not black, or like a cannibal. Towards evening a messenger came in with the passport, and I soon joined Mr. C. at grass-grown Ferrara, once a gay capital, the residence of Tasso's innamorata, the Princess Eleanor. Next day we traveled in a caravan through a district overflowed by the Po, now covered with floating houses and cattle, where the people seemed too lazy to do anything but drown. Mr. C. was quite alarmed, for the water rose about three feet above the road. He congratulated himself on being able to swim, but I excited his fears by suggesting that a wheel might come off, or the horses stumble, and launch us into the unfathomable depths. Fortunately we came all safe to land, and lunched that day on huge sausages at Bologna. Here my companion, escaped from danger, became quite friendly and communicative, and mentioned in the course of conversation that he was a Greek by birth, but a naturalized Englishman—so my curiosity was satisfied and the mystery ended.

As the tired pilgrim approaches the shrine of Mecca, as the lover enters the presence of her whom he has long and secretly adored, as the tired mariner beholds his native hills, so I, a voyager from distant lands, gazed upon the dome of St. Peter's as it loomed from the "dead sea" of the Roman Campagna, like Teneriffe in the blue horizon. After a journey of four days, now catching the spray beside the shore of the Adriatic, now winding among the Appennine passes in all the terrors of a thunder storm, surveying the harbor and triumphal arch of Ancona, the "Santissima Casa" of Loreto, and the narrow Rubicon, wearied with excitement, I was leaning back in a corner of the diligence and trying to dose, when a cry from the condottore—"Ecco, la cupola di San Pietro," roused me. We were on a rising ground, and at the last post-house, fifteen miles from Rome. Crossing the Tiber by the Milvian Bridge towards evening, we passed through the Porta del Popolo into the Corso,—the great street of Rome, now thronged, not as of old, with chariots of war, nor trodden by the "gentes togatæ," but with carriages conveying fair ladies to enjoy the fresh air after a siesta, and with myriads of crown-shaven, black-gowned, knee-breeched, shoe-buckled, cocked-hatted and thin-legged priests, scuttling about in every direction, like the frogs of Egypt. After securing lodgings in the English quarter, near the Piazza di Spagna, a most retired and agreeable place, I climbed the Pincian hill, laid out by Napoleon, in the most delightful drives, and shaded walks, and adorned by works of arts. From the summer-house of a private garden I saw the seven hills, and the verdant summit of Soracte, no longer "nive candidum," for the snow which fell in the time of Horace has changed to rain, and the Tiber flows the year around, unfettered by an icy covering. Its stream is "flavus" exceedingly, not yellow, but tawny, and the water must stand six months to be drinkable.

The modern lions of Rome, say the guide-books, must be visited before the antiques, to be appreciated, and the lion king first—St. Peter's.

Crossing the marble bridge of Adrian, adorned with statues on each pier, we front his mighty Mausoleum, now the castle of St. Angelo. Turning to the left, we advance a few hundred paces through a narrow street into an oval space flanked by sweeping semi-circular colonades. In the centre stands a lofty Egyptian obelisk, between two magnificent fountains of porphyry. Before, rises the majestic front of the Basilica, with colossal statues of our Saviour and 'the twelve' upon its balustrade, and behind it, the towering dome whose cross aspires to heaven. We reach the Corinthian portico, stand still to look up, and, almost staggered by the vastness of the pile, rush to one of the doors, open it with intense expectation, and—are disappointed. The proportions of the interior are so perfect that one is quite deceived, and not till he marks the Lilliputian figures moving over the tessellated pavement, and measures himself with the infant cherubs, six feet high, and broad shouldered as Hercules, which support the fountains of holy water, does he appreciate its vast dimensions. He rapidly paces the nave, looks up into the dome opening like the vault of heaven, hurries on to the high altar which forms the "ultima Thule," then turning hastily round, surveys the whole with wonder. He sees the tombs of the Popes, and reclining upon one of them, a female figure, the work of Michael Angelo, so beautiful that a young Spaniard loved it,—the finest mosaics in the world, excelling in richness and depth of color all paintings—the tomb of St. Peter under the dome, covered by a lofty bronze canopy, and perfumed by undying tapers, and the bronze statue of St. Peter, as the Catholics affirm, of Jupiter according to heretics, of both say the wags, for it represents the *Jew Peter*. Ascending to the roof by a broad spiral road, he sees upon its vast surface, where an army might encamp, huge towers, cupolas, and habitations for the hundred servitors, whose pride and industry keep the sacred interior free from spot or stain. He inspects the backs of the apostles, "built up, in faith," of coarse stones, and then climbing higher, he mounts the stairs which wind between the walls of the double dome, bending his body in a concentric arch, and crying "Excelsior," till he stands in the copper ball, five hundred feet in the air. Through its eyelet-holes he takes a view of Rome, and the Appennines stretching their long wall to the north, Father Tiber rushing into the Adriatic at Ostia, and the boundless sea spotted with the white lateen sail.

The palace of the Vatican, the residence of the Pope while the city is free from malaria, stands beside the Church. Its famous chapel La Sistine has on its walls Michael Angelo's painting of the Last Judgment; and, on Good Friday, the unrivaled choir of thirty-two singers here chant the mournful Miserere. Its galleries contain the finest picture in the world, the Transfiguration, by Raphael. By good fortune, I gained admission to the private apartments of his Holiness. Among other elaborate and beautiful ornaments, the crucifix, wrought in bronze, or marble, or alabaster, is conspicuous in each room. There is one, the work of an ingenious monk, representing the frame convulsed with agony, which was carved from a human thigh bone. The noble halls of statuary, in the Vatican, should be visited by torch-light. Like

Promethean fire, it wakes the inanimate form into life. Here the Laocoon, with his sons, writhe amid the folds of two huge serpents—the Apollo Belvedere, not to be copied in clay, stands in an attitude of manly grace and dignity—and the Torso challenges our admiration of the art which could give life and expression to a mere human trunk.

The three hundred and sixty-five Churches which adorn Rome, might alone employ the curious every day for a twelvemonth. Some are ancient temples, and strange legends are interwoven with their history. In the Church of Pilate, on the Capitoline hill, at the head of "the hundred stairs," there is a wooden Bambino, or infant Christ, which is said to have walked thither from Jerusalem, and to possess the power of curing all diseases. A lady, who was very ill, sent for the image, and on recovering, she brought a fac-simile to the shrine, where it is kept in swaddling clothes. It was the dead hour of night, and the holy father who had charge of the relics, snored mellifluously in an adjoining sacristy, when a thundering knock at the iron portal waked him in a fright. Trembling and shivering, he groped his way along the nave, with keys in hand, while the kicks and blows increased in violence. He had no sooner opened the door than in stalked the Bambino, marched to the shrine, sprang at a bound into his own place, kicked the intruder out upon the pavement, and lay down quiet as a lamb. He has since been kept under lock and key. "Do you believe that?" said my informant, Dr. R. of New York, to a young advocate who told him the story. "Oh, yes," replied the other, "the Church says so." But, though many thus relinquish their private judgment, Rome is filled with infidels and rebellious scoffers. The "prophet in his own country," though a sovereign prince, commands far less respect at home than abroad. The present Pope, Gregory XVI., is an amiable old gentleman of seventy, who won the triple crown by his own merit, and a warm patron of literature and art, passes his time in rest and quietness. I might have been presented to his Holiness, had he not taken it into his head to leave town one day, in three coaches, with an escort of dragoons, galloping furiously through the streets. The people fell on their knees, and the successor of St. Peter, taking snuff with one hand, blessed them with the other, as he hastened into his villa at Frascati.

The festivals and ceremonies of the Church are celebrated with a splendor and magnificence which well become the place and the occasion. After the gay fooleries of the Carnival, when masquers and harlequins fill the streets, and ladies, from the balconies, pelt every passer-by with sugar-plums, and horses, let loose in the Corso, fly through the streets, goaded by a spur, and terrified by the shouts of the spectators, the solemnities of Passion week commence. The processions of the cardinals and clergy, attending the Pope to St. Peter's, the impressive services, the unearthly music, the crowds of soldiers, priests, Swiss guards and ladies, and the papal benediction, on Easter Sunday, which draws all Rome into the vast Piazza, are followed by the entire illumination of the Church and its dome, the firing of cannon from St. Angelo, and a display of fireworks, which brings back the day, and seems to wrap the Tiber in flames.

The Papacy alone has preserved Rome from utter ruin. The Coliseum, ivy-crowned, appears, by moonlight, an almost perfect structure, yet half the palaces of the city have been quarried from its mountain mass; and had not Benedict XIV. consecrated the pile, already hallowed by the blood of Christian martyrs, its walls might now have been scattered over the Campus Martius. The Pantheon, once a Roman temple, and the admiration of every architect, is now a Christian Church. Rome itself, consecrated by the shadow of St. Peter's cross, has more than once been spared by the barbarian invader.

We will not attempt to describe the Roman Forum, which, bordered with temples, lined with statues, and bounded by the Capital, was once a theatre of Roman eloquence, where Caius Gracchus and the great Scipio moved the people. Triumphal arches and columns illustrate the names of Constantine, Severus, and the noble Antonine. It must be seen; one must enter the presence, and contemplate the classic ruins, until

"The heart runs o'er
With silent worship of the great of old."

A stranger in Rome is struck with the gravity of the people, one of the few traits which they retain of the original character. The lower classes possess a remarkable frankness and independence of spirit. The Roman women are called beautiful by those who admire brunettes, and their manners are graceful, and even fascinating. One fine afternoon, in company with Dr. R., I followed the crowd to the gardens of the villa Borghese, where games in the circus were announced. It was the commencement of the Saturnalia. Cardinals, in scarlet robes and scull-caps, stood chatting with black-robed priests, who took snuff and shrugged their shoulders; gaily dressed soldiers were flirting with dark-eyed girls, in long white veils and Roman bodices; finely formed peasants, in picturesque dress, and wearing the laced sandal, lay stretched on the turf; the trumpets were sounding; and at a given signal, horses galloped twice or thrice around the circus, with men standing on their backs. Next, a party of girls, in short dresses of white, decorated with ribbons and rosettes, bestriding their horses, entered the lists, and plied the whip vigorously, to the admiration of all. The victorious damsel, crowned with a wreath of laurel, entwined with flowers, was led round the circus, preceded by a band, to receive the congratulations of the admiring crowd.

Fifteen miles from Rome, nestling among the hills, is Tivoli, the abode of Horace, a lovely retreat, overlooking Rome, the Campagna, and the sea. Here are the cascades of the "headlong Anio," the grove of giant olives—"Tiburni lucus"—and the guides pretend to show the site of the poet's residence. The fairy temple of Vesta, encircled by Corinthian columns, crowns the brow of a precipice, and charms the eye and mind with its beauty and associations, even more than the lovely scenery which surrounds it. In returning to Rome, we pass the spot where Palmyra's Queen dethroned, assuming the inferior dignity of a noble Roman lady, peacefully ended her days. A rich vine-

yard, where men were treading out grapes, surrounds the villa of Adrian, but its theatre, its temple, the miniature vale of Tempe, and other adornments of its vast pleasure grounds, may yet be distinguished. But, bidding adieu to these scenes, and leaving the palaces, with their treasures of art, the baths of Antonine and Caracalla, the studios of Thorwaldsen the Dane, and our countryman Crawford, to be described by the books, we pass from the ruins of old Rome, through the Pontine marches and Capua, to the vine-covered hills and smiling shores of Campania Felice.

"See Naples and then die," says the old Italian proverb, and so thought I, while viewing from a lofty apartment near the clouds, the noble bay—the sun setting behind Capri, which crouched, like a lion with yellow mane, between the two headlands of the coast—Vesuvius rising on the left, amid curling wreaths of light blue smoke—and the city, with its castle, and royal palace, and spires, and squares, and gardens, lying beneath. The *lazzaroni* in red liberty-caps, with knee breeches, and natural tights of a mahogany color, basked in the sun, and devoured long strings of macaroni. The boatmen rowed in from the islands of the bay, singing their lively *barcaroles*, and all was life and gayety. What a contrast to the sombre majesty of Rome—like the autumnal gloom of a primeval forest, compared with the "ethereal mildness" and brightness of a joyous spring!

I had often heard of the genius of the Neapolitans for abstraction, and was forcibly reminded of it one morning, by missing a handkerchief and purse while walking in the Castle square, which swarms with small, keen-eyed boys. Thinking, however, that a 'native American' could not be taken in twice, I pocketed some heavy copper coin, and calmly sauntered up and down, to invite the attention of unwary youth. Whilst my attention was diverted for a moment by two *lazzaroni* assailing each other, as usual, not with blows, but abuse in the harsh Neapolitan dialect, the coppers vanished, and each "artful dodger" looked straight forward and demure, the picture of innocence. The most approved method of capturing these young delinquents, is to pin the handkerchief in the pocket, and when they begin to tug, to collar and cane the little villains.

The environs of Naples are crowded with some of the most interesting objects and remains of antiquity. A railroad, skirting the bay, brings one in half an hour to the gate of Pompeii, twice entombed in the ashes of Vesuvius, and disinterred only in the last century. I entered with a party of Sicilian gentlemen, who were extremely polite in explaining the unintelligible *patois* of the guide. The narrow streets of the suburbs are lined with small buildings, containing cinerary urns, ranged upon stone shelves. Cicero, whose villa is shown in the city, speaks, in his letters, of sitting with a friend on a stone bench, near one of the gates. The bench and gate have been recognized, from the description. Within the walls, the streets widen, and the houses, built in hollow squares, of stone and thin brick neatly cemented, grow larger. In the loopholes, which served for windows, bits of glass still

remain, secured by iron clamps, and the deep ruts of chariot-wheels are seen in the pavement. The walls of private rooms are adorned with fine frescoes, and the pavement is wrought in mosaic. The most curious relics, in the shape of coins, trinkets, marbles, and rolls of papyrus, are in the Museum at Naples, beside the Toro and Hercules Farnese; but we see the baths and ovens, the cornmills of stone, and oil jars, like those now used by the Italians, undisturbed in their places. The temples, and the amphitheatre, where the audience are supposed by some to have been surprised by a shower of ashes, are in perfect preservation. It is the work of several hours to explore the streets and winding ways already uncovered, yet two thirds of the city are still in embryo. On leaving Pompeii, I walked rapidly towards the crater of Vesuvius, rising at the distance of two leagues. The road wound between high walls, and occasionally led through a hamlet, where peasants treading out grapes, and pouring the red juice into goat skins, enlivened their labor with true Neapolitan wit and gayety. Soon it dwindled to a path, through the luxuriant vineyards, which conceal the foot of the mountain. The ascent was intolerably fatiguing, and though it is but two miles, I was two hours in reaching the summit. Broad streams of lava encrust the surface, and, at every step, the foot sinks deep into the soil. The steep cone of the crater is formed of hard baked earth, so hot as to be disagreeable to the touch. Vesuvius is a model volcano, and the crater appears like a pie-dish, containing an inverted cup, hollow at either end. The walls of the cup are formed of piled masses of jasper-colored rock, and the interior of the dish is lined with lava calcined into every hue, and breathing sulphur. Snowy clouds encircling the mountain, hid the matchless landscape from my eyes, and I had half resolved to sleep in the crater, to enjoy the view at sunrise, when suddenly the mist whirled into the higher air, the sun burst forth, gilding the spires and white palaces of Naples, and flooding the sea and its verdant isles with rosy light. I descended on the opposite side in ten minutes, a distance it required an hour to climb, and reached the hermitage, where a chief and company of guides pretended to be petrified at seeing me alone, as it is their interest to magnify the danger. After stumbling down the break-neck road leading to Portici, I broke a ten hours' fast by a hearty supper and a flask of sweet red wine, and then returned to Naples. Next day, I visited Herculaneum, which, buried in liquid fire now congealed into solid rock, emerges but slowly from the bowels of the earth, though the spoils left by the people in their hasty flight, richly repay the toil of excavation.

The favorite promenade at Naples, is the royal and truly paradisaical garden, which borders the bay for a mile, like the Battery of New York. One might fancy himself an inhabitant of Elysium while walking, at evening, through its perfumed orange groves, adorned with graceful statues and cooling fountains, the glowing colors of an Italian sky contrasting with the deep blue of the heaving waters. The garden terminates at a little distance from the range of hills, encircling the city and bay, and pierced by the famous grotto of Posilippo, a lofty

tunnel, half a mile in length, which has existed from time immemorial. It leads from the bay of Naples to the bay of Baiæ. High above the yawning entrance is the tomb of Virgil, overgrown with ivy and myrtle, and crowned, most happily, by a single laurel. It is a rude apartment of stone, and inscribed upon its walls appears his modest epitaph—

“ Mantua me genuit ; Calabri rapuere ; tenet nunc
Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.”

Strange to say, Virgil is better known to the Neapolitans as a necromancer than as a poet.

Leaving Naples at the dead hour of night, I walked alone through the gloomy grotto, and beside the shore, while the surging waves of the Mediterranean alone disturbed the stillness, and found myself at sunrise in the temple of Diana, at Baiæ. When Horace sang, Baiæ was the gay pleasure-capital of the empire, inviting luxury by its soft air and delightful scenery—

“ Nullus in orbe sinus Baiæ præluet amœnia.”

Now, its only charm is that of memory and association.

It is the labor of days to explore this classic region, which Virgil has poetically described in the *Æneid*, as the scene of his hero's adventures. The port of Misenum, the Elysian fields, the lake Avernus, the entrance into Hades, the Sibyl's grotto, and gloomy Acheron flowing within its cavernous depths, and the Mare Mortuum fill the eye almost at a glance, and leave the mind confused with a crowd of associations. The poet has beautifully colored those scenes, “*lumine vestit purpureo*,” and the imagination must supply the defects of the picture which the hand of Time has marred. Retracing my steps from the bluff promontory of Misenum, the limit of this classic ground, I visited the Grotto del Cane, “the lungs of Pluto,” a cave in the side of a hill, washed by the lake Agnano, which fills the crater of an extinct volcano. Not caring to see a wretched cur thrust, for the hundredth time, into the infernal vent, and dragged out half suffocated, I stooped down and breathed the gas, which, taken in small quantities, exhilarates like champagne. At Puteoli, I saw the place where St. Paul is supposed to have landed two ages ago—a spot which, the guide said, was always inquired for by the English and American travelers. It is like emerging from the shades of Posilippo into noonday brightness, to pass from regions shrouded in antiquity to the gay and brilliant life of Naples.

But, in visiting the ruins of Pæstum, even these scenes appear modern and of yesterday. A few hours' drive among the mountains, brings us near Salerno, within view of its noble bay, and the islands of the Sirens rising near the shore. A temple of Minerva once stood upon a neighboring promontory, dedicated by Ulysses, after passing, like Eneas, the fatal isles in safety. Pæstum is near the sea, in a desolate plain, filled with pools of water, and infected by malaria. Herds of black buffaloes, and a few cadaverous mortals tending ragged sheep, give a ‘deadly-lively’ look to the landscape. Mount Alburnus, clothed with verdure, rises in the distance. All that remain of the once flourishing Posidonia, are the forms of three majestic temples, in

an early Doric style, massive and simple. They were antiques in the time of Augustus, and supposed to be coeval with the Pyramids. Janus and the Argonauts are fabled to have worshiped and left votive offerings in them. The material is yellow travertine marble, porous as a sponge, but hard as adamant. The frieze and entablature are almost perfect. An awful stillness reigns through the city, only disturbed by the cawing of rooks and chirping sparrows, that build their nests in the crannies of the temple roofs. The solitary guide traces the line of the ancient wall, and the broken arch of a gateway. Little black-looking boys encounter the traveler, offering pieces of pottery, ornamented, like Etruscan ware, with heads and figures of animals, and bunches of the twice-blooming roses of Pæstum—"biferi rosaria aesti."

The king of Naples is, in point of size, the greatest monarch in Europe. Married to a fair little wife, his favorite amusements are bear hunting and reviewing his troops, noted for their cowardice. "Dress them as you please," said one of his generals, when consulted about a new uniform for the army, "they will run away." I saw them performing evolutions, and engaging in a sham fight, on an elevated plain, overlooking the bay. No powder was burned, but the king, on turning, fired a few lucifers, and halted the army to light his cigar.

Naples boasts the largest theatre in the world, named after San Carlo. It is filled only on gala days, when the people wedge themselves into the pit, and the eye sees, with surprise, the six tiers of boxes thronged with fair faces, and lighted by wax tapers. The distance from the stage makes the play a mere pantomime, and every one converses with his neighbor in any tone he pleases. I went one evening, with the expectation of seeing the king and queen. The royal box was brilliantly illuminated, and the courtiers, in gay dresses, stood waiting, but their majesties did not appear. The orchestra was well trained, and played admirably, as it always does in Italy, one of Rossini's operas. The singing, like the voices of the audience, was rather harsh.

After passing a fortnight delightfully at Naples, I left the bay in a French government steamer, and, passing Civita Vecchia and Elba by moonlight, landed at Leghorn on the second day.

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None are as fair as Florence."

We entered the western gate at dawn of day, as the peasants were repairing in crowds from the villages to their daily work. The diligence rumbled through the broad, flagged streets into the great square, silent and deserted at this early hour, but relieved by groups of colossal statuary, that seem animated by the fire of Michael Angelo's genius.

I lodged at a hotel, upon the Arno, which divides the city, and in view of the bridge where the Guelphs and Ghibbelines first met in strife, and the husband of Bianca Capello was stabbed, at midnight, as he rode to his house. The bank of the river is a promenade, leading

to an extensive pleasure-ground, thickly planted with shade trees. I found some agreeable acquaintances among the young American artists at Florence. They took me to the studios of our countrymen, Power and the lamented Clevenger, who have won a reputation even in Italy. The former is quite the rage with the English, who show their good will by giving him liberal orders. We criticized the Saracenic cathedral, disfigured by an octagonal dome and gloomy interior, with white-washed walls, and admired the tall Campanile, by its side, with its chiming bells and lofty windows. We stood in "Santa Croce's holy precincts," where Michael Angelo's remains repose, beside those of Galileo and Machiavel, and rambled through the park-like gardens of the Pitti Palace, where the great sculptor studied his favorite art, under the auspices of Lorenzo. They are laid out in the English landscape style, embellished with Italian taste, and perfumed with the fragrant flowers which Florence alone can boast. From Milton's window, in the monastery built on the hill of Fesol , I viewed the queenly city, resting in the vale of Arno, like "a lily in a bed of roses." The Appennines enclose the landscape, which seems one continued grove and garden, sprinkled with white villas and spires peeping through the dense foliage. Milton, in his fourth book, has pictured the view of Paradise from this scenery of Vallombrosa,

"Where the Etrurian shades

High over-arch'd imbower."

He loved to wander beside the Arno, under the shade of its poplars, and has interwoven with his own poetical creations many of these delightful scenes.

Florence has many attractions for people of leisure and taste. Its galleries are the shrine of Beauty's goddess—

"Venus herself, who, when she left the skies,
Came hither ;"

and, like the libraries, the palaces, and the museums of anatomy, are open to all. The government is mild and paternal, the society highly cultivated, and all the pleasures and resources of a capital may be enjoyed with the smallest means. The Buonaparte family live here, in retirement, and the ex-kings Joseph and Jerome, may be seen taking the air on fine afternoons, when the Grand Duke parades his coach and six through the Via Larga. No wonder that artists flock hither, to pass some of their delightful years. For half the cost of living at home, one may lodge in a palace, and be 'filled with good things,' and, meanwhile, revel in the enjoyment of the beauties of Art and Nature.

The day before leaving Florence, I took a last view of the city, from the opposite heights beyond the river, crowned by the church of San Miniato, and visited the observatory in Galileo's villa, where his leather-cushioned arm chair and rude oaken table remain as he left them. I journeyed on to Pisa, stood on the dizzy top of its leaning belfry tower, that threatens each moment to fall, and embarked at Leghorn for Genoa. It was with a sad feeling that I looked, for the last time, upon the shores of Italy, sinking in the blue Mediterranean, nor did my spirits return till I heard the gay laugh and sprightly voices of Frenchmen, on the quay of Marseilles.

R.

THE SELF-DECEIVED.

A VACATION INCIDENT.

It was the summer vacation. The bustling scenes of Commencement were over, the old bell had ceased its shrill warning notes, and crowds of students, instead of seeking their accustomed haunts, were hurrying away from their cheerless and deserted rooms. Among those whose faces were lighted with the joyous anticipation of home-returning scenes and pleasures, was George Stuart, a clever, good-natured fellow, full of frankness and generosity, though somewhat too sensitive and irritable. His home was a beautiful villa, on the banks of the Hudson, where his father, a retired New York merchant, and now a whimsical, amateur farmer, was spending his old age in rural pursuits. Mrs. Stuart, and two lovely daughters, composed the remainder of the family, and all were now looking forward to our student's return.

George, as is usual with those of his frank and generous disposition, was keenly susceptible to the attractions of the fair sex, and his heart had become quite captivated by the dark, soft eyes of the graceful and much admired Laura Woodstock, a resident of New York, who had been spending the summer months of a previous year, in the beautiful 'city of Elms.' So many a romantic walk had he taken with her, and so many of his leisure hours had been spent in her company, that rumor already, among the unmarried ladies, announced it 'a positive engagement.' In New York, too, George soon managed to discover some hitherto sadly neglected relatives, whom duty prompted him to visit in the vacations. Of course he met Miss Woodstock at church, at parties, in Broadway, and at last in her own parlor; but the history of her conquest we will not give—suffice that it was complete, and George never knew but that she was in love with him.

On arriving in the city then, instead of obeying the very urgent solicitations of his sisters, that he should come home at once, he drove to the Astor, made an elaborate toilet, and then proceeded up Broadway. With a flushed face, palpitating heart, and other such symptoms of a lover's expectation, he rang at the door of an aristocratic-looking mansion, long enough to satisfy any reasonable man that nobody was at home. A servant from the next door, finally convinced him of that fact, by informing him that the family had left more than a month before; he believed to go abroad. Perplexed and disappointed, George returned to the hotel, and was soon on his way up the Hudson. But the majestic river had lost its accustomed charms. Where had the Woodstocks gone? was the problem he tried to solve, as he paced the promenade deck with a very vacant look. Could it be possible, that a being so amiable, confiding, and true-hearted, as Miss Laura would leave for 'parts unknown,' without even an intimation! Many lugubrious thoughts had George on his passage, and when he came to the landing he was so absent-minded as to run against his dear old father, without even recognizing him. The warm grasp of the

old gentleman's hand he returned, however, with furious animation, after he had awoke from his reverie.

"Why, my son," said Mr. Stuart, with rather a wondering look, "why didn't you come home before? Your mother's worrying her good soul for fear you're drowned, and Julia says you're in love, and now you act and seem to me a little cracked."

George stammered out, in reply, the student's plea of indisposition.

During the ride home, the old gentleman endeavored to amuse his abstracted son with a most elaborate description of several new improvements, especially a Gothic arbor which seemed to be his peculiar hobby just then, but getting no answer, leaned back in his seat and fell into a sound nap. They were now near home, and had passed one or two familiar old houses, in the outskirts of the little village, when our hero was waked from his dreams, by the tramping sound of the approach of two gay riders,—a handsome young man, with quite a foreign air, and a most graceful and beautiful horse-woman. He thrust his head out of the carriage, and those dark eyes met his for an instant. He could not be mistaken, but he was unrecognized, and the clear, merry laugh of the lady, as she turned to her companion, could be none other than her's. How did she come there? Who was the gentleman with her? George was completely mystified and chagrined. The cut might have been accidental. But then, if it were, who was that fine looking youth with the moustache, and how did he come into this part of the world?

"Father," he exclaimed, waking up the old gentleman, "who were those that just passed?"

"Six feet by ten for this arch," said the old gentleman, starting.

"Yes, yes, but didn't you see that lady and gentleman that passed on horseback? a beautiful girl, very fair, on a black horse."

"Well, I don't know; black horse, eh? I suppose it was Woodstock's horse, and may be his daughter, Julia's friend."

"Oh, yes—Woodstock—I knew it—no—I mean, where do they live?"

"Why, I forgot to tell you that Woodstock bought that large estate next to ours,—and lives there now."

"Ah, good!" replied his son. "But who's that tall gentleman with the dark moustache—who's he?"

"I don't know; ask your sister Julia."

The old gentleman noticed his son's embarrassment while speaking, but a new idea for the arbor having struck him, he went on to detail it, and the description lasted till they reached home. As they drew up to the porch of a beautiful cottage residence, tastefully surrounded with graceful trees, and commanding a view of the majestic river, George recognized the dear familiar forms of home, summoned, by the sound of the carriage wheels, to welcome his return. Ere the carriage stopped, a light, laughter-loving girl of eighteen came bounding forward to meet her brother, and the noise of the carriage steps was the signal for the joyful bark of Nero, the house-dog, and the eager contest of two old domestics for the privilege of carrying "Mister George's trunk."

"Ah! you've come at last, George," said the careful and troubled

Mrs. Stuart; "what *did* keep you? How you have grown! I was so anxious—your are well, I hope?" After receiving his mother's affectionate embrace, George eagerly saluted his favorite sister Mary, who, when the first excitement of welcome was over, led him to his apartments, which her taste had selected and adorned.

Seated once more at the tea-table, surrounded by his mother and sisters, home pleasures began in earnest, and our hero's love-lorn expression began to lighten up a little. His mother would monopolize the conversation by telling him as usual how anxious she had been. She had first supposed that he had been taken sick in New Haven, then that he had fallen overboard, or was lost in New York, etc. Mr. Stuart, who, listening patiently, had anxiously awaited a pause, interrupted at length:—

"By the way, George, have I told you any thing about my arbor, perfectly unique, in true Gothic, finely situated—'twill be done next week—design from Downing."

The theme was inexhaustible, and the old gentleman would have pursued it, had not the quiet and affectionate sister Mary inquired, as such sisters do, about George's standing and progress in College.

"Ah, yes!" said Julia, "and how are all the pretty ladies of New Haven—are you smitten yet? We've one here, brother,—I must show you Laura Woodstock. I told her you were coming."

George colored a little.

"She is beautiful, George; I know you will like her."

He eat with nervous rapidity, and stammered out something about having met her, he *believed*, on the road. Julia looked hard at him and he was obliged most hastily to dispatch his tea, and hand his cup to his mother.

"Julia," said Mr. Stuart, "you must tell George all about this lady; he is very anxious to know, he was so much taken at first sight."

This last sally, together with Julia's arch look, somehow or other caused cup and saucer to slip out of his hand; which catastrophe gave his mother a moment's opportunity to change the subject.

"Ah! George, you're nervous; I thought you were not well when I first saw you; you have studied too hard." Mothers always attribute students' ills to hard study. "I've been dreading the confinement of that college. You don't look as you used to do."

"George is as well as I am," said Julia. "I know what the matter is. He has evident symptoms of poetic frenzy, and we shall soon find him inditing verses to his mistress's eyebrows. Such complaints are not uncommon in College, are they, George? I don't believe his case is so very desperate—change of scene, amusements, and particularly *riding*," said she, archly, "will do wonders: and now that I think of it, we're to have a delightful sail on Friday, and you've come just in time to join us. Miss Woodstock is to be of the party. Oh! she is such a beauty, and quite a belle we hear, in New York. Did you ever see her there, George?—though she is quite destitute of admirers up in this barbarous region—that is, except—but perhaps"—

"Why, George, what's the matter with you," said Mary, noticing the change in his countenance.

"Oh! nothing—that is, I am not quite well, I believe. Julia, why do you look at me so? I think, Mary, we met the lady you speak of, on horseback, riding with a gentleman; who was he, do you know him?"

"What has the gentleman to do with you?" said Julia; "you seem to take more interest in the lady—ah! she's a sad jilt."

While George unconsciously sighed his sisters laughed, and he commenced advocating the proposed party most strenuously. Could not the day be changed to Thursday? That could not be, Mary suggested. Mr. Howard could not leave West Point till Friday, and Julia would not be disposed to give him up. George had now complete revenge in the laugh of his father, and the very perceptible tinge in his mischievous sister's cheek. The loved old songs were eagerly called for and listened to during the evening, while the old gentleman worked away diligently at a design of a northeast section of the arbor, occasionally explaining it in an incomprehensible way to Mrs. Stuart, who meanwhile watched with a fond mother's look, the happy group. Just before they parted for the night, Julia whispered in her brother's ear,—
"I know all; take care that she don't jilt you."

"What?" exclaimed he, but ere the monosyllable was uttered, she sprang away like a fawn.

George thought over the scenes and hints of the day till a late hour.

Next morning, after a breakfast at which he had been peculiarly silent and incomprehensible, he wandered forth in a contemplative mood in the direction of Mr. Woodstock's. His look was so lackadaisical, and his step so measured and slow, that the old gardener wondered "what could be the raison Misther George acted so quarely. Sure it's meself's a thinkin' that he's studyin' the life out av him. Misther George, Misther George, wouldn't ye be likin to look at some thumpin big paches?"

"In very good health, thank you, Patrick," said he, walking on abstractedly. The gambols of his favorite Newfoundland were unnoticed, and the mortified animal hung its ears, and fell behind its master. Both man and dog looked as if part of a funeral procession. At last, Mr. Stuart catching sight of his son, overtook him, and with eager haste led the unwilling critic to his hobby. When they had nearly reached the famous arbor, the old gentleman carefully shielded his son's eyes from witnessing too gradually the astounding effect. But when they came within full view, and the hand was removed, George, instead of grasping his father for support or betraying any unreasonable excitement, languidly remarked,—

"Well, father, is this it? well, it's very pretty. What's it good for? What are you going to do with it?"

"Going to do with it!" exclaimed his father indignantly, "what's it good for! Is this all you've gone to College for, you tasteless young scamp? don't you see any architectural beauties?—there, just take this view, sir—there, what d'ye think of that? did you ever see anything so exquisitely Gothic?—just such an affair as the old Saxons might have erected. See how perfectly symmetrical." Frank, however, saw nothing in it but a heap of fantastic logs—but he attempted a profound admiration, which was such a desperate failure that his father broke him short.

"Well, well, that's enough; now I just want you to help me raise this arch a little to see the effect; there, that's it, up now—steady." George, however, was but an unskillful workman, he knocked a log out of its place, and down it came upon his father's toe. "There, sir," said the old gentleman, limping round, "you may go now, you've done enough. By George, what's in the boy—I believe he's mad."

George attempted to explain, but he could not express himself very coherently, and his father stopped him short by giving orders in a very excited way for the reparation of the damage he had occasioned. In none the better humor for his mishap, he wandered on through a little path in the woods in the direction of Mr. Woodstock's, until he came to a slight rustic fence which separated the estates, and pursued a path leading by its side. He soon reached a rippling brook flowing through an orchard in Mr. Woodstock's grounds. Here he paused and listlessly reclined in the shade of a huge oak. Gazing on the loaded trees of her father's orchard, naturally suggested to him one of Virgil's love scenes. So for half an hour he mechanically repeated, much to the amusement of the gardener who listened just over the fence,—

*"Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala
Dux ego vester oram vidi cum matre legentem
Jam fragiles poteram a terra contingere ramos
Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error!"*

"Beautiful," said he; "oh! that it were real." He would gladly have brought her there to perfect the picture, but it was too early to call, and the painful presentiment, excited by what he had seen the afternoon before, and confirmed by his sister's ominous whisper, still preserved its influence. "Oh should it be so, I'd go with them on Friday and coolly drown myself in her presence."

Scarcely had he said this, when casting his eyes towards the orchard he caught sight of a well-known symmetrical figure, gracefully moving beneath the laden boughs. He started; poetry and truth had met together—it was the consummation of his wishes, and he sprang to his feet and leaped the fence; but suddenly pausing and yet keeping his eyes upon the scene as if fascinated, he stealthily returned and concealed himself behind the oak. *He* was there, too. The same tall, handsome figure, with the moustache. Protected by the friendly oak, our hero marked well the studied politeness of his attentions to Miss Woodstock. With jealous eye he fancied that he detected an expression of tenderness and affection in the stranger's look. How George envied his rival, and cursed his own fate! But now the stranger, with his fair guide, sauntered down the little path which led directly by the oak to the river's bank. How our hero felt, as they drew nearer, chatting together most gaily, and with unmistakable tenderness, we will not say. As the stranger carefully handed her light, agile form over the little stream, George ungenerously wished him a ducking, and afterwards, when he called her "*Laura*," he wished him drowned. As they passed he listened breathlessly.

"I think," said the lady, "a gentleman, Mr. George Stuart, one of my old friends, has just arrived. He will probably call on me to-day."

"Aha! one of your admirers, is it? I shall be quite jealous."

George, who had shrunk up into as small a space as possible, behind the oak, now followed noiselessly after, and dodging from tree to tree like an Indian, managed to elude their observation. They had reached the river, and were amusing themselves by watching the graceful movements of the various river craft, when the stranger's gallantry sent him to the house to procure an umbrella, for the sun's rays were oppressive. Viewing this movement with a fierce satisfaction, Frank moved on stealthily with a leopard's step, until he came quite near Miss Woodstock, who was standing with her face towards the river. He was unnoticed—another instant and he would have stood before her in all the dignity of offended pride—but, alas! in taking the very last step he stumbled over a fallen tree, and found himself unintentionally at the feet of his faithless inamorata. This of course destroyed the tragic effect of the anticipated scene, while mortification took the place of majestic sternness he had assumed especially for the time. He picked himself up very hastily, and Miss Woodstock, assuming all her self-possession, though a smile was *almost* audible at his ludicrous appearance, approached, and with the greatest good nature, proffered her hand.

"Why, Mr. Stuart," said she, "where *did* you spring from?"

Frank thought she meant to insult him, for not springing with more dexterity; so he said nothing, but looked volumes.

"Who," she continued, looking at his dejected countenance, "who would have supposed that these woods were haunted by such sad, sober students? Why, Mr. Stuart, what is the matter with you?"

"Is it for you to ask, Miss Woodstock?" (he had before assumed that lover's privilege of calling her "Laura,") he replied, with some warmth, and then muttered something about being disturbed in his fondest dreams.

"Why, Mr. Stuart, what can you mean? I am unconscious of having disturbed your dreams—have you been sleeping here under these trees?"

George, supposing this another insult, replied that he could not have supposed that Miss Woodstock would jest with him in such a manner, under such circumstances, and begged her to reserve her sallies for another.

"Ah," said Miss Woodstock, with a wondering look, yet smiling in her good humor, "I think I have now some faint comprehension of your meaning. Pray don't assume such a tragic expression, and I will explain."

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said George, with still greater seriousness. "It is of no consequence, Miss Woodstock; I hope that—may you—may you experience all the happiness!"

"Then you won't hear me?" interrupted she.

George would have replied, but was prevented by the arrival of the gentleman of the moustache, with a large umbrella.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Stuart."

"So Miss Woodstock insists upon adding insult to injury; if so—farewell for ever." Thus saying, our hero plunged into the woods, and was soon lost among the trees. Miss Laura was obliged, laughingly, to restrain the impetuosity of the stranger, who would fain have followed and obtained satisfaction from the gentleman who had treated him so cavalierly. Before George was fairly out of hearing, a loud, hearty laugh broke on his ear, which made him resolve to challenge the man who had added this last insult.

George's gloominess that day was mysterious to all except his mischievous sister. His mother decided that he must leave College at once, and Mary tried, with a sister's solicitude, to divine the cause, but in vain. Julia, with well-assumed gravity, appeared equally anxious, and all saw that something was wrong. The sailing party now troubled him sadly. How could he avoid it? He tried every excuse. Go he must, for Julia was inexorable. She had, soon after the unfortunate rencontre, met Miss Woodstock, as she was returning from the river side, and had been introduced to the handsome stranger. The morning's adventure was soon told, but instead of complying with Miss Woodstock's desire that she should explain at once the matter to George, his fun-loving sister formed a plan to punish him a little longer, for his foolish and jealous impetuosity, to which Miss Laura, after much urging, reluctantly consented.

The appointed Friday at length came, and of all Fridays it seemed to George the most unlucky. Avoiding his sisters, he employed himself most assiduously in attending to sundry baskets, and fishing tackle, and followed by the old servant bearing them on his shoulder, soon made his appearance at the wharf, where a fairy little skiff lay, ready to receive the party. Old Cato's sagacious observations on the weather were treated with unwonted contempt by our ill-humored hero.

"Dem clouds look berry 'specious on the horizon, Mr. George."

"What do you know about the weather, Cato? Be still, can't you?"

The old servant turned away at this unexpected rebuke, muttering, "Mr. George be berry cross to-day."

All were so busy in getting aboard, and arranging matters, that George's petulance passed unnoticed, except by Miss Woodstock and Julia. She knew that a single word would have restored him to happiness and good humor, and would have given it, but Julia restrained her.

"Let him suffer a little longer the effects of his rashness," said she. "The sky will brighten after this gust of passion is over."

Laura's heightening color told her friend how much she wished *her* sky could that day be cloudless, but she remained silent, and turned to the stranger, who handed her into the boat, looking very hard and knowingly at George, who, seated in the bow, coldly saluted the party as they came, and then gazed into the water. A merry-looking cadet, who had come from West Point, to perform escort duty for Julia, seizing the tiller, the sails flew up, and away went the little bark, careering over the waves, and forming another among the snowy spots which whitened the river. Strange indeed, was the mixture of grave and

gay in the aspect of that party. Mr. Howard, the cadet, Miss Julia's lover, was the merriest fellow alive, and entertained the whole party with his graphic descriptions of military life. George, on the other hand, was in sad contrast. Taciturn and gloomy, he only wished the cruel destroyer of his peace to enjoy her conquest. Had her disposition been such as our hero imagined, she might have enjoyed the most exquisite amusement from the expression of his face. Attempting an appearance of indifference and gayety—the indifference was a painful attention to all Miss Woodstock said or did—the gayety resolved itself into a melancholy conversation with Mary. His pleasantries were such as might have been expected from a convict, joking with his executioner—his laughter ended in a strange, hollow noise, not unlike a groan.

George found a moment's consolation in grumbling, as he saw Mr. Howard looking into Julia's eyes instead of minding the tiller. The wind was now rapidly rising, the waves increased in size and dashed furiously against the little bark, as she darted bravely on her course.

"I think, Mr. Howard, we had better take a reef," said the gentleman of the moustache.

"Will you loose the halyards, Mr. Stuart?" said that gentleman, acting on the suggestion, and bringing her into the wind.

George grumbly complied, to avoid proximity to the ladies and a quarrel with the gentleman. Mr. Howard seeing a squall fast coming, sprang up to assist him. All, for a moment, were intent upon the sail. Suddenly a large wave dashed aside the prow, the wind caught the jib, and threatened to capsize the vessel.

"The tiller! stop the tiller! Miss Woodstock," shouted the cadet, jumping down to seize it. But she had no eyes for the tiller, and sprang up without knowing why, while among the other ladies, the usual screaming, which attends sailing parties, made complete confusion. Before Mr. Howard could reach the helm, the wind had caught the mainsail, and the boom swung round, carrying with it Miss Woodstock, who grasped it for safety. George, who was on the other side of the sail, sprang into the water, dived under the boat, and came up some distance astern, just in time to see the hated arm encircling her waist, and the fierce stranger scowling malignant triumph.

Laura, unconscious of what she did, in the excitement of the moment, and carried away by the impulse of her real affection, wildly exclaimed, "Stop, oh! quick—save, save him!" then, recovering herself, she appeared overwhelmed with confusion.

"Well, Laura, ha! ha! ha! it's of no use now, you've betrayed yourself," said her deliverer.

Poor Laura was obliged to join the party in the hearty laugh which the incident had occasioned. George, meanwhile, hardly understood the cause of all this merriment. His first impulse was to sink beneath the eyes of the cruel destroyer of his peace, and ever after haunt her, but he had heard her exclamation, and this, with the merry laugh which accompanied it, caused a strange bewilderment in his mind.

That evening the harvest moon shone clear and bright, and attracted by the loveliness of the night, guests assembled from all the neighborhood around, to attend a social party at Mr. Stuart's house. Miss Woodstock was the belle of the evening. Nor was the stranger absent, but to George's surprise, he soon left Miss Laura and paid his devoirs to his sister Mary. Every body wore a half humorous and quizzical expression, but not a word was said of the day's mishaps. George assumed a new character, became the gayest of the gay, looked pleased, sarcastic, and independent, flirted with several of the village damsels, and exhibited the utmost indifference towards Miss Woodstock. By and by he relapsed into a more dismal mood than ever, as dancing began, and he watched Laura's graceful motions. Julia thought that the time for the *dénouement* had come, and, leaving a quadrille, begged him to conduct her to the fresh air of the piazza. He complied the more readily, as Miss Woodstock had left the room.

"George," said his sister,—and now she assumed her kindest manner,—“why do you behave so strangely? you don't dance with Laura, nor did you say a word to her in the boat. I know all about your previous acquaintance. I can assure you she is quite hurt. Has she done any thing to offend you?”

“Does she, really,” replied he, with some earnestness, “care any thing about me?”

They turned and suddenly encountered Miss Woodstock and the stranger, who were also promenading.

“Laura!”—“Julia!” exclaimed the two ladies at once. An embarrassing pause might have followed, had not George, with a desperate effort, addressed a few stammering and complicated remarks to Miss Laura. He was immediately introduced to the stranger as her “brother Henry,” who had just returned from a tour in Europe.

His face wore an indescribable expression, but he caught Mr. Woodstock's hand and squeezed it vehemently. By some means the gentlemen found that they had exchanged sisters when they renewed the promenade, and an hour after, when Julia and Mr. Woodstock, carelessly sauntering through the moonlit walks, visited the Gothic arbor, they found it pre-occupied—need we say by whom?

MR. BROWNSON'S LECTURE.

NATIONAL GREATNESS. A Lecture delivered before the New Haven Young Men's Institute, Jan. 9th, 1845.

WHATEVER Mr. Brownson says, is worth consideration. His words are not to be passed by as the idle wind, for they are the utterance of a powerful mind, and a sincere heart. Whoever battles with him, hand to hand, will find him an antagonist not easily vanquished; and if we were not too insignificant to attract his notice, we should not

now venture, in emulation of the brave Lilliputian soldier, to tickle this sleeping Gulliver's nostrils with the point of our spear, lest he should sneeze us into annihilation.

Mr. Brownson's lecture, recently delivered in this city, we heard with attention, and thought it unworthy of its author. Not to mention the open advocacy of certain religious views lately adopted by that gentleman, a thing quite unsuited to the occasion, it indicated, in his mind, a general recoil from liberal opinions which we have, at other times, heard him eloquently defend, and a falling back upon ideas obsolete and quite behind the age. His subject was 'National Greatness;' his object, to prove that the Americans have less of it than any other civilized people; and his moral, that we should look to Europe as she appeared before the birth of "the so called Reformation," or to Spain and Italy at the present day, as models of true greatness. We suspect that this discourse was first delivered in Boston. A partial attempt to justify Mr. Brownson's present peculiar position, running through the whole, gives it the appearance of having been written for the benefit of his own friends and acquaintances.

He began by saying that perhaps there is no people more self-satisfied than the people of the United States. We are a great nation; the greatest under heaven. We have no doubt on the subject. When asked for proofs, we point to our vast territory, mostly a savage wilderness, to be sure, and less extensive than some other countries. We boast of our schools, our colleges, our free government; above all, of our grand doctrine, that "every man may here worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, or, if he please, not at all,—provided the mob will let him." We burn down a convent or church occasionally; but this is nothing; an accident. Let it go. We are a great people. Who says we are not? Now and then, to mar this lovely harmony, a discordant voice is heard. On the whole, however, we are unanimous.

Now, said Mr. Brownson, tape cannot be measured without a standard; a yard-stick for instance. So, to measure our national greatness, we must agree on some standard. If we choose a correct one, we shall arrive at a true estimate. "My standard is this: THAT NATION IS GREATEST IN WHICH MAN MOST EASILY AND MOST EFFECTUALLY ACCOMPLISHES THE END OF HIS PRESENT EXISTENCE." This end is to live for another life, not a mere extension of natural life, but one *supernatural*, to be bestowed as a reward of obedience to God and His Church; in a word, the true end of man in this world is to lead a Christian life. According to our standard, then, as national greatness is only collective individual greatness, and our only great man is our Christian man, our greatest nation must be our most truly Christian nation.

He then attempted to show, that ever since the era of the "*Reformation, as it is called*," the energies of the Protestant world have been turned more and more in an industrial direction, until at length, particularly in England and America, the lust of gain has uprooted all noble motives of action, and destroyed the vitality of Christianity among us. "Where once stood the lofty cathedral and the way-side chapel, now

frowns the dingy cotton mill." The once happy yeoman is now the starving operative. A few reviled and broken relics of Feudalism alone save England from instant destruction. Her religion is a shadow ; "her charity a sickly philanthropy." Soul has well nigh gone out of her ; *quite* gone from us, for we have not even a remnant of that great feudal system, which may yet, for a brief while, sustain the tottering empire of Britain. We, too, as a nation, have no Christianity. "Our god is Mammon, our worship Thrift." Our hero, "Plugson of Undershot." Compared with those nations, which we so arrogantly despise, with Spain and Italy, priest-ridden, as we call them, where is our boasted greatness ? We are weighed and found wanting. If we would shun the certain overthrow and chaos to which we are tending, we must retrace our steps, give up our new theories and systems, go back to the ancient obedience of our forefathers, and "walk in the good old paths again." Such is a brief outline of Mr. Brownson's singular lecture. While we find in it much to admire, we cannot admit the correctness of his "standard," or receive as true many of his unsupported assertions ; neither can we assent to his "most lame and impotent conclusion." To make Christianity the only standard of national greatness, is to perform the simple metaphysical manœuvre of confounding the meaning of two distinct terms ; it is to set at defiance the common, legitimate usage of the English language ; and nothing more. Greatness and Christianity are not the same thing, nor is the one necessarily dependent on the other. They may be found together or separate from each other. Christianity is doubtless more favorable to the development of national greatness than any other religion, or than no religion. Christianity *alone* can no more make a mean man or a mean nation great, than honor can set a leg. Take the narrow intellect and petty spirit of a Boswell. Let him live ever so purely, let him be ever so devout a Protestant, or, if you please, ever so good a Catholic ; let him live with the true "end of life" always in view, and he would still be a lackey, following the heels of a *great* master, though Johnson were a pagan. Greatness can exist without Christianity ; the testimony of the whole world proves that it did exist before Christianity. Measure Homer, and Socrates, and Plato, with your common, easily defined "yard-stick," and though you cannot ascertain their exact dimensions, you will, at any rate, be ready to pronounce them great.

Have the speakers of our language been, from time immemorial, wrongly applying the epithet of great to those illustrious men and nations of antiquity, whose glory still lights up the sky of the past ? Or is not national greatness another name for *national power, physical, intellectual, and moral* ? We think it is ; and with this "standard," let us see whether the American people are really so badly off as Mr. Brownson would have us believe.

It is well enough for men like Mr. Brownson occasionally to throw a dash of cold water on our national vanity. We have too much of this, though it would not be easy to show that we have more than any other nation. Even Don Punctilio, great as he is in Mr. Brownson's estimation, is reported to have his share of this weakness. When

Fourth of July orators and electioneering demagogues would flatter us into the belief that we have already reached the summit of national glory, it is well enough for wiser and better men to correct the mistake. But wise men will not say that we are not, after all, a great people; and good men ought not to treat us, their countrymen, with scorn, even though we think ourselves a little greater than we are; even though, like some philosophers that we wot of, we express our opinion a little too dogmatically, a little too much after the style of "Sir Oracle."

Our industrial energy, in its infancy, called forth the eloquent admiration of Burke. Now, when its vigorous growth has outstripped the eager anticipations of the orator, it has become a target for the sarcasms of Mr. Brownson. But what has it done for us? What is it now doing? Look out on the sea; our white sails toss everywhere like crests of foam upon its billows. Stand west of that line which marks the outer verge of civilization. Hear the distant murmur, the approaching and increasing tumult. It is the tramp of marching millions, the crash of falling forests, the cheerful ringing of the axe and the hammer, the noise of cities starting into sudden existence. There is something great in all this, viewed merely as an exhibition of our physical strength, although that is not the only light in which it ought to be regarded.

We are a "thrifty" race. We do not believe, with some sage Brahmins, that "the highest beatitude consists in keeping one's eyes always fixed in silent contemplation on the end of one's nose." We honor industry. Nay, we are the nation under heaven that most honors it. In the old world, labor has always been despised; a badge of degradation. If we should perish from the face of the earth to-morrow, it would be a sufficiently noble epitaph for us, that we have made labor honorable.

We do not, as Mr. Brownson asserts, worship only mammon. Our national faith is reposed in something better; in certain liberal principles, around which the national enthusiasm centres, on which we have staked our national existence, and for which we have long been successfully fighting against the public opinion of the world. We maintain the right of every man to perfect liberty of conscience, and assert the civil equality of all citizens. These simple but comprehensive doctrines do not harmonize with old ideas; they did not prevail in Europe before the "so called Reformation," nor do they now in Spain and Italy. They were not brought down to us by apostolical succession. But they are truths. They flow from the spirit of a religion promulgated by the greatest of Reformers. There was something of moral greatness, something of intellectual energy in those stern, ascetic men, by whom these doctrines were first planted here. There was something great in the spectacle of an unorganized people, weakened and distracted by war, calmly building up, with their own hands, a government based on the broadest Justice, and voluntarily submitting themselves to the restraints of law and order. There must be something of the "vitality of Christianity" among a people who can endure

such a government. Puritanism, though liberalized, is not dead, but, as Carlyle says, "it is one of the strongest things under this sun, at present."

We have scarcely any literature. But our peculiar circumstances will account for the fact. When we shall have valiantly performed the work assigned us by our Creator to be done first, when we shall have subdued this wild continent into a blooming garden, when population shall have become dense, and wealth abundant, our strength will be diverted, to a greater degree than at present, towards the cultivation of letters and the arts. One of Mr. Brownson's favorite authors, has a thought applicable to our case. The great man, he says, is able to do any thing. Circumstances may make him poet, prophet or king, but he is fit to be either. Circumstances have made us thus far exhibit our national strength in action rather than in literature.

On the whole, we are not quite destitute of physical, intellectual, and moral power. Neither has the life of Christianity wholly departed from us. It would be easy to enlarge on these topics, and among other things to point out some distinctions, overlooked by the lecturer, between the industrial systems of Europe and our own.

Mr. Brownson has unintentionally paid us a compliment. The man who places Italy and Spain in the first rank of modern nations, can do us no higher honor than to put us at the foot of his list. He should have been more cautious. He could in no other way so grossly have flattered our national vanity. "The poorest man in Italy," he says, "can obtain the best university education without the cost of a single penny." If this be true, Italy has reached a depth of degradation to which the history of the world furnishes no parallel. If with her ancient glory she had lost the means of regaining it, we might pity, but we could not despise her. But if all the treasures of knowledge, if the means of highest culture are as free to her now as the air of the Appenines, the slave of Austria, the scorn of Europe, the diseased and decrepid mother of an ignorant and licentious brood of Lazzaroni, has no claim on our compassion.

Once Mr. Brownson did not think as he does now. He was the bold and ardent champion of the political and religious institutions, as well as the honor of his country; now he has faith in the Feudal system, and some other systems. But we would not upbraid him, as some do, for the frequent and startling changes of opinion which have marked the career of his great mind. A cowardly or a false-hearted man might have preserved a reputation for consistency better than Mr. Brownson has done. None but a fearless and honest man, however, would dare, like him, openly to utter, at any time and in any place, whatsoever he may at that time and place believe to be the truth.

• B. •

LITERARY NOTICE.

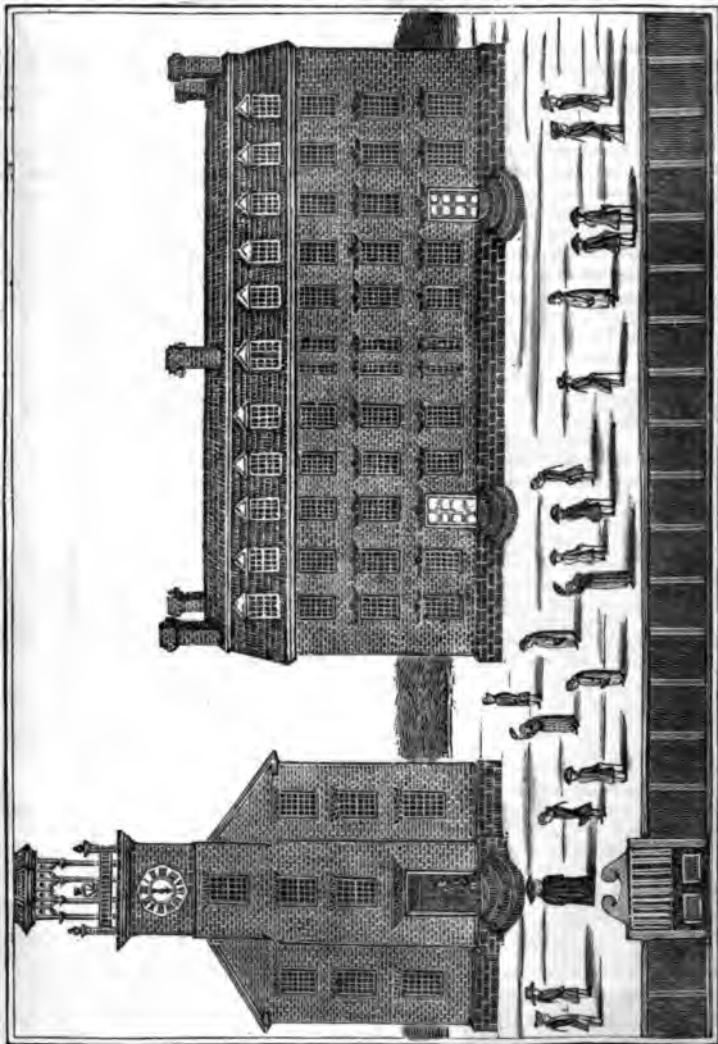
A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON. By H. G. Liddell and Robert Scott. Oxford, 1843. (Not to be confounded with a smaller work, an abridgement of the larger Lexicon, by the same authors.)

The deficiencies of Donnegan's Lexicon are so generally acknowledged, that every student of Greek will be glad to learn that its place can be supplied by something better. *That something better* is the work which we have placed at the head of this article. This work deserves commendation for quite a number of reasons. In the first place, in extent, it is three or four times as large as Donnegan's Lexicon, and must, therefore, be helpful to the student in many passages and many authors where Donnegan entirely deserts him. Then, again, it is printed with extreme correctness. Every citation, the authors assure us, has been verified in the proof-sheets; and the writer of this notice can well believe this to be strictly true, for in comparing a very large number of passages with the originals in the authors to whom they are credited, he does not remember to have found a single error of typography. But a still greater recommendation of the Lexicon lies in the carefulness with which the materials have been collected, and the good judgment, which has been shown in putting them together. The authors, in their title page, say that the work is based on the German work of Francis Passow. They have indeed extracted, or literally translated whatever is useful in this German Lexicon, which is well known to have been the ordinary companion of persons studying Greek who also understood German, as well in our own land and in England as in Germany itself. But, besides this, they have contributed much to their Lexicon of themselves, and in this way have made it more valuable than Passow's original work. They have more correct views of derivation than their German predecessor. They have added a large number of references to the Attic authors of the best period of Greek literature, and have explained many words involving a knowledge of ancient customs and institutions, more fully or more satisfactorily. They have made frequent reference to other modern writers, who have discussed the same topics at length. In short, we do not hesitate to say that this dictionary is far in advance of any other to which a person, deriving his knowledge of Greek through our language, can have access.

There was a time when the knowledge of Greek came through that of Latin, and many still living can recollect that all the help they had, was a Latin Schrevelius, which contained scarcely a tenth part of the words of the Greek language, and was miserably imperfect in other respects. Something was gained when English was made the medium of teaching the meanings of words; for the old process of learning Greek through Latin, and Latin through our mother tongue, was just the reverse of distillation: instead of giving us the liquor in greater strength, each new addition to the complex process, but diluted it. And so they too have found it to be, who have deserted to German or any other language for the same aid. But the first attempts at lexicography in English, were quite imperfect; nor has the younger student, until now, had any help of this kind which was not a broken reed,—a guide which left him to himself, when he was most at a loss. Hence, discouragement was natural: how can one attain to an elegant and accurate knowledge of any foreign language without aids that can be relied upon, that will neither speak false, nor keep silence when they are questioned?

The books for studying Greek, which we can now furnish ourselves with, may place us on a level with the scholars of any other country. Besides the Lexicon which we have mentioned, we have the Dictionary of Antiquities, which gives the results of the latest and best archaeological researches; we have in grammar Kühner's, recently translated and published at Andover; we have Munck's work on the Metres, translated by two of the professors of Harvard; and in history, Thirlwall's Greece surpasses any German work on the same subject. A good work, for common purposes, on the geography of Greece, with maps sufficiently large and accurate: and the completion of Müller's work on the literary history of Greece would render our apparatus pretty complete.

T. D. W.



YALE COLLEGE AND THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, IN 1786.

EDITORS' TABLE.

OUR Magazine, most candid Reader, has been unfortunately much delayed by a number of unforeseen circumstances. Under these we have made the most haste we could, at all consistent with our welfare and your pleasure. Therefore, we have no further apology to offer. But we would suggest to a few we have heard complain, some reasons why, beyond all others, the friends of the Yale Literary should be both patient and indulgent. Besides a very meagre subscription list to spur on our printers when business pressess and wealthier patrons are standing by, our few and viewless literary contributors are never to be depended upon. They write when they list, and what they list, and oftener those who could an' they would, do not write at all. We except all those unfortunate individuals, whose productions lie in 'the coffin.' They write very often—especially the poets. And to the prose writers we would repeatedly suggest that it is often their unfortunate choice of a subject which prevents the publication of their pieces. We wish something original, or if not, at least either practical and useful, or entertaining. Prize compositions, college disputes, etc. are not apt to be of this character.

"THIS SIXTY YEARS SINCE," that the rough likeness of our Alma Mater, of which you have an exact fac-simile on the opposite page, was taken. Upon comparing the style both of engraving and architecture with our frontispiece, much progress is observable; but when we look at the Yalensians in the foreground, then it is, alas! that the degeneracy of modern times appears. First, notice the venerable Dr. Stiles as he is seen proceeding with a slow and dignified gait to evening prayers. Tradition relates that it took the old gentleman, in his solemn and stately motion, several minutes to walk from the gate to the Chapel, during which time all bystanders waited in respectful silence, and those in the line of the President's vision, not more than ten rods distant, stood uncovered. The College etiquette of those days required a very respectful demeanor towards all superiors. President Stiles, moreover, was a perfect gentleman of the old school, and very rigidly maintained all distinctions in rank, and the forms of politeness belonging thereto. The two grave looking persons in blue and red on the extreme left, are thought to be characters of some consideration, probably a Tutor and a Senior, while the humble looking individual in blue, with his hat in hand, and a long pigtailed cue, who is bowing either to them or the President, is manifestly a priggish Sophomore, who has just returned from his afternoon turn in Chapel street. His gay appearance attracts the attention of the quakerish-looking Senior with the cocked hat and cane, who will doubtless call him up and send him down Chapel street again during the evening for pipes and beer. The lower classes in those ancient times, especially the Freshman, were accustomed to run of errands for the "upper classes," and in return the Seniors instructed them in manners, their behavior towards superiors, etc. Lest some incredulous modern student should doubt these things, we quote from President Stiles' manuscript Diary, Vol. IX, p. 112, Oct. 23, 1779.

"To-day I delivered over the Freshman Class to the charge of the Seniors." It was customary for the Freshman on this occasion to assemble in the gallery of the old chapel, and after being 'delivered over' and listening to various sage remarks and good advice from the Seniors, to choose 'whom they would serve.' The Patron was bound in honor to befriend his Freshman, as long as the Freshman fulfilled his peculiar duties as waiter and client. It does not appear, however, that the Freshmen had menial offices imposed upon them. They were most annoyed by being often called up and admonished by impertinent Sophomores for imaginary crimes. Those two individuals very much alike, in calico gowns, are, from all we can learn of those ancient times, undoubtedly Freshmen, incipient Sophs, who have just been permitted to wear gowns. They were not allowed to wear gowns or hats, or to carry canes in the College yard, until near the close of Freshmen year, when they took the Sophomore seats in Chapel. On that memorable evening, it was customary for the whole class to promenade the yard in full dress, and the 'big guns' were fired, and the College illuminated in honor of the event. The citizens even used to come up to see the sport. Shortly after this, in 1785, the Freshmen were allowed to wear their hats in the yard somewhat earlier. Dr. Stiles remarks, in his Diary of January 7, 1788: "This evening I gave permission to the Freshman Class to wear their hats in the College yard

after the ensuing vacation. Formerly they kept off their hats the whole Freshman year. About 1775, they were permitted to wear their hats after May vacation. We now admit them after January vacation."

The very independent, disrespectful looking individual, who stands with his hands in his pockets grinning at the Freshmen, is a bona fide Sophomore. We take the gentleman with broad-crowned hat and cane standing alone, to be a Senior, and the bolt upright young man who does not bow to him has evidently not been long under the disciplining hand of Dr. Stiles. The two gentlemen in scarlet and brown-yellow, seem to be near relatives of the two on the extreme left. One individual remains to excite our curiosity, and he is the corpulent man in the large striped calico gown, who seems to be bowing to somebody on the other side of the fence. He puzzles us much. Uncommonly humble and inoffensive in his looks for a Sophomore, he seems somewhat too portly for a Freshman, and too awkward for a Senior of those times, who gave instructions in manners. We think he must be a fresh Junior from Dartmouth, just beginning to accustom himself to the courtly etiquette and new-fangled discipline of President Stiles. He seems at a loss to know how to manage gracefully the large cocked hat in his left hand.

The buildings represented in the picture still remain, though much metamorphosed, Old South Middle, and the Atheneum. There is a very tall and ancient looking spire belonging to the old chapel in the original wood cut, which runs up into an illimitable sky and is finally surmounted by a weathercock. We were sorry to have it cut off in the very commencement of its *aspirings*, but the limits of our Magazine entirely forbade its insertion. In the rear of these buildings was the brick Dining Hall—our present Laboratory. A very large and ancient wooden college, also, but a short time before this view was taken, had stood about half way between the Chapel and College street. This building was so unpopular with the students, that in 1782, they attempted 'vi et armis' to demolish it, and so far succeeded that the Corporation finished the work the same year. The ringleaders of the mob, however, suffered expulsion.

The venerable JUDGE DAGGETT has kindly favored us with the following reminiscences of College during the Presidency of Dr. Stiles.

He was elected President in 1771, and continued till his death, which took place in May, 1795. During this period, the intercourse between the officers of College and the students, the rules and regulations, and the whole etiquette, was different from what they were under the Presidency of Dr. Dwight and his successor.

President Stiles was a very strict disciplinarian, and rigid observer of the customs of European universities.

The Freshman Class, as soon as formed, were taken under the supervision of the Senior Class, who undertook to direct their behavior while Freshmen. This was called *trimming them*. They were taught to obey their superiors in *all cases*—to go on errands of all kinds for any of the upper classes, not to wear their hats in College yard, nor ever to appear with their heads covered in presence of an officer of the College.

Dr. Stiles was a perfect master of the Latin language. He wrote and spoke it with great elegance. It was the language of the officers of College with the students. The Monitor's bills were called over once a month in the Chapel. A student who had been absent from or tardy at prayers, one or more times was called up in his seat: "*Sexies abfuisti*," the officer would say. The student gave his excuses in Latin, such as "*Semel non audiui campanam*;" "*bis egrotus fui*;" "*propter dolorem capitis*," or "*habui veniam*," etc. If his character for punctuality was fair, he was excused; if bad for regularity, the President said, "*haud ratio sufficiens—notetur*." A laughable incident is said to have occurred under President Clap. A student had been drowned in West River, while bathing. He was called for absence from prayers. A fellow student answered, "*Mortuus est*." His reply was, "*Haud ratio sufficiens*."

There was public speaking in the Chapel once a week. The President presided. He pronounced upon the performance in the language of the College: "*Bene*," was the lowest praise; sometimes it was pronounced with a sort of sneer, which amounted to a reproach. "*Bene dixisti*," was some commendation; "*Laudate dixisti*," was flattering; "*Optime dixisti*," was high praise; but the highest encomium was, "*Laudatissime et optime dixisti*."

Dr. Stiles was enthusiastic on the subject of civil and religious liberty. He had been driven by the British troops, during the war of the Revolution, from the congregation over which he was a pastor, which had no tendency to abate his enthusiasm in favor of liberty.

In 1789, when the revolution in France broke out, he was an ardent admirer of Democracy. He met me in the street one day, and thus addressed me: "Have you heard the glorious news? the French troops have entered Holland—they have planted the tree of liberty before the Stadtholder's palace—they will plant it before the doors of all the crowned heads of Europe—the people will grow up under the shade. I am a Democrat, yea, I am a Jacobin—I glory in the name." He was also an eminent Christian, and when he saw that nation renouncing religion, destroying the Sabbath and worshipping the Goddess of Reason, he renounced them and their revolution.

The following is a brief sketch of a conversation with which we were lately honored by another venerable and distinguished graduate of Yale, who was Tutor in the College under President Stiles. The old gentleman's face lighted up with animation as he reviewed the literary scenes of his college days. We can only give a few of his many interesting anecdotes.

"A very regular and steady young man was once marked absent from prayers. Curious to know what could have interrupted his accustomed regularity, I called him up when the monitor's bill was read in Chapel. "Smith! semel abfuiisti." Some water had been poured over him while on his way to prayers, by a mischievous Sophomore. Smith rose, and with much embarrassment, shouted out in a rapid monotonous voice, "Domine! abfui propter aquam demissam e fenestris in meum caput." "Bene! Bene! Smith—Sufficit," replied I.

"There used to be a buttery in the old wooden College, where the beer, metheglin, cider, and provisions were kept. The students were accustomed to repair thither every morning and evening for their breakfast and supper. Each took quarter of a loaf of rye bread in one hand, and his mug of cider in the other, and went back to his room. At noon they dined together in the Commons' Hall. The price of board was something less than a dollar per week, and the annual expenses of College life amounted to some ninety dollars.

"Athletic sports," continued the old gentleman, "used to be more frequent than now. Every class had its champion in feats of agility and strength, and they used to challenge all foreigners to a yearly contest on the green, in wrestling, leaping, &c. A Tutor stood by to see fair play, and adjusted all differences.

"There used to be a great deal of strife for Dean Berkeley's Senior prize, and generally three persons lived here as resident graduates upon the proceeds, for one, two or three years. It was considered very profitable then to be resident graduates. They came from other colleges, and there were often from twenty to thirty resident graduates here. They were admitted to an equality with the officers of College, invited into society with them and formed a connecting link in the discipline of College between the officers and students; i. e. by their private influence in the way of advice, adjusting difficulties between the classes, and so on.

"There was a disputing club, composed of the graduates and faculty, who met twice each week to spend several hours in extemporaneous discussion on general topics. It was kept up with great interest, and many of the first and leading minds of that day were formed for public life under the invaluable influences of these disputes. Dr. Dwight was then a Tutor. I have often heard him argue for an hour most eloquently in this coterie. Nothing ever prevented a punctual attendance, even of the members of the bar, who had been practising for years. The ladies in town all understood the fact, and never gave parties on Dispute nights, as they then placed their sole dependence on the College gentlemen for their beaux. College students were hardly ever invited to visit with graduates or officers, though some five or six of the Seniors used generally to visit a little.

"On Sunday evening we always used to pay our respects to the President and his family. A party of twenty or thirty gentlemen would meet in an informal way in the President's large old fashioned parlor, and be richly entertained by the social converse of that learned and amiable man. His acquaintance with the great men of the country was very extensive, and his store of general information exceedingly rich and varied. Some of the young gentlemen would, after taking leave of the President, pay

their respects for the rest of the evening to his three accomplished daughters, who entertained visitors in another apartment.

"In return, the President spent an evening during the week with us at one of the gentlemen's rooms. Upon coming out of evening prayers, the President would enquire, 'At whose room shall we meet this evening?' If it was my turn, I waited upon the President immediately to my room, and sent to the Commons for my loaf of bread and bowl of milk. The other gentlemen soon came in, and stayed a longer or shorter time. About eight o'clock, some dozen would be left, and the President upon rising to go was respectfully waited upon by some one of us to his door.

"The tutors and graduates used to be quite intimate with the ladies of several families in the vicinity of College. They would call at all times, and generally the conversation was accompanied by the busy music of the spinning-wheel. The ladies, when they visited each other, often sent their spinning-wheels before them." Verily, the times have altered.

OUR SCIENTIFIC CORNER.—We intend hereafter to keep a brief record of the scientific observations and experiments made among us. The following facts have been communicated by Prof. Olmsted.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA OF 1844.—The past year has not been so distinguished for extraordinary and brilliant sights in the heavens, as were the year 1833 and several preceding years. A few celestial phenomena, however, have occurred during the past year, which have been observed here with great interest. We may mention particularly the magnificent solar halo of September 9th, the total eclipse of the moon, November 24th, and the partial eclipse of the sun, December 9th.

The solar halo exhibited a remarkable combination of prismatic rings, or zones, encompassing the sun, commencing about ten o'clock, A. M., and continuing until two, P. M., presenting their most perfect phenomena about mid-day. A smaller elliptical zone surrounded the sun as its centre; a larger ring had its periphery in the sun, which was crossed by another system of rings in the zenith; the whole exhibiting a symmetrical and beautiful, though somewhat complex figure.

The total eclipse of the moon in November, came on near sunset, just as our bell was ringing for evening prayers. The moon rose with great majesty, but when the students came out of the chapel, the eclipse had made such progress as to be plainly visible. As it advanced upon the lunar disk, it seemed but partially to obscure the latter; and even when the eclipse was total, the covering was unusually transparent, and less deeply colored than usual, its hue being the delicate tint of the rose, or pink, instead of the dull brick color common in total eclipses of the moon. We learn that in Clarke's telescope, so remarkable was this transparency, that the bright spots in the moon, as Tycho and Copernicus, remained all the while distinctly visible.

The eclipse of the sun in December, covered but a small part of the solar disk, and did not arrive at its maximum until the sun had almost reached the western horizon. The first contact of the two luminaries was partially obscured by clouds; but intervals of clear sky afforded good opportunity for telescopic observations, and we learn that the projection of the lunar upon the solar disk, exhibited the inequalities of the former in a remarkable manner, increased as they were by the effects of refraction near the horizon. We understand that the calculations which our astronomers had made upon these eclipses, (some of which were calculated by the astronomical class of 1842,) were fulfilled with an exactness that must have been very gratifying to those who sustained the laborious task of computation.

Just as we are going to press, (January 28th,) a new comet, large enough to be visible to the naked eye, is beginning to adorn our southern sky in the evening, being at present ascending towards the constellation Cetus. Before it rose above our own horizon, it appeared to the inhabitants of the southern portion of the Union, as early as the 11th inst.; and our steamboats and railcars outstripped its speed, announcing, by letter, its approach, as early as the 21st. Observations upon it were instituted at our observatory on the 25th, and are still in progress.

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CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Hinc (non proci) venit, comes, ludibria Telespha
Candidiora faciemus, immutabimus Telespha."

FEBRUARY, 1845.

NEW HAVEN:

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CONTENTS.

	Page
Passports to Manhood,	140
Hope on ! Hope went !	155
Paine's "Common Sense" and "Crucis."	155
Sensibility,	161
Forget me Not,	165
A Regular Backwood's Wedding,	168
To my Mother at Fifty,	169
A Sketch of the Life of the Rev. Abraham Clarkson,	180
Two or Three Notions,	178
Pericles and his Times,	167
Literary Notices,	191
Editors' Table,	192

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

No. 4.

PASSPORTS TO MANHOOD.

" 'Tis the great art of Life to manage well
The restless mind !"

WE approach a subject so dignified, with all the hesitancy and distrust inexperience would beget : for we stand on no elevation in Life, where we can gather, in one glance, the various motions of struggling, ambitious men,—nor do we hold in our hands any divining rod, by which to foresee the tortuous progress of the various passions in the human character : but we would be one to watch the flash of feeling,—to catch the ardor of action,—to admire the bold changes mind is ever making in the great strife of Life, as we find them exhibited around and about us. We would read lessons in gray locks and in furrowed cheeks,—in upright forms and manly action. Homilies on Moral and Religious abstractions we find in no books of ours : sermonizing aside, let us look into the vast soul, where the great machinery of Life is in motion, note its laws and operations.

Character, like a great plan, is continually unfolding. Victory, conquest, come not of determination, single-handed : plans are to be nurtured and matured, enthusiasm to be raised, pleasure to be forsworn, life regarded as nothing. So with Mind. One disclosure follows another, each dependent on the preceding, but generally ascribable for its peculiarity to the nature of the circumstances in which the individual is thrown. We many of us hold strange, and, at best, but vague notions respecting our own character : imagining it is of a composition too ethereal for handling or training, we let it follow up the growth of the body, expecting any corporeal advantage to prove also a mental blessing. Looking only to the outward man, we seem to forget at times that there is in our possession any secret influence on our condition, which we denominate Character. And thus we go on, hoodwinked as we are, bending and stooping to circumstances, of which, inherent dignity at least, should have made us complete masters. We literally sell ourselves for whatever price exigences, and even common customs, may esteem our

value. More the children of fortuitous occurrences, than a noble determination of our own, we infinitely prefer to wear the captive's chains to guiding, as victor, the triumphal procession. This state of self-degradation is more the result of indolent habit, than of self-reliance, and a habit, too, that often neutralizes all the recoiling power of after reflection.

We propose, for a brief space, to draw out to notice a few of the grand resources on which the foundation of a perfect character is dependent.

Need we appeal to the *self-reliance* of every mind as the first and the last law of self-preservation? The world admires, reveres examples of this kind: the man who can provide for his own name and fortune, can lead a nation. Men want no half-minded, fearful, dodging characters at their head: they well know they have already too many of these, and clamor for a change, a something on which to rest their sinking hopes, or turn their eyes in admiration. 'Tis the way of the world, envious and detracting as it professedly is, to respect something out of its reach, and yet, so completely in its midst, that the recognition of the object only deepens the spell and electrifies the power.

The commonest examples are illustrative of our point. A man rushes into a thousand imminent dangers, about which the multitude would only exhibit a raving of indecision, to save the life of a fellow. Shouts, maddening applause, greet his successful exit,—human nature seems thrilled with delight. You ask, what is the worth of applause from a multitude, whose courage and self-dependence entitle them to nothing more than pity; but will you dash aside the flow of generous gratitude, even though it come not from the source most desirable? Are the better feelings of humanity worthless because they wear not the guise our fancy might prescribe? Glad should we ever be to catch the first faint lisps of a grateful heart, and when that feeling is too intense for the confinement of language, and tumultuous applause bears it along like the wind, wretched, indeed, is the man that does not for the moment double his very existence.

If the world's opinion weigh any thing, it weighs every thing. On so important a trait as self-reliance, that opinion is well enough known. Then, whoever would make his fortune in this world, must first show it his value of power and resources. But, beyond this view, there lies another far more elevated—the influence of this power on the *individual* character. It was always our belief, that we thought more of ourselves, than the world thought of us, and this, too, because we craved rather our individual opinion than that of the world. With others it may not be so: but generally, if our own ideas are to be of any worth, they had better become so now. This is, to a specified degree, the trait in question,—the bringing out an idea that you stand on *something*, when you trust yourself to your own opinions. We hate, we pity the pendulum being, whose determinations contract or dilate with the change of his feelings, whose actions vacillate with the seconds. We hate, for that man is ruining the hopes of others, by indecisive movements: we pity, for he is a character that must lump on the crutches of charity all the way

through life. Bonaparte never borrowed from another his plans of subverting Empires, nor stopped in his Alpine march till the groans of an hundred thousand men harmlessly rolled over him: Demosthenes never assuaged the clamors of an angry mob by a fawning sycophantism, or a beggar's prayer: he was, to himself, the great *I am*: his 'ipse dixit,' satisfied himself, with it the mob *must* be satisfied. It is no other than a strong coloring of self-reliance that God gives his soldiers, and this is their earthly shield and buckler. What shall we call it but the only true consciousness of existence? What but the touchstone of every nobleness man possesses?—the focus to which the mental powers all converge with untold energy and brightness; the 'open sesame' to all that supports character, and defends action.

But what does it beget?—Independence. No feeling confounded with a scornful pride or a deadened sensibility! Far from it. Rather a tale that our existence ever tells us,—a consciousness of superiority to temporary obstacles. Of this we can say little but in contrast; it is better seen in action than in description. We would call it disregard of others, but only so far as our deliberate judgment dictates. A man sees through obstacles to successes; these he nears, in spite of surrounding astonishments and anathemas, only as far as his confidence in himself will warrant; if he fall short of his attempt, 'tis a wonder: if he reach his aim, well. And this is Independence. Such a character we love to contemplate, for we are the while in admiration. It is a sort of living within one's self, a fortress any may enter, but only with reversed arms. Besides, fortunate results bring double gratifications; the applause without only echoes the satisfaction within. A desire to please every body is sure ruin to one who nurses it; the popular breeze veers so often, and blows so unsteadily, that to watch it is to lose it, and to catch at it, to chase after it. Independence carries its own weather-cock, and regulates its own breezes. If it please man, it does it not by the archness of its smiles or the grace of its carriage; it makes no concessions, for it is never driven to it, and the retreat of others is all its own gain. If we ever needed in our midst such spirits, it surely is now; we want to catch an eye as we crowd along among men, that is upturned, keen, sagacious, and not sicken longer at sight of the glassy gaze of the million that look downward as intently as gold-diggers; we are always on the alert for a commanding spirit, so far isolated from his kind as to understand himself. If such a character have bitter enemies, he has also strong friends. Every coloring he gives to surrounding objects is decided and perspicuous. Envy raises itself oftentimes even to admiration, and the heart that is too selfish to admit, has secretly to admire the developments he exhibits. This trait would be worth very much, if for no other purpose than to secure admiration for itself; but it carries you farther on than this. It meets with the nicest provisions all the protruding angles we find on our way, serves as a complete scarecrow to frighten away approaching molestations, gratifies desires the chances of fortune might never singly satisfy, and, what constitutes the acme of earthly enjoyment, gives a man *respect for himself*. No man without it has grown to maturity, for he

can not as yet employ the powers he was given a life to learn. From it come confidence, courage, satisfaction; need we enumerate the schools of which these are separately skillful masters?

We pass rapidly on to another consideration—the influence of *sensibility* in the development of character. We are familiar with “names that were not born to die,” whose exquisiteness of sensibility was the only means by which genius showed its splendor. There is room here for a philosopher to analyze and compare the various emotions this nicety of feeling begets; it is too delicate a subject to bear the rude handling incident to dissection; and yet, as a consequence of this, it wields an influence “more powerful than a two-edged sword.” Some call it a vagary of the fancy, some think it worth a sneer, and others still dandle it up to an effeminacy. But all bow before its movings; the hardened, like the giant oaks, are cleft by its storm, while the more susceptible bend before it as calmly and silently as the pale, sensitive flower. It heralds not its own coming; it floats to the soul in the rapturous melody of the midnight song, it looks in on the heart from the glance of a loved face, it rides triumphant on the words of eloquent lips. What, is it all? More than a contagion, a pestilence? Ah, yes; it is the link of the universal soul of mankind. It is the common meeting-ground, no less of all joys than all sufferings; and where it excites pain it doubly refines enjoyment. The truest means of communication with the race:—Genius bereft of it is a dumb skeleton; power, un wieldly and worthless.

Many, for fear of its influence, rush headlong into stupid obstinacy, thus exhibiting themselves in a light which the brutes would never envy; while they appear fearful of incurring the charge of an uncontrollable weakness, they betray a want of power for which no fortunes can compensate. Away with such silly detractors to human nature! Let opening manhood pride itself on any thing like a quick sensibility, even if it lead to a nervousness of feeling. Who can commune with an imprisoned soul? Why does not the respect it hopes thus to deserve degenerate into pitiful regard? Assuredly it does. Now read the impressions giant minds have left on the susceptible mass; they bespeak, first of all, a critical knowledge of human nature, and this was their *passport* to greatness. If eloquence have any power it is that of awakening sympathy, and its only parent is sensibility. If actions are ever great and noble, they were bidden of this master. If sociability, if love, if friendship ever drew together the finer feelings of humanity, or expanded the soul into its original beauty, the power of the union and expansion lies with sensibility. In general, it is the proof of the true soul,—the man.

Look again: there is another bright spot in the character, that perfects manliness and accomplishes great ends; a flame that by its gentleness lights up the fervor of the soul, and by its steadiness causes distrust, imbecility, indolence to slink back to their covert ashamed. The world acknowledges only the two great divisions its absence and presence indicate—the enthusiastic and their contrary. The latter class we need not individualize for recognition; they number among them

the stubborn, the cold, calculating, envious ; those who set a higher price on their invidious criticisms than their honest-hearted, ingenuous actions. But let us look at the former alone.

Perhaps no one term is more horribly distorted from its true meaning, more frequently misapplied wilfully, and yet more significant than this same word—enthusiasm ! But attempts at definition would only prove useless ; we must rest with ascertaining its action. We call it the great resource, whence determinate energy first received its impulse, where passion kindled its fires, and reason received its encouragement. There are some like “ stars shot madly from their spheres,” who light their lamps here and pursue the dark and dingy roads of fanaticism ; some, who with a zeal coupled somewhat with knowledge might have done much, very much for the infirmities of their race and their own just exaltation ; some, who could easily have attained true distinction had they not prematurely cast in their preferences for notoriety. But the world is full of the misguided and hasty, and exceptions by no means ever amount to rules. Enthusiasm never dazzles or scorches, but imparts a vivifying warmth where fanaticism would only conflagrate and destroy. Wherever enjoyment shows a keen edge, there we find this principle at work ; whatever we view under its influence, be it the commonest object of life, takes a new and impressive form to our view. What is the man without it ? and where old dependence has failed, who or what shall stay the tottering character ? What lights up the pale cast study and anxiety have given to the scholar’s features, and, like some good angel, as he plods and plods on and buries himself more and more deeply in the mysteries of learning, whispers to him, “ Toil on ! Hope on ! ” On what does his soul feed, in his midnight solitude, by the lonely wayside, amid the bustle of action, or crossing the wastes his want of social contact opens to his view ? “ Hope deferred,” saith inspiration, “ makes the heart sick ; ” who shall furnish the soothing pillow for his aching head, or wipe the clammy sweat from his pale brow, or take the hand so rarely proffered to any ? What great recompense shall answer him for the sacrifice of every day blessings, for the severance too often of every bond of sociability, for the Socratic patience with which he faces the silent jeer, the open expressions of envy, the coarse ribaldry ? Truly, something that belongs not to humanity. Philosophers tell us it is enthusiasm.

No less necessary for marked success and pure enjoyment than for strength and comfort, is its intimate connexion with all feelings, hopes, and aspirations. The same principle gives truth to the well-worn maxim, “ What’s begun is half done ; ” its characteristic results are energy, perseverance. Genius can not shine without its light and limping mediocrity obtains from it commission to the first ranks. Place before our notice two of equal attainments, of equal natural capacities, but give the one and deny the other enthusiasm, and the difference in their after fortunes shall be the difference between distinction and obscurity. In mechanical operations it shows itself to admiration, but in intellectual effort its development is indeed perfect, and at times gigantic ; it has here cleared off the fogs of blustering tumult, and taken the garb

of chastity ; its appearance is lovely, we are sometimes tempted to idolatry. The sacred minister feels it bounding through his mental frame, and urging him on to an intensity of mental action. Whitfield felt its intoxicating delight, and became a "living soul;" precepts, which without stimulus, with nothing to create and preserve excitement, would have fallen from his lips still-born, now dart about among an electrified multitude like the fire-dragon ; this was eloquence, and millions had to acknowledge its conquest. The lawyer is fortunately whipped up to it by the stinging rebuke or the unanswerable sarcasm of an adversary ; his skill lies mostly in its training, and in applying its forces at every important available point. It stands godfather to all the eloquence to which judges and juries have listened and bowed ; it draws tears and smiles from crowded legislative galleries, cheers and admiration from multitudes intoxicated with its communicative power ; it gives silvery hairs the veneration they have earned, lends worth to low fortune, and supplies the deficiencies a thousand charities could never fill. Every son of enthusiasm can exclaim of it

" Thy bright image,
Gleamed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters men !"

If, at any time, it has misguided or perplexed by its own purity and nobleness, it will "work out its own redemption." Would that other qualities could be tasked for so few faults as this !

Now look at it, as it lends its brilliant coloring to fancy, love, hope, and the whole catalogue of feelings and desires. What would the immortal "bard of Scio" have known of fame, either in his day or ours, with this struck from the account ? What lends to Tasso's mournful prison-notes such plaintive eloquence, such inward fire ! Where is the glittering mine whence Milton gathered his jewels, to pave his brilliant way to the Temple of Fame ? Imagination !—'tis but an empty name, of no significance, of no power, without enthusiasm ! Read the difference between Milton and Pope in the difference between their capacities for its reception. The vast book Shakspeare has opened to man, would have been not much less than precept, or, at the most, than interesting narrative, debarred of its *powerful*, quickening influence. It is the poetry of Hope ; it is all that paints a future with anything of intensity, all that creates desire, and when created, preserves it : the human mind is made up of too great a complexity of power and weakness, of chivalric daring and retreating cowardice, to buoy *itself* up with no light to glimmer over the dark waste, even though that light be as delusive as the "will-o'-the-wisp." Something it must have to cling to, to lean upon, beside the dull, unsympathizing routine of every-day life. From feebleness, power soon rises ; the gush of feeling wells up where nothing but arid wastes before existed. Where we enjoy most deeply, love most truly, or act most energetically, enthusiasm ever forms the master-spirit of the depth, the truth,

and the energy. No beginning, without it, ever resulted in an end ; no end ever recognized a deliberate beginning ; the mighty plans of mighty minds never received their impetus, or revolutionized a world : without it, learning is a dry dissertation, science an obsolete by-word, love a cold calculation, hope an unsatisfied straining after things unknown, effort but feebleness, and action a distant contemplation. It is the life-moving principle in the universe : if it take care and anxiety to devise, it takes enthusiasm to execute : if language confess to the possession of any power, it is only so through enthusiasm : if happiness be anything more than an unrealized dream, its enhancement is occasioned by enthusiasm : if knowledge be worth labor, or if life be worth toil and trouble, it is so only from the increased zest enthusiasm fails not to give to its enjoyment.

Take, then, these passports to manhood ; self-reliance, sensibility, enthusiasm—these three.

“HOPE ON! HOPE EVER!”

An old man dreams of his lusty years,
 And saith, “I am not old ;
 For I’m come not yet to darkling fears,
 And know not yet of bitter tears,
 And my heart is not grown cold.”
 Oh, how he loves,
 As on he moves,
 To Hope—Hope on—Hope ever !

A youth stands up in the storm of life,
 Arrayed in his martial folds ;
 His banner goes up in the heat of the strife,
 Where shouts and groans and death are rife,
 But his banner he proudly holds.
 For the words so bright
 Gleam through the fight,
 Hope—Hope on—Hope ever !

The maiden that looks in her lover’s eye,
 And reads a written soul,
 Will bravely stand while others fly,
 Nor breathe a murmur or a sigh
 Her heart can not control.
 For the eye she read
 So mildly said—
 Hope—Hope on—Hope ever !

What tells a mother to be of cheer,
 When her child is gasping before her?
 When the flush of life is but its sere,
 And death corrodes the tender year?
 'Tis the voice of angels o'er her.
 She looks above,
 And learns to love—
 To Hope—Hope on—Hope ever!

On the dizzy tip of the mountain wave—
 Deep down in the ocean's breast—
 Still fearful of no watery grave,
 Still singing to the winds that rave,
 The sailor is at rest.
 For there's a voice
 That says rejoice—
 Hope—Hope on—Hope ever!

It murmureth now to silvered hairs—
 The same voice from above:
 Now to manhood's anxious cares,
 Now to youth's most fervent prayers,
 It is a voice of love:
 Through the long strife
 Of mortal life—
 Hope—Hope on—Hope ever!

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PAINE'S "COMMON SENSE" AND "CRISIS."

THERE is a tendency in human nature to magnify the excellences and pardon the defects of those who have entered the literary arena, without what is technically termed a liberal education. To *these* productions it would seem that we ought to be more than ever inclined to grant indulgence, from a sense of national gratitude. Paine, like La Fayette, left the land of his birth, to assist us in the memorable struggle for independence. We do not say he had the same pure motives, or made as great personal sacrifices. But this much is certain, he was of essential assistance to our cause, and for this, at least, he ought to have an impartial hearing. We claim this the more urgently, as we have good reason to believe that, though some few may have read these works and admired them as literary productions, yet they are far from being duly appreciated by the generality of our countrymen. A slight glance at the occasions upon which they were published and the objects they were designed to accomplish, is necessary to set them in a true light.

At the commencement of the Revolution, many of our forefathers clung with obstinate reverence to the government under which they had been nurtured, and around which centered all the endearing affections of kindred and home. They hoped to obtain a redress of their grievances without an appeal to arms, or the more painful step of separation. They doubted, they feared, even after freemen's blood, having stained freedom's soil at Bunker Hill, proclaimed that all else than war was hopeless. Amid such a state of things, "Common Sense" was published. It at once couched the cataracts—unsealed the eyes of the people, so long blinded to their true condition. Like an electric spark, it aroused their indignant feelings, lit up the half-smothered flame of liberty in their bosoms, and procured an immediate vote in favor of independence. There is no instance upon record, where a people wedded to a former habit of thinking, were so suddenly changed to the opposite, as in this. Paine sought to render the wounds of hate too deep for harmony, and few could have carried out their views more skillfully than he has done. He beseeches the people never to think of reconciliation with the barbarous murderers of their parents, children, brothers, and friends. He asserts that reason forbids to have faith in those who had stirred up Indians to destroy them. By the most ingenious arguments, he brings the English government into contempt. He represents monarchy as a sort of popery, into which the Israelites degenerated against the express will of God, who inflicted the heaviest penalties upon them for lusting after a king. By the most cutting sarcasm he turns hereditary succession into ridicule, pronounces a glowing tirade against titles, and in the end we are prepared to say, with him, "of more worth is an honest man to society, and in the sight of God, than all the crowned ruffians that ever lived."

Of "The Crisis," a series of essays published at various intervals, as necessity required, during the war for independence, we need only say, in general, that they tended further to strengthen the American mind in its aspirations after liberty, and encouraged the sometimes desponding people to union and perseverance. One of them, addressed to the people of England, took the most effectual course of ending the war, by rendering it unpopular at home. It shows how their interest was injured by continuance of the contest, from the loss of a market among us; while, as a free nation, we should be more prosperous, and would consequently purchase more of their commodities.

So much for the historical interest of these productions. But more than this, they have other merits, which entitle them to a place among the standard literature of any country. Unlike most political essays, they have not lost their interest with the occasion which called them forth. Written with a pen fired from the burning altar of liberty, they glowed with a brilliancy that few have equaled. Meeting with vast popularity at the time, they were not merely impressed with the current stamp, but contained also the elements of durability. Their effect then, may have depended upon the accident of public opinion, but their value now, comes from real, intrinsic worth. The first characteristic of their style is its popular cast. Paine was emphatically the people's

writer. He sought to mirror forth their peculiar views and feelings. His manner of thinking, his illustrations, his language—all were adapted to their taste and comprehension. He echoed the sentiments he found prevailing in the community, though few others, perhaps, had the courage to express them. His recklessness and his daring just fitted him for the part he acted. At imminent risk of liberty and life, he advocated the popular cause, while his every-day shrewdness and pith, expressed in a certain off-hand, dashing manner, could not but meet with favor and popularity from the multitude.

In the mere matter of composition, Paine had the happy talent of adapting his style to whatever subject he understood. He is equally a master and at home in every species of writing that employed his pen. In ridicule and wit he is at times unrivaled. His letter to Lord Howe is scarcely surpassed, even by Junius, in invective and rebuke, though he has far less generally of this keen satire and glittering point, and affords not so rich an intellectual banquet to men of letters and scholars, as Woodfall's Great Unknown. In narration and reasoning, he is always appropriate and clear. Whether he choose to load his opponent with bitter irony or influence him by earnest expostulation, he is equally successful and victorious. There is a pungency in his manner of uttering the simplest truths, that gives point to every thing he touches. His writings have the appearance of a collection of aphorisms. He often concentrates the substance of his paragraphs into a smart sentence, the force, the brevity and perspicuity of which could not fail of producing a deep impression. Take this, "an array of principles can enter where an army of men can not," as one of a thousand instances. His illustrations and occasional flights are rendered peculiarly striking, by being set off with the plainest and most simple groundwork.

We are not insensible to Paine's faults. In matter he was far from being a sound philosopher. The fallacies into which he afterwards fell, would make us distrust him on this point, without any other cause for such apprehension. But we can account for his failure in this respect, from the fact that his mind had never been disciplined by metaphysical speculation. He had never drunk long or deep enough from the fountain of knowledge, to enable him to collect and combine numerous and widely scattered facts, such as are required to philosophize in abstruse questions of universal application. Then in general theories of politics and morals, demanding patient research, long investigation, and elaborate reasoning, his opinions are often rash and incorrect. In profundity and comprehensive sagacity, he is inferior to Burke, though he is at times full as fine a declaimer, and has almost equal fancy. Yet this charge applies not to the essays under consideration. The range of facts upon which the justice of our revolutionary contest depended was limited, and they being obvious, his deductions are just and conclusive. It was a question of practical and immediate policy—the materials upon which it rested were ready at hand—and his decisions were in the main sound. Nor does his superficiality interfere with our previous assertion, that he was the people's writer. Favor with

them is not found by diving into the depths of science, or soaring aloft into the world of metaphysics, but in catching the whispering murmurs of the popular breeze, and appealing to the universal sympathies of humanity.

In style, too, Paine was not infallible. But we must remember in extenuation, that these are not studied productions, which the author kept by him to touch and retouch at leisure, but were flung off upon the spur of the moment, to meet the necessity of the occasion. The contrast between him and Burke in this, is too striking to be passed by. Paine never altered what he had once written, while Burke was never done changing and adding, and his Letter to a Noble Lord is said to have been so interlined by him, in the proof-sheet, that the compositor was obliged to reset it. The first conceptions of genius are usually said to be rude and uncouth; but whatever other defects "Common Sense" and the "Crisis" contain, they certainly are not wanting in elegance and polish. They have few, if any of the common faults of political writers. They are never marred with pointless anecdote, heavy familiarity or labored bombast. They show not, it is true, a mind stored with extensive and indiscriminate reading, for Paine was no great devourer of books, purposely abstaining from some kinds of knowledge, to concentrate himself upon political subjects. The literature he was acquainted with, however, was choice and select, and the few quotations he has made are exceedingly apt.

Had Paine only written these essays, we venture to say his name, now instead of being a byword of contempt, would have been blazoned upon the scroll of that glorious few, who, for their high services and exalted worth are honored and esteemed among men. No tribute would have been thought too great, no praise too high, which the united voice of a grateful people could bestow. As it is, however, many fear that even these productions are tinctured with infidel principles, and condemn them at once, without an examination. So far is this from being true, that they contain no allusion to the Deity without the most reverential mention. Our author has also been unfortunate in the want of an impartial biographer. This most sacred of all tasks has been undertaken by his professed enemies, the English, who, for political purposes, wished to bring him into contempt. Take but a single instance. There was put forth at Dublin, in 1792, what purports to be "The Life of Thomas Paine, with a Defence of his Writings," but which bears baseness in its very title. With this sounding declaration it is full of unjust attacks upon Paine, with scarcely a word of commendation upon himself or his writings.

Thus, amid unfounded suspicion on the one hand, and base falsehood on the other, these political essays unjustly partake of the stigma which enshroud their author, and are but little read. While our press groans, and the shelves of our bookstores are filled with well-printed, well-bound editions of foreign political essayists, a miserably printed and every way miserably got up edition of Paine's Political Writings, published many years since, can hardly be found at all. And this, too, when the former relate to the domestic transactions of other govern-

ments, of little if any consequence to us, and the latter, behind none in beauty of style and grace of composition, have all the additional interest of being intimately associated with that event from which we date our national existence, and in which we glory so much.

We have every reason to regret this. In it our nation is not only herself unthankful, but actually wrongs itself. It robs its people of all the salutary influence these life-giving productions might exert, in inculcating sound principles, and inspiring a pure spirit of liberty. Nothing could be better calculated to teach the value of our democratic institutions, and give zeal in their maintenance, than a general dissemination of the works under review. They transport us to the animating scenes amid which they were produced. We feel the hardships and encounter the difficulties by which our rights were obtained. We imbibe the spirit of the time, and enter with glowing ardor into the contest that was then waging. We bring our minds to contemplate a fountain, from whence are reflected the popular feelings and prevailing sentiments of that period, as clearly and distinctly as the glassy lake mirrors in its crystal surface the shrubbery that overhangs from its shores. Deprived of these, it will be no wonder if, in the time of their country's need, its citizens, to borrow Paine's own expressive language, prove "summer soldiers and sunshine patriots."

Again, we should give them their due amount of praise as an encouragement to rising merit. Honorable reputation is the highest recompense society can bestow, but to preserve its worth it must be allotted with fairness. It is not an innocent thing to give a large portion to him who merits it not, and it is certainly criminal to rob a deserving man of his just share. Few are insensible to the desire of fame. With a chance of obtaining it, they will be animated by emulation and their talents rendered useful to society. But when they see success so doubtful, and honor so ill distributed, they will despair in the first heat of the race, retire to pass their life in inactive obscurity. Thus we see upon every hand, we are called to be just to this author's memory. Let us hope, then, that the reputation of his political writings, no longer made barren by the winter of neglect, may yet bud forth with the freshness of spring, and blossom with the beauty of summer, until matured into the rich fullness of autumn, it shall be gathered and preserved in the granary of Time, never again to suffer from the cold indifference of the world.

D.

## SENSIBILITY.

Nothing in the world is single. From the planet in heaven, down to the minutest atom on the earth, all nature is bound together by a chain of mutual affections. Nor is man, the miniature of all other creation, insensible to the same unvarying laws. His physical nature is not more conformed to the laws by which all matter is governed, than his mind obedient to the influences by which it is surrounded. While God has given to mind a partial control over, He has made it subject to matter, in an equal, though not reciprocal degree. Subservience to this control, combined with that of the circumstances and men around him, is sensibility; susceptibility to impression from whatever is external. In either extreme this cannot but be an unhappy quality. The mind so delicately sensitive as to be appalled by the least fear, or elated by the most trifling joy; in constant alternation between despondency and hope, is ill adapted to the jostling of this turbulent and gairish world of ours. On the contrary, the mind so insensate as to remain unmoved amid every vicissitude, is equally unsuited to the battle-field of stern prejudice and stormy passion. Discarding therefore any ideal extremity, we shall consider this quality as exemplified in the men and scenes around us. First its influence upon the social; secondly, the intellectual being of man. No one will so far impeach the divine benevolence as to deny that there are more sources of joy than sorrow offered to the choice of man. Happiness is a primitive, unhappiness an incidental principle in the human breast. There is nothing in nature, in the relations of society or the pursuits of life, but it may subserve the highest enjoyment of mankind. If, therefore, an acute sensibility is equally alive to impressions of pain and pleasure; conceding the truth of our premise, the aggregate amount of happiness will be proportioned to the measure of susceptibility. This may be illustrated by a contrast of different nations, in their habits of life, which are in a great measure qualified by the degree of enthusiasm which pervades the mass of mind. Who shall say that the active and bustling American, ever absorbed in the current of business, now surrendering his energies to one, and now devoted with equal zeal to another pursuit; at one time succumbing to fortune, at another rising above its shafts, is less happy or less prosperous than the titled of other nations, who, moving in the same round of habitual associations, and placed as it were above the reach of circumstance, are insensible to the scenes around them. Even as the loftiest music is the unison of discordant sounds, so it is only by alternations of joy and sorrow that the highest happiness is attained. But let us inquire into the director influence which a lively sensibility exerts upon the mind. We often hear it called a distorted medium, through which everything is brought to the mind in exaggerated colors. That the mind under its sway, veering from the true and steadfast course, turns aside to the mean absurdities which it swells into importance. A sort of microscope to which no-

thing but atoms of things may be subjected. We shall venture to claim that it is the focus in which things apparently unimportant converge and grow to their proper measure. Were we to suppose a mind entirely aloof from the control of judgment, the former might be true. But Reason does not always sleep in Fancy's bower. From the most tumultuous pleasures, the mind ever retires within itself, and comparing the images which *varying* scenes have presented, reduces them to their proper shades. Often amid the noisiest revelry, when the voice, that daughter of music, and its twin sister, the dance, hold their devotees in spell, has the noble and generous action been inspired. If we consult the memorials of the great and good, we shall find them not from among a surly priesthood, in "grief and grogram clad," they were and they are those, who once tried in the same ordeal, have keenly felt the distresses of their fellows and nobly dared in their relief. Who have been our Sidneys, our Howards, and Henrys, the memory of whose splendid philanthropy will live till

"The last syllable of recorded time."

And whose are the names that will go down, branded with the dark distinctions of infidel and misanthrope? This leads us to another view of the subject. It is those of cold and insensitive minds upon whom the truths of revelation and the attributes of God make no impression.

Our convictions of the existence of a Deity arise not so much from the revelations which make such existence certain, as the impressions stamped upon us by the forms of nature. Most minds require something tangible, from which to draw their conceptions. A theorem in philosophy, however consistent, is unsatisfactory to the inquisition until confirmed by experiment. Such minds read in the star-paved heaven, in the terrible waters, the Bible of the universe, the only sure Apocalypse. If, then, there be among us some "hopeless, dark idolators of chance," who, wedded to a joyless idealism, feel no thrill at the grand and awful in nature, such apathy results from insensibility to the lessons which they convey. The truth of this is confirmed by the lives and characters of those who have become notorious for their skepticism. The calm life and seemingly resigned death of Hume is quoted by his blinded worshipers, as exemplifying the confidence which a great mind can repose in such dark fanaticism. He passed a tranquil indeed, and apparently a happy life, but the even tenor of his life was the result of that same insensibility which led him into such fatal error. He died a calm death, but was it

"The calmness of the good?"

Or, guilt grown old in desperate hardihood?"

Voltaire, a younger brother, so witty, profligate, and thin, though of a more fiery temperament, was the same cold, unfeeling thing. Now the sage of Ferney, now loungee at the Café de Procope, now jeering in grim mockery at his God, and now lapped in the soft dalliance of the

Marquise du Chatelet; wherever we view him he is the same. "The accomplished Frivolist." There are some who may seem exceptions. Shelley, of the generous heart, Shelley, of the golden wing, wrapped up in the fiery web of poesy, was indeed of a different order. But search all his grand imaginings, which were the transcript of his heart, and you find no breathing spirit there. His great conceptions stalk forth like ghosts amid the place of tombs, clad in the cold cerements of death.

We might quote other instances kindred to these, but it will perhaps be objected that such are insular cases, far outnumbered by those who, led on by a blind sensibility, rush into fanciful dangers, and become victims of misfortune and discontent. Let it be remembered, however, that the number of those who have the ability to conceive, and the daring to publish theories and head sects, is small compared with those who, insensible to the evidences of a God, cherish the same unbelief.

"The friendless slaves, children without a sire,  
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,  
Lights to the grave a chance-created form,  
As ocean wrecks illuminate the storm."

Indeed, we may assert that the majority of those who are "without God in the world," are of those who live in this apathy—too cold to be sensible of truth, and too stubborn to believe when convinced. We have so far considered sensibility as a happiness principle, in its influence to solder the relations of society; and as consequent to this its bearing upon the *final* destiny of man. Its sway over his intellectual character is equally great and salutary. Locke somewhere says "what is it to exert—it is to feel." The greatest are those who have felt most, lived most. Homer, Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, Corneille, and Racine, and lastly, Milton, all in their respective ages and countries, were thrown among stormy times. If space were allowed to analyze the distinctive features of their minds, we might easily trace the influence of the scenes among which they moved. Our ideas spring from our sensations. Genius is the refiner of our sensations. It is the interpreter of nature. Whether it be employed to detect the secrets of the earth, to "unwind the dances" of the sky, or to analyze the heart of man, its office is ever the same:

"The wide-seeing eye,  
Catching the delicate shades, yet apt to hold  
The whole in its embrace.

The sphere of a great man is not always on the "spirit's Alpine peaks." He must be warm with the sympathies, and quick with the sensibilities of those around him. To make others feel, he must feel himself. Where were the power of the deep mind and eloquent tongue, were they deprived, Cassandra like, of the power of making others believe. How then can they perform the high offices, and achieve the high rewards of genius, who shut themselves entirely from the living, to hold converse with the dead. Many and melancholy examples might be adduced of those who have sought to quench acute sensibilities in



retirement. They are too familiar to need quotation. Let it not be supposed that we are of those who believe no time should be devoted to silent thought. Let it not be thought that we admire those intellectual worldlings who flirt among us, "with rings on their fingers, and baby-work to their shirts." The mind must have its seasons of retirement in which to harmonize its emotions into thought; its sensations into "forms that breathe." We believe, however, in community of mind. Those were dark ages in which all the knowledge, all the virtue was shut up in the cloisters of monks. We can not suppose that a man of genius is the epitome of all humanity. We can not think that he is affected by all the hopes, and fears, and loves, of his kind. He must, therefore, converse with man in all his relations, and moreover, he must have a quick sensation of all that affects man, else how can he know

"All the springs  
That wake his joy and sorrow,  
All that uplifts him on emotion wrings,  
Each longing for a fair and blest to-morrow,  
Each tone that soothes or saddens, all that rings,  
Joyously to him.

Although among men, he is not of men. The real great man is no time-server. He is his own model and exemplar. High above the reach of his kind, by delicate perceptions it is his to show each man his relative position, and the character he must sustain. We often hear it said that great sensibility unfits a man of genius to answer his important end; that he can not brook the venom of critics—the jeers of a merciless world. Opinion is indeed a stern judge. Its minions are often treated like the banqueters of Sisera—with death. Still, were great minds suffered to prescribe their own laws, with how sad an independence were they vested. It is a nice regard for, a fear even of public criticism, which directs intellectual effort into proper and useful channels. So far from disheartening the great man, collision with the minds around him, "makes his armor bright." We seldom detect complaint in the truly great, whatever opposition they are forced to buffet. Sustained by the assurance that trials herald triumphs, "press on" is ever the watchword, and the excitement of conflict is the parent of great effort. Could we have known Milton after the reception of his noble poem, should we have heard sickly repinings at fate? No. To live in the present were bright,

"But brighter far,  
The hope that drew him like a heavenly star."

When a host of driveling scribblers were in notice and favor, and the plays of Dryden were hissed from the stage, did he droop? No. His was still

"The highest pinion  
In the midway air."

There have been exceptions to such. "Fame puts her finger on her lips" when the name of Keats is spoken. A keen sensibility and a weak constitution, in *him* it was the *blessing* which proved the bane. Without that sensibility where were the touching tenderness which breathes through the *Eve of St. Agnes*? Great sensibility is inseparable from great ability. It is the distinguishing quality of genius. Talent *may* exist without it, but the inquisition, the creative power ever owns its influence. Finally, it makes life active, earnest, useful. It makes man, pure, social, and like his God.

"Brief in his power, oblivion waits the churl  
Bound to his own poor self; his form decays,  
But sooner fades his name."

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FORGET ME NOT.

"Thou'lt forget me when I'm gone"—SHAK.

I.

FORGET thee! ah! and can'st thou think  
Affection's bonds ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup>  
That blighting time soon rusts the link,  
Which bound the heart of old?  
Though the kindled flame may paler grow,  
Because it is not fed,  
The vital spark still glows below,  
Till life within is fled.

II.

Forget thee! no! when pleasure fills  
Her goblets to the brim,  
And mirth and joy, like sparkling rills,  
No breath of care may dim;  
When sorrow's clouds are gathered round  
The heart that once was gay;  
When the sombre veil of night is bound,  
Around the face of day.

III.

Forget thee! no! while fancy moulds  
Bright images that last,  
While the sleepless eye of memory holds  
Its vigils o'er the past.  
Forget thee! no! when death is near,  
To claim the tribute due,  
One constant thought shall draw the tear,  
That thought so full of you.

J. P.

## A REGULAR BACKWOOD'S WEDDING.

Low down in one of the forest counties of Old Kentuck, happened the incident that I am now about to relate. A party of the delectable of both sexes had collected from the neighborhood around, at a feast under the shade of some beach trees, and were delighting themselves, some with dancing, others with singing, and eating, and so on, when, to the great astonishment of all, it was observed that two of the choicest spirits had left the gay scene.

In a moment they had mounted on a mule, which had been evidently debarred the rights of his tribe, to corn and fodder for a serious length of time—a gay cavalier and a captivating dulcinea!

A charger, not exactly caparisoned like a palfrey of the Elizabethan age, walked deliberately, and we thought at the time, with "malice aforethought," up to a decayed pine log, and came to a dead stand. Off rolled the knight, in a perfectly "don't-care-a-darn" manner, and without casting a glance at the fair one by his side, or giving her the slightest assistance in dismounting, he drew a bee line for the encampment; jumping over every thing that offered any resistance to his passage, and singing at the top of his voice. By way of accompaniment he cracked, with inimitable grace, a huge whip which he flourished above his head, and gave a yell that would have met the approval of a committee of Camanche braves.

"He's some," said a friend near us, who was indulging in a cachina-tory fit at the strange phenomenon.

"The wild man of the woods, for a V!" cried a wag on our right, who had mounted a log to have a clear view of the critter.

"Two to one he's the feller that butted the bull off the bayou bridge," exclaimed Ben Blower, from Snake Creek.

Our hero heard not or heeded not these complimentary remarks, but made his way up to the company in fine style. He was indeed an original. His height could not have been less than six feet four, without shoes or stockings, which he considered useless appendages. He wore a "shocking bad hat," with a hole in the top, through which a tuft of red hair found egress, and waved to and fro like the cap of a corn stalk on a windy day. His coat was of nut dried, home manufacture, minus the skirt, which he said he lost in an encounter with a wild cat he had slain on the road. His shirt collar was thrown open, disclosing a breast tanned by suns of some twenty years, and his inexpressibles, which appeared to be on bad terms with his feet, leaving them about two feet leeward, were hitched up on one side with a buckskin brace, giving them a zigzag appearance, decidedly unique. Surveying the assemblage for a moment with the attention he would have given to a menagerie of wild beasts, he broke forth thus:

"Fellers, I'd just like to know if there's a squire in these parts."

"Do you mean the judge?" asked an estimable citizen.

"Yes, I spose—don't care a pine knot who, so's he can do the thing," replied the stranger, giving his whip a peculiar crack.

"What may be your business, friend ;" inquired a demure 'sovereign' in the crowd.

"Nothen' much no how ;" replied the modest Nimrod. I only wants the feller that can harness me and that gal on old Rattler, yonder. She's just the loudest gal, I reckon, in the settlement ; as slick as a peeled maple, and as clear grit as a skinned tater rolled in the sand, and I'm called a whole team, and a big dog under a wagon. I've snaked it about these woods for a week, lookin' for a squire to hitch us, and wore out a pair of deer-skin breeches lookin' for him ; and I wish I may be rammed through a gum tree, head foremost, if I'm goin' to pack Suze any further ; I come here to yoke her, and here I'm goin' to stay."

The roar of laughter that followed this simple recital was deafening. We lost four buttons in convulsive fits, and it is quite probable we should have suffered largely in that line had not the judge arrived at that moment, and given a new turn to affairs. The judge was unlike the great poet's justice—

"In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes serene, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,"

but he was as lean as a Grahamite, living entirely on bran bread and fricasseed radishes. With the undying zeal of the Israelite, he thunders forth anathemas against four-footed animals, and considers ornithology a fit study for cannibals. These are the sentiments of the judge ; albeit in politics he strangely enough "goes the whole hog." At one time, we learn he was an expounder of the Methodist faith, and traversed the country in company with the devout and exemplary Father Redwine. This may account for the serious cast of countenance peculiar to him. On the present occasion, he was dressed in the height of the fashion. He wore a "west of England" invisible green coat, the collar of which was perpendicular, and corded *a la colegean*, giving the wearer quite a magisterial appearance. His cashmere vest was buttoned quite up to the chin, over the top of which protruded an enormous pair of jet whiskers, such as are worn by brigands, whom sensitive young ladies hold in such estimation. His pantaloons, of fancy stripe, were neatly strapped to a pair of patent leather boots, and French kids encased his small delicate hands, in which he held the license that was to bind together "two willing hearts."

The judge now proceeded to business, calling on the gay Lothario, we have imperfectly described, to "trot out" his bride.

"You're the man for my yaller quarter,"\* said our hero in ecstasies, and away he went in a run for Suze. With one effort of his brawny arm he took her from the mule and brought her to the centre of an enclosure, formed by the company, his eye dilating, and his whole frame

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\* Half eagle.

exhibiting signs of joy unspeakable. The bride was a bouncing prairie beauty, on whom Time had smiled in his rapid course. She wore a blue calico dress, full in every part, thus permitting

"Every grace  
To run a race."

A string of blue beads ornamented a good substantial neck, none of your "swan-like" things, and her head-gear was a cotton handkerchief, with scarlet stripes, and yellow groundwork, tied gracefully under the chin, and concealing the flaxen curls that struggled for liberty. Her shoes might have given your *recherche* fashionable ladies the hysterics, but they united comfort and durability, and effectually closed the door to that fell destroyer, consumption. In the hurry of the moment, doubtless, she made an invidious distinction between those necessary appendages, classically called "insect destroyers," one of which lacked the blue sock—but this was an omission, not a fault. Her blue eye, as it rested on the chosen one, spoke eloquently of abiding love, and her handsome face was wreathed in smiles.

The judge glanced at the paper in his hands, and then in an impressive tone, demanded of the groom—

"Will you take Susan Jenkins as your lawful wedded wife?"

"Well, hoss, I reckon I will, I wouldn't have rid since daylight, and packed her here if I didn't mean to do the clean thing;" answered our hero.

"And you, Susan, will you take Cyrus Snorter as your lawful wedded husband?"

"Yes, squire, that I will; dad said I oughter married Bill Swizzle, but I'll see him hanged first. He danced with old, ugly Bets Foler, and give her a bran new shawl. Besides that, he got drunk, fell off his horse, and broke his leg. Sy is good enough for me;" replied the spirited beauty.

This was too much for Sy; he jumped for joy, and clasped the adorable Suze to his bosom, giving her a smack that resembled the noise created by the popping of a cork from a champagne bottle.

"Stop, sir," said the judge, "the ceremony is not completed."

"Go it, my squire," shouted Sy, "I will be as a wild cat catching a deer."

The filken knot was now tied, and amid the smiles and white kerchiefs waving of the ladies, Sy carried his blushing bride to the mule, placed her behind him, and in a twinkling was on the road to home and happiness.

SPAT.

## TO MY MOTHER AT FIFTY.

GENTLY, Time, thou'lt touch these locks,  
And gently press this brow;  
Nor dim too soon a mother's eye  
That always looked as now.  
Seal not these lips, that always spoke  
Fond love's devoted care,  
Nor bend this form, at which I knelt  
And breathed my childish prayer!

Softly, Time, thou'lt sing to her  
A long *half-century* song,  
And gently thou wilt lead her on,  
Where crowding memories throng.  
Thou'lt point her down Life's rugged road,  
And warn of unseen powers—  
But let her slowly wander on  
Amid the fleeting hours!

Slowly, Time, thou'lt drop this arm,  
Age-palsied by her side;  
And slowly—slowly cease the flow  
Of Life's fast ebbing tide!  
Take from me whate'er thou askest,—  
Joys or crowding years;  
Let *her* be the one that passeth  
Slowly through the Vale of Tears.

## 4 A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. ABRAHAM PIERSON,

## FIRST PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

THE brilliant achievements of those, whom the world calls great, are apt to dazzle us with their splendor, and to bewilder our judgment, in estimating the intrinsic excellence of the characters they commemorate, while the benevolent actions, the disinterested motives, and the spotless lives of the truly *good*, are contemplated in a purer light. The heroic deeds of the warrior, and the noble efforts of the statesman, are themes on which the poet and the historian have ever delighted to dwell. They love to cast the hues of strong feeling, and vivid imagination on their characters, and to present them to the world, as "burning lights," which shall continue to shine through successive ages with undiminished lustre. And while these figures so conspicuously in the moral firm-

ment, it is a difficult matter to ascertain how much of the light is their own, and how much is bestowed upon them by their panegyrists.

On the contrary, those gentle, unassuming characters, that pass through the world without making a great noise—who never stand in public places to herald their own good acts, and whose greatest ambition is to *be* good, and to do good, are often, too often suffered to pass unnoticed, and to be forgotten to posterity. The circles which feel their immediate influence, leaving the world, bearing with them the records of their love, which are firmly printed on their hearts, and no memorial of their labors, and kind offices of these good men, remains to endear them to posterity, save a few traditionary tales, and the fact that they were born, accomplished a good work, the influences of which are constantly felt, but never appreciated, and that they died.

When, however, one such is rescued from oblivion, and a simple but accurate delineation of the prominent acts of his life, are given; when the motives which actuated, the virtues which adorned him, and the effects which have resulted from his labors, are understood, the mind contemplates him with a devoted enthusiasm, and affectionate regard, such as is due a benefactor only. To the sons of Yale, therefore, the history of those, who brought into existence their *Alma Mater*, and who nourished her in her infancy, can not but be interesting. They are too sensible of her fostering care, and too grateful for the benefits she has conferred upon them in her "womanhood," to disregard any little tribute that may be offered to the memory of *her* benefactors during the days of her weakness.

Regarding with due reverence, the name of each of the *devoted* TEN who embarked upon "the laudable undertaking of the founding a college here," let us select from their number, our father *Abraham*, who was the chosen seed, and in whose fruit the earth hath rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and learn the history of him.

We have been unable to ascertain any thing concerning the character of Rector Pierson in his youth. There is a complete veil thrown over it, which can only be partially withdrawn by a reasonable conjecture, formed from the influences which were at work around him, and upon the character he manifestly sustained in after life.

It is one of the truest maxims in the world, "that a man is known by the company he keeps," and it is scarcely less true that his character "is faithfully mirrored from that of his early instructors." Knowing the character of these, we shall not often be misled, when we make it the foundation upon which we rest our judgment, in estimating the character of those placed in their hands, and under their care by Providence, unless we neglect to bring into consideration the counter influences which may be at work, and which tend to paralyze the effects which we might otherwise reasonably expect.

It is well known, that among the New England Puritans, the ministers of the Gospel were men of the greatest influence. They were generally graduates of some of the English Universities, and fleeing from their mother country for "conscience sake," were almost the only

ones whose education fitted them for the responsible duties of overseeing the infant colonies. The young men, who were intended for the ministry, were placed entirely under their instruction, and being a strict and conscientious body, we can readily calculate their influence on the young minds. Rector Pierson's father being a minister in high standing, and having the sole supervision of his son, in fitting him for college, and being one who would naturally exert an influence over him which no other one could, it will not, we think, be improper or uninteresting to introduce a brief sketch of his life, which we are enabled to present by the kindness of a devoted son of this institution, for whose liberality we tender our hearty thanks.

The Rev. Abraham Pierson, Sen., was for sometime a minister in Yorkshire, England, and during the time that prelacy was in the ascendant, under Archbishops Laud and Neile, he was obliged, with many other "godly teachers," to fly his country. He came over to Boston in 1639, and joined himself to the church there. Soon after, he went to Lyme and connected himself with the English emigrants, who made a stand there, and subsequently removed with them to Long Island. He consented to accompany them as their pastor, and materially assisted in the settlement of Southampton in 1640. In sentiment, he agreed with the Rev. John Davenport, of New Haven, and became his warm friend and supporter. With him, he wished to vest all civil as well as ecclesiastical power in the church, and to allow none but church members to act in the choice of the officers of government\* or to be eligible as such. Accordingly he was anxious that the settlement of Southampton should become connected with New Haven as Southold had been, and was dissatisfied with the agreement to come under the colony of Connecticut in 1644. In consequence, soon after, in 1647, Mr. Pierson, with a small portion of his congregation, removed to Branford, Mr. John Sherman, the minister of that place having moved to Watertown, Mass.

The settlement of Branford had commenced in October, 1644, but as yet no church had been gathered there. They soon formed one, however, and the new settlement received an impulse from his coming thither, so that it continued to prosper until the charter of Connecticut was obtained, in 1662, including within its limits the jurisdiction of New Haven. In the meanwhile Mr. Pierson had acquired considerable influence, and was much beloved by his people. Having learned the Indian tongue, he taught among the natives, but his labors met with poor success, as all others of the kind had done before. In the year 1654, he was selected as chaplain to the forces raised against the Dutch, and seems to have enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the ministers and clergy connected with the confederacy of New Haven.

In the contentions between the jurisdictions of Connecticut and New Haven, from 1662 to 1665, Mr. Pierson took sides with Mr. Daven-

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\* For a full explanation of Mr. Davenport's theory, the reader is referred to Prof. Kingsley's Historical Discourse.



port and others against the union, and so strong were his feelings on this subject, that when that event took place he resolved to remove with his people from the colony. Arrangements were accordingly made, and on the 30th of October, 1665, Mr. Pierson, with most of his congregation, and many prominent individuals from Guilford, New Haven, and Milford, made and signed a plantation covenant, for that purpose, the first article of which was "that none shall be admitted free-men, or free burgesses, but such planters as are members of some or other of the Congregational churches, and that none but such be chosen to magistracy, or to carry on any part of civil judicature, or as deputies or assistants, to have power to vote in establishing laws, making and repealing them, or to any chief military trust or office."

In 1667, Mr. Pierson, with most of his people left Branford, and directing his course to New Jersey, commenced a settlement on the banks of a river there, and called the name of the new town Nadark. Dr. Trumbull says "that Mr. Pierson, and almost all his church, removed about this time, (1667,) and carried away the church records of Branford, after it had been settled nearly twenty-five years, and left it almost without inhabitants." The year after, in 1668, his people voted to pay the expenses of his coming thither, and to allow him eighty pounds salary per year.

This was the third colony he had planted, and now, in his declining years, he sat down with his people under a code of laws of his own choice, and remained with them, much beloved until his death. He died in 1680, "in a good old age, an old man and full of years; and was gathered to his people." Mr. Pierson was evidently a clergyman of superior abilities, and although firm almost to obstinacy, in maintaining his theocratical principles, he nevertheless was extremely mild and amiable in his disposition and deportment. Cotton Mather says of him, that "wherever he *came he shone*," and that "he left behind him the character of a pious and prudent man, and a *true child of Abraham*, now safely lodged in *Sina-Abraha*."\* Such were the main incidents in the life of him who reared our first president, and the probable influence such a father had in forming the character of a son, we leave it for the candid reader to judge.

The Rev. Abraham Pierson, Jr., was born at Branford, in about the year 1645. The precise date of his birth is not known. He was educated at Harvard College, where he graduated in 1668, and was classmate with Zechariah Whitman and John Prudden, both of Milford. In the year 1670, he was admitted to the ministry, and soon after, was

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\* A list of Mr. Pierson's family has been furnished us by an antiquarian. It is not known whom he married. His children were Abigail, born about 1640, who married Mr. John Davenport, Jr., of New Haven, Nov. 27, 1662; Thomas, born about 1643, married to Mary Taintor, daughter of Mr. Michael Taintor, of Branford; also, Nov. 27, 1662, and removed to Newark with his father, 1667; *Abraham*, born about 1645, afterwards "Rector of Yale College;" John, born 1647; Grace, born at Branford, June 12, 1650; Susannah, born Dec. 10, 1652; Rebecca, Dec. 10, 1654; Theophilus, May 15, 1659, and perhaps others.

ordained as colleague with his father in the church at Newark, and survived him as sole pastor, for more than ten years after his death: In 1693, he obtained a dismission from that church and left it to the care of his classmate, the Rev. John Prudden, and in the following year he was installed over the church at Killingworth. On the dismission of their former minister, the Rev. John Woodbridge, in 1679, the Church fell into dissensions and foolish quarrels, and became so distracted that no minister could be settled there until Mr. Pierson, as has been well expressed by another, "was sent to them as an angel of peace." Under his ministry all dissensions were healed, and the feelings of all hearts were concentrated in him. So great had become the attachment of his people to him, when the collegiate school was established in 1701, that the invitations given him by the trustees to become its rector, were looked upon with manifest jealousy and dislike.

In the efforts made to found a college in Connecticut, Mr. Pierson had not been indifferent or inactive. He partook largely of the zeal which characterized the whole body of the clergy in this enterprise, and looked forward with fond anticipation to the time when this favorite project should be carried into effect. His hopes were soon realized. In the year 1699 he was chosen as one of ten of the "principal ministers" who were nominated and agreed upon by general consent, to act as trustees "to found, erect, and govern a college." Some time in the same year they met in New Haven, and formed themselves into a society, "to consist of eleven ministers, including a rector, and agreed to found a college in the colony of Connecticut." They held another meeting in Branford soon after, and each of the trustees bringing some books, presented them to the association, using these words, or something to their effect; "*I give these books for the founding a college in this colony.*" The books thus contributed consisted of forty folio volumes, which were placed in the charge of the Rev. Mr. Russell, the minister of Branford, who acted as librarian. This formal proceeding has ever been considered the beginning of the college. It was in the year 1700 that this meeting was held in Branford, though the precise date has not been ascertained.

At a session of the colonial Congress, which met in New Haven in October, 1701, a petition was presented to that body, signed by many ministers and others, which stated "that from a sincere regard to, and zeal for upholding the Protestant religion, by a succession of learned and orthodox men, they had proposed that a collegiate school should be erected in this colony, wherein youth should be instructed in all parts of learning, to qualify them for public employments in church and civil state, and that they had nominated ten ministers to be trustees, partners, or undertakers, for founding, endowing, and ordering the said school, and thereupon desired that full liberty and privilege might be granted to the said undertakers for that end." On the 9th of October, 1701, the Assembly granted a charter to the "Collegiate School." After receiving their charter, the trustees met at Saybrook, November 17th, 1701, and chose Mr. Pierson to take charge of the college in its instruction and government, under the title of Rector.

Mr. Pierson had become prominent as one of the most distinguished scholars in New England. Philosophy and science, his favorite studies, were cultivated by him with the enthusiasm of a devotee. Fond of acquiring, he was equally fond of communicating knowledge; so that however much he was attached to his people, it is doubtful whether his feelings were not still more inclined to the infant university to which evidently he looked forward for his remembrance among posterity. His methods of instruction and government in the college, met with general approbation. He had already composed a system of Natural Philosophy, which he introduced in the college, and which continued as the manual in that department for many years after his death.

No plan of studies appears to have been formed by the trustees, and it is probable that the course of instruction then pursued in Harvard College, was generally adopted; and that this came under the order that where no special provision had been made, "the laws of Harvard College should be the rule."

"The first student in the collegiate school was Jacob Hemingway, who was graduated at Saybrook in 1704, and who was afterwards, for many years, the minister at East Haven. He entered the seminary as a regular member in March, 1702, and continued alone under the instruction of Mr. Pierson, till September of the same year. At this time the number of students being increased to eight, they were put in different classes, according to their previous acquirements. One of these, John Hart, afterwards minister at East Guilford, who graduated alone in 1703, had been three years at Cambridge. The first Commencement was held at Saybrook in September, 1702, when four young gentlemen, who had before been graduated at Harvard, and one other who had been privately educated, received the degree of Master of Arts, and one received the degree of Bachelor. As the prospects of the college were now brighter, and the number of the students had increased, Mr. Daniel Hooker of Farmington, a graduate of Harvard College, and grandson of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, the first minister of Hartford, was elected Tutor."

The students were instructed in Killingworth, by the rector and a tutor, and recited in the house of the former. The Commencements were held privately at Saybrook, in the house of Mr. Buckingham, who was one of the trustees. None were allowed to attend except the friends of the candidates, ministers of the gospel, and perhaps a few other influential persons. The exercises consisted generally of a Latin oration from the Rector, a Tutor, or a Master, and a syllogistic dispute between some of the candidates for the degree of Bachelor. The exercises closed as now, with a prayer by the rector.

The prosperous and ambitious village of Saybrook, encouraged by its success in having the Commencements held there instead of New Haven, became desirous that Mr. Pierson should remove there with his students, and so permanently establish the college in that place. Earnest endeavors were made to enlist his feelings in favor of the contemplated removal. This excited jealousy on the part of his people.—They became so uneasy on this subject that they began openly to ex-

press their unwillingness that he should continue as the rector. The distracted spirits which he had allayed on becoming their pastor, by his mild and convincing manners and rhetoric, again began to be turbulent. Up to this time his church and society had been particularly prosperous under his ministry. Their meeting house had been enlarged and beautified, and on the 30th of August, 1703, a bell, one of the first that ever rang in this State, was procured from England, and hung in its steeple. The idea, therefore, that the college was seducing the affections of their pastor, and anxiety about his contemplated removal, caused such a commotion in their feelings, that on the 21st of September, 1705, he addressed the following letter to his congregation, for the purpose of allaying the ferment which was evidently increasing.

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF KILLINGWORTH.—Sirs: Whereas I perceive there is a misapprehension of my answer at New Haven to the Rev. Trustees of the Collegiate School, lately published in part among you, I do declare as followeth, viz: That in their motion to me there were two things,

"1st. Their desire that I should take the care and conduct of said school.

"2nd. That I should remove with said school to the place by them appointed for it.

"To the first of these I answered as you have heard. The true meaning whereof was that I durst not deny a divine call to attend to that work so far as was consistent with my ministerial work among you, and accordingly I have endeavored to practice ever since.

"To the 2nd of these, not discerning a present call thereto, after much persuasion and pressing to it, my answer was to act therein as God should open my way. I ever concluded your consent to my removal, and never obliged myself to remove without it; and by your consent, I mean your general and joint consent, and not merely a greater part of you consenting. That as through Divine Providence I have lived among you in peace now about ten years, so if I may be removed from you—which is not at all after my seeking—I may leave you in peace, and have hope that the God of peace will be with you, and as testimony of your general and joint consent to my removal, (if I do remove,) I expect your engagement, by sufficient sureties, to reimburse me according to agreement, without which I shall not think I have a sufficient expression of your consent to my removal.

Sept. 21st, 1705.

ABRAHAM PIERSON."

The manner in which this was viewed by his people, is sufficiently indicated by their answer, voted in full town meeting, Nov. 2nd.

"TO THE REV. ABRAHAM PIERSON.—Rev. Sir: In answer to the writing of Sept. 21, 1705, given unto us by John Crane, wherein you do declare that the motion of the Rev. Trustees to yourself, was that you would take the care of the Collegiate School, and secondly to remove with said school:—to the first you said your answer was, that you durst not deny a divine call to attend said work, so far as was consistent with your ministerial work among us, and accordingly have practiced. To which we do declare that it is our opinion that it is not, or

like to be consistent with your ministerial work among us, to attend said school as hitherto. To the second you say that you ever considered our consent to the opening of the way, to which we answer that we shall not endeavor to act in that matter any farther than we have already done."

It were useless to say that there is no asperity in the foregoing answer; still it shows how highly he was esteemed among his people, and how jealous they were of enjoying his ministrations divided with the college.

The situation of Rector Pierson at this time was one of great perplexity. His attachments to the college were becoming stronger and closer every day. The trustees and students were fastening new obligations upon him year by year. Although not fully determined, the trustees were inclined to fix the location of the college at Saybrook, and had made an arrangement with Mr. Nathaniel Lynde of that town, one of the most influential men in the colony, and who had recently made some considerable donations to the college for that purpose. They accordingly intimated to Mr. Pierson their wishes that he would remove with the students to that place. This he felt that he could not do. The jealousy and opposition of his people were increasing the more they saw him engaged in the new duties to which he had bound himself.—Under these circumstances, he applied to the trustees, and obtained their permission to make proposals to the members of his congregation, "that the Collegiate School be allowed to remain at Killingworth, under the care and conduct of Mr. Pierson." Accordingly he laid the matter before them Nov. 7, 1706, in reply to which they voted almost unanimously "that they *were not* willing that the school should be kept there as it had been."

At a town meeting on Dec. 24th following, they appointed a committee "to draw up some proposals for the town to consider upon, with respect to the allowance of the Collegiate School being here under the care and control of Mr. Pierson, and to make return thereof to the next town meeting." What the action of the committee was we do not know, but from the spirit that was manifested about this time, we can easily conjecture. It was the full determination of Mr. Pierson's congregation to root out the college from their midst, and retain him as their pastor; and the trustees were not less firm in their resolutions that he should remain as rector, while his heart was so strongly attached to both, that a separation from either would be hard. This circumstance speaks well for him as a man, a scholar, and a divine.

When Mr. Pierson was settled at Killingworth in 1644, the town gave him a valuable tract of land, with a dwelling house upon it, in the centre of the town, nearly opposite to "meeting house hill," on condition that he should plant an orchard of 100 apple trees, to use and improve during his continuance with them in the ministry, and in case of his remaining during his life, that the same should be to him, his heirs and assigns forever, but in case of his removal, that the said house, meadow and orchard should revert to the town.

Under the excited feelings incident to their disapproval of his con-

nection with the college, the town voted, Feb. 20th, 1706-7, "that the town having considered that there is a neglect in planting and manuring the 100 apple trees which Mr. Pierson was obliged to do, the town made choice of a committee to discourse with Mr. Pierson respecting that matter, and make return to the town." This procedure, though not very kind, was nevertheless in perfect accordance with human nature. They thought of driving him into an humble submission to their will, and expected in this way to "kill" his attachment to the college, and to draw him closer to themselves! The situation of Mr. Pierson must have been one of severe trial. He looked back to the many pleasant years of love and harmony he had enjoyed in the bosom of his people, and dreaded a separation which he feared was at hand. On the contrary, he was much attached to his college. The bonds of sympathy which bound him to his students and their studies, were so grateful to him that he deemed the Providence which had brought him into such pleasant associations "Divine." He therefore uttered no unkind reply to the allusion made by his people to their hold upon his house and his orchard. We cannot believe that the mere matter of profit and loss entered into his account in this hour of perplexity, though the idea that he held his pleasant home, where he had spent so many happy years with his family and church upon a precarious tenure, must have added to his uneasiness. Providence, however, was preparing a way to solve these difficulties, not contemplated by any of the parties to them.

The last communication to him from his people relating to his orchard, was made on the 20th February, a few days after which he sickened, and it was soon seen that his sickness was unto death. In the progress of his sickness, the warm affection which had subsisted between him and his people revived. The same love and trust which had enlivened the first years of their connection, displayed itself in the closing hours of his life.

While the elders of his church were gathered around his dying bed, his mind seemed wholly absorbed in the interest of his people, and he earnestly advised with them respecting his successor. It was in that hour, while all their former animosities and heartburnings were forgotten, that he pointed out to them a student of his college, Jared Elliott of Guilford, who was afterwards so useful and distinguished, not only as the physician of the souls but also of the bodies of his people, and the memory of whom still remains as one of the most pious, intelligent, and useful ministers, as well as one of the most learned and practical physicians of his age in New England.

After all their difficulties had been arranged, President Pierson quietly breathed his last on the 5th of March, 1706-7. President Pierson married Abigail, daughter of Mr. George Clark, Sen., of Milford.—His widow died at Killingworth, March 15th, 1727.

In person Mr. Pierson is said to have been portly and well proportioned, above the ordinary stature, and of a rather grave but a very pleasing aspect. His principal characteristic was an earnestness and a seriousness in expression, which carried conviction with it. There was a calmness in all his movements, which gave a constant serenity to his

presence. He was a close, diligent, untiring, and enthusiastic student. As a man, he was prudent, sedate, and judicious, and in all his social relations kind and affectionate. As a Christian, he was charitable and devout; and as Rector of the college in its infancy, eminently qualified by his learning and ability for his station. He left for a long time an affectionate remembrance of his usefulness among those who received his instructions, and in the college he helped to originate and perpetuate.

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### TWO OR THREE NOTIONS.

"I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up,—catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!"

"—— I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought, which Heaven intended for another man."—STERNE.

OLD letters! what a troop of associations come with them! Who loveth not their reading and their re-reading? To whom do they not come back as gladly as prattling children to a doating parent? Ah, how few know the secret—the mystery barred and bolted in them! How potent to turn in upon our mind's retina the pictures of faded years and early remembrances—the gray hairs of tottering age, and the noisy frolicsomeness of childhood! How vividly the spark of feeling darts along the continuous chain of associations and linked sympathies, as we trace the limnings of a friendly pen, and receive the impressions of by-gone circumstances! Who loves not to receive a letter from a friend, *enclosures* aside? Is there one? He is a dolt—an enigma in humanity! Who, then, cares not afterward to count his glittering treasure, nay, to read over its very date and direction, after months and years have interlapsed? He is a sluggard—too indolent to pains-taking after old pleasures, and too miserable ever to enjoy them! We love to see letters, torn a little about the seal, thumbbed even to a brown soiling, the folding marks worn nearly through by frequent opening; but no matter, 'tis the same with human nature every where. Show me one who yields to the gunny smile, who betrays the thrilling emotion as he reads again and again the motives and impulses and friendships of "other days" in an old, laid-by letter, and I will show you as good a place for a generous heart as ever human breast afforded. There is a sort of virginity about unbroken letters; they savor of the lamp; they betray a delicate pride in the folding; they look too good for use; but run over those you have winnowed from your yearly bundle, and snatched otherwise wasted moments to read, and there comes the very look of a friend in the shape of his letters, you almost grasp at the form your imagination had excited. Old letters are the *Lares* of my lonely hearth. I have but one pet—a cricket—that usurps a right to one corner of it every evening; all my other bet-

ter feelings (for such every man must be supposed to have) I give to old friends.

"Would'st thou be in a dream and yet not sleep?—  
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?"

Run your eyes again over these tokens of friendship and love.

"Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony,"

saith the genius of English verse. Night, I love thee, with all thy gentle, holy influences, that let in upon the dreamy soul floods of calmness and dispassionate thought! kind thoughts, thoughts tipped with the gilding of inspiration, all unfledged and trembling, come now out of their abodes of confusion and dreams in the brain, to peep forth on the unlettered page, as if at first distrustful and modestly afraid to soil the clear, white plain before them; now they "cast their coming shadows" before them—now just show their fairy forms—now stand out boldly—now they run, and dance, and caper in their new dress of words, like young children, and gladden the loving heart. Oh, how I love to impress them, pure as they are, on the unsullied page; not dreaming but that those now far away and too often forgot, may, in a dim hereafter, love to run their eyes over the baubles and weep. Silence is the High Priest of Night, that spreads her smothering folds over all things, that gags the distorted necks of unholy thoughts, and makes tumult and harsh revelry cover their heads.

"These thoughts are thine, O, night!  
From thee they came like lovers' sighs,  
While others slept."

"Quick! quick!" says the world, now-a-days; nothing can be despatched with haste enough. Every thing has learned the speed of *the age*; farewells must be spoken with all the haste of stage departures; food must be crowded down at a dangerous degree of acceleration; matrimony must be agreed on, if not consummated, before the parties can solve the question whether they would be as much pleased with one another in a change of dress; the *world* moves faster than it did, and imminent danger hence arises to the hasty dwellers thereon. We are not one of those who live by returning to multiplied arts and exalted ingenuity, copper where we received gold; ingratitude, where sustenance; but in the name of nature we protest against making of life so much *shop-work* where beneficence intended pleasure. We inhabit no *tub*; we do not study human nature in a barrel, with only the light of the bung-hole; let the Cynics that infest the earth have all that to themselves. But occasionally take off your eyes from their straining after newspaper excitement; unbend your feelings from the obstinate tension to which gain-getting projects are fast straining them.



Beauty and sublimity are abroad ; on the mountain castles and over the green platted meadow. Beauty shows her rosy finger in the witch-hazel, in the leaning osier, in the sparkling bubble, that floats and floats on down the stream, and then suddenly bursts, as if conscious after all it was but a *bubble*. Sublimity—Grandeur comes down on the clouds that roll over and downwards with their mountain heights, sings her hoarse lullaby in the deafening waterfall, glares round over nature in the lightning's twinkle, trumpets the powers of Heaven in the rolling thunder ! Nature is one gorgeous moving panorama ; the curtain of night raises, and the great day-god shakes his glittering locks to travel the vast pathway he has traveled for ages ; brooks glisten and babble, birds spread out their gaudy plumage and strain their little throats in song, mighty woods stand hushed in admiration, fields smile on their nourisher, and even the leaf and the flower flaunt their painted banners as they seem to move on in the great day-procession. It changes :—the clouds hasten to steal the last tinge from the great sun, and scud away in conscious pride over the ocean of blue, to meet him again in the morning. The sun has gone down, the skies have released their embrace from his beams.

There rises, just above the horizon, a more beautiful object still, so tranquil, no heat, no fierceness, as if just from the courts of Heaven. Its spirit, too, goes before it ; passions are lapped in quiet ; love extends its gentle hand freely to all ; new music charms the ear ; the waterfall is, as it were, holding its breath for admiration ; the brooklet lies silent to gaze from its hidden nestling-place at the silvery moon, and hardly dares to murmur ; there's a witchery in every thing. No one feels or sees as he would in the glare of sunlight ; actions, feelings, and objects are all softened and beautified ; there seems dawning upon us a new world. And with such scenes shifts the whole scenery of the world. If there be nothing worthy of admiration in these things, there is less susceptibility to beauty in the human heart than we had fortunately conjectured.

“ Now, by two-headed Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her times :

Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,

And laugh, like parrots at a bag-piper ;

And others of such *vinegar* aspect,

That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,

Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.”

Our daily intercourse with men strengthens our opinion, that there never was a stranger thing in Creation than the human countenance. If you have ever sat near some public promenade and watched the variety of expression in the countenances of the thousands that pass you, you must either believe that Adam could not have been their common father, or that Eve must have had an indescribable compound of features, and altogether unenviable. The first one that passes us is never laughing, for he sees no one before him to laugh at ; his muscles

are firmly set, and his mouth-corners drawn tolerably down toward the chin. If it is morning, he has been dunned by a waspish creditor, or is calculating the length of time to his dinner. A second follows like a bailiff close at his heels, and looks down so intently, and treads so measuredly, that he would seem trying the experiment of covering his tracks. If he wear a black coat, he is an unsettled minister; if his elbows shine and his boots show harmless rust, he is a 'gentleman of the press.' Next follows a man, with a *dicky* so high as to impose upon him the necessity of spitting right forward; his eyes twinkle with an air of satisfaction, and betray enjoyment he carries with him wherever he goes. He bows rather more than ordinarily, is sure to catch the eye of every one he meets, and makes it a point of taking an extensive observation before he shuts himself in with his business; reader, you have seen an office-holder. Now come pouring on the thickening crowd, as if they had just gathered their courage—the lame, holding on by their crutches—the blind, by their strings—the loafer, by his pockets. As they pass, you shall see moving before your eyes, affliction, humility and impudence. While your soul is just touched to the quick with pity, you raise your foot in anger and disgust. Now run all these faces in your imagination into one mass, and you read the strong characteristics—eagerness, ambition. In this way do foreign sages estimate the character of our people; with how much truth, we are, by the amount of ridiculous detraction they weave in their accounts, prevented from ascertaining. Some one has fancifully said that the downward look betokened the man of artifice and calculation; the "look around" the man of observation, and the look upwards the man of reflection. We have not lived long enough to test this theory by our own observation: but every one feels for himself the difference between the downcast head and the eye that meets his own. The latter, whatever else it may augur, at least shows integrity and honor. When we see a prisoner in the crowded court-room, we always look first for his eye: if it slinks away, even from the inquisitive gaze, the man has some more difficult topic for thought than innocence. No man is ever curious to know more of a face half-hidden, but the air of assurance an upright countenance wears, is sure to excite farther inquiry. Besides, who likes particularly to walk about mummies, that neither speak nor exhibit any proofs that they ever did. The exchange of feelings that is silently carried on from face to face, forms at least one half part of sociality: words are not the only, nor always the best conveyancers of the soul's hopes and misgivings; there is more language in the look, in silence itself, than the formality of expression can with accurate delicacy convey. The orator's language is by no means his eloquence; it is the look, the attitude, the gesture that thrills and electrifies. Half the sociality of life lies with our formal meetings in the church and by the way: but that sociality is entirely gone when men shun your look and retreat within themselves. We are no long time in finding the difference between the clown that passes us with the look of a healthy soul, and the fastidious gentleman, whose dignity a pole could not reach but a needle may wound; and in whose favor that difference lies. We

strive ever to meet the eye : there we read the tact, the good humor, the gentle cast, the turbid eloquence, the grace of poetry, in fine, the man. The poor blind turn their faces up, and we feel that they want but the fire of *the look*, to speak in their features as plain a language as was ever spoken. We object to the abstracted gaze, which so often loses the man ; business where business belongs, but our crowded thoroughfares are of right the public property of society—its open meeting ground, and let us bring there no other characters than those that are truly our own.

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There is no sufferer that touches our heart more sadly and deeply than the victim of consumption. It is indeed deplorable to witness the successful struggle of the fell disease with the form of loveliness and beauty, touching to watch the fast dying colors of health on the cheek, and catch the last lingering flush that overspreads the countenance, till pallor covers every feature and lineament with its death-like hue, when

“ There is a blending of white and blue,  
Where the purple blood is melting through  
The snow of the pale and tender cheek ;  
And there are tones that sweetly speak  
Of a spirit who longs for a purer day,  
And is ready to wing her flight away.”

Such a victim always excites in sensitive minds the deepest sympathies and the most heartfelt pity. But there is still as much, if not more, to raise such feelings, in the sight of opening manhood wrestling with the destroyer. The fast growing hope and strengthening energy give the unfortunate one a confidence in his very danger, which the sure nature and results of the disease make still more pitiable ; add to this the universal giving over on the part of friends of the sufferer to his fate, under the conviction that remedy and even alleviation is a thing unheard of. We can weep for the youth, whose just opening plans for life are fast withering under the disease ; and as we watch him daily at his window, gazing at passers and objects almost as if conscious of the short space left to enjoy them—as we see him day after day run his eye over a few little treasures he imagines more than all the world to him, and carefully lay them by each day where he laid them the day before, and indulge in the illusions of an almost childish fancy, we turn away from the sight with feelings too strong for utterance. Oh, consumption ! thou art indeed the most beautiful in thy ways of all diseases ; thou makest Beauty still more beautiful, and turnest even strong Manhood into a refined object of sympathy : yet withal, thou art the most artful and effectual of them all. No pains, no expenses can shun thy pursuit : though mild is thy aspect, yet art thou terrible. Thou comest and sittest by the merry hearth-stone, where nothing but love and enjoyment are companions ; we look round among our number and one has disappeared. Thou countest Life's sands as they run out slowly, and seemest to exult in thy final conquest : loveliest

victims are most valuable trophies. Where, oh, where dost thou inhabit, Destroyer? Dost thou ride on the breeze or in the storm? In what form shall coward, shrinking Man greet thee, Consumption?

Every living man has a pet—a hobby! affections seems at times brown away on unworthy objects and the most insignificant pleasures, but it is the way of human nature to cling to something or some one, as if for assistance. If a friend, by a freak of his own fancy, or his mendurable neglect, forfeit his claim on our love, how much pain soever here may be in the severance, we discard our old familiar relations, and invariably cast about for some new object on which to centre our affections. I advocate no flightiness in friendships, no system of roaming from one place to another to taste of all and enjoy none; no! half, say, all the enjoyment lies in the continued constancy, the spirit that will itself suffer, rather than come to an open rupture of long established ties. But I was saying every man had his hobby. One loves to couch down by his solitary hearthstone and gaze in the face of an old, well known clock, that his grandfather and great-grandfather have years ago watched and talked to and read; every motion of the pendulum brings back old associations, and a steady gaze at these sets the man dreaming. He tells over to himself, as it clicks and clicks in his echoing room, stories of haunted houses, and rifled graves—of merry winter evening parties, the happy company, and the good old folks—of his own young days, his forgotten playmates and his growing hopes. Thoughts, dreams, visions and fantasies flock in upon his mind in troops, with order and without order, ragged and sunny faced; every night in his chimney corner he cons a new lesson in the History of a Life.

Another finds society in the familiarities of a cat or a dog. I can now call to my recollection an old man, whose only household friends were his cats; and as he goes from room to room, he appears like a very Selkirk, with his domesticated creatures trooping on after and before him. Doubtless he finds in his cats a society he would vainly look for in a human being: for the honor of the race we hope he does. We know a third and a young man, too, who infinitely prefers to sit down over the pages of Walter Scott to enjoyment of any living society, whosoever it be: he feeds on his poetry, and his spirits are never lighter than when sailing away on the enchantment of his tales. He can discourse on Sir Walter's mode of life, and his friends, quite as familiarly as about his own habits and situation. And this is his hobby, and he rides it well. I know a fourth, and that comes down to myself, that literally *rides* his hobby in the shape of an old arm chair. It is not an *old* chair, nor a new chair; it is emblazoned with no family title, nor has it been out of the family for three or four generations; it is not plain, nor is it carved and massive; but it seems to offer me the history of bygone days and the prophecy of coming years; it has an unexpressive simplicity, and that simplicity makes it beautiful. Night after night have I thrown my weary self into its open arms, and feeling secure from molestation, framed in the dear old thing a thousand fantasies and dreamed a thousand dreams. If I pen a letter, I must to

my chair, or my spirits are wanting, and I always feel that when I vacate it virtue has gone out of me.

"I love it! I love it! and who shall dare  
To chide me for loving that *old arm chair*?"

It helps me in building all my castles, in loving all my friends, in stirring up my grumbling passions—in short, it seems a part of myself, and I never expect to find a more constant friend. I sit in it the seasons through; it is comfort for the winter fireside, a gleam of sunshine in the balmy spring-time, a spirit to soothe the jaded energies in the sultry summer, and a monitor in the silent autumn, when the trees are throwing out their gorgeous banners in the calm sunlight, and the soft droppings of the leaves are counting faded hopes and departed pleasures. Sainted ones, long ago wrapped in the uniform of the grave, come back to me; absent ones come and sit beside me; I roam again in the woods in spring, and each dancing brooklet and sloping hill I always loved, appear in my fancy's landscape again. And I think of ghosts, that wrap in their white coverings the mysterious secrets of the past, and hold out their skinny hands invitingly to me. In fine, I live in my chair in a world of mine own. I sat thinking one night of the strange notion people generally entertain of the value of life, and its length. No doubt it is human nature to resort to every expedient to prolong life and lengthen its pleasures, but people generally seem to desire a long life, as if its length were the only object in question, and the greatest glory of it. We believe every individual has a definite object in his mission to this world, and we trust at least so far in the omniscience of a Divinity, as to believe also that when he is removed hence, that object is attained. We mourn the early dead; why not equally the departure of decrepit age? the former have acted their part, and they must give their account; the latter have acted theirs also, and because we *feel* their uselessness, we are content to have them gathered to their fathers. Now if a genius come among us, and consume the brilliancy of its energies in the mighty task before it, who shall deplore the fate to which duty and high Heaven called it? Life is nothing, when distracted with fears for its fleetness. No one pretends to hold the wizard's wand, that can deaden disease or repel danger; why, then, attempt to lengthen life, by sacrifice of high duty and lofty promptings? If a soul throbs with the mighty impulses of action, to prolong mortal life by checking its purposes is but to deprive it of its true existence. It is the very decay of health, and the fading of the lively flush that stamps the sacrifice of such objects as the Genius. Actions to be effectual, must be constant, unbending; to glow with a flame like inspiration, must proceed from deep emotion, laborious thinking, excited sensibility. Now if such workings of the soul are co-workers with health-regulators, well; if they become subservient to them, the grand mission of the soul is defeated. Genius always feels unsatisfied longings, thrilling emotions; it has a deep, silent undercurrent, which few are able to discern; the fountain is far back, hidden in the clump of pure

feelings, and thick-growing hopes. Never, then, be willing to wrong the Genius, by exchanging one of its crystal drops for a thousand cups of cheap distillations from retailing Talent, that only cheat the Fancy and intoxicate the Reason.

Thought can never be worth any thing, unless it come from the mind's quarry; if in its oldness it suffer nought from alteration, freshness always gives poignancy, sparkle, power. Shall we shut out the workers in this quarry from the very labor that supports them, and for which they were peculiarly intended. Society is willing to suffer ruinous losses of life to enrich itself with the gold sands; a comparison of benefits most always decides favorably to a "monied interest;" but let the searcher of mind risk health or life in the vast mine open to him, and a hue and cry is thereupon raised, and the poor devotee is "like the quarry slave scourged" to the dungeon of mortal antipathy. We admire—we revere the man who obeys the higher calls of life, who, unwilling to count his coppers for their worthlessness, digs harder and deeper for the pure gold.

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Again my old chair threw around my spirits a memory, and I looked through it with a sad heart. 'Twas of an old school-mate, with whom I had shared my young troubles and pleasures, but who was now sleeping in the narrow coffin. Ah, well do I remember now the bright lustre of his eye, and his ever ready smile and the warm feeling that fairly bounded to meet you. Poor fellow! who could have foreseen it? He has dropped silently into the great pitfall of death! I have many of his papers in my drawer now, all the proof of a nice sensibility, a noble pride, and a generous heart; he had traced out in his lingering sickness his early feelings and his changing prospects. Consumption had taken hold upon him, and he knew it, and you may see the drift of his daily observations on his condition; like the imprisoned *starling* of Sterne, he was day by day eking out life and counting the lonely hours with an old, well-worn pen he ever had in his hand. He had read largely yet discriminatingly; his mind seemed full of new notions, novel speculations, and when he gave loose to his fancy, you felt that you were conversing with more than a mortal being. Hour after hour have I sat by his side to hear him talk of our friendship and intercourse; even the minutest objects were vivid in his memory; the books I had lent him, the little mimic boats we had sailed together, the beautiful island at the head of the river, to which we had made our young voyages together; and yet the satisfaction the relation of such things gave him was owing to no weakness, rather to a mental delicacy and sensitiveness. If there be any means of refining the feelings it is surely by sickness, and by receiving the attention of friends; both these had had their full effect upon him. And he knew too he must go soon; he had brooded over it, and speculated upon his probable feelings at the instant of dissolution. The many scraps he had lying around, all his own, abundantly proved this to me. He gave me liberty to read any of them, and I have selected one or two, as showing his nature to perfection.

"And I shall sleep soon—sleep forever. Will any heart remember

there once lived such a being as I? I have done nothing—nothing—nothing! Where has my life fled? They tell me I must die! yes, die! and the white sheet shall wrap my poor, shrunken limbs, and the cold turf lie heavy on my head, and the silence of the narrow grave shall not echo a single throb of my heart! Can I go? Mother, sister, who shall love you as I have done? Can I die in the sweet spring time, while the very sunlight gives me a new life? Oh, how short, and for nothing—nothing! What shall stop my breathing, or *how shall I have a last breath?* Shall my heart leap up and choke my thin blood as it flows through my veins, or I breathe and breathe out the last breath, till I catch and gasp for more, more, but find it gone? Then my limbs shall lie still, and my hands lie by my side without motion; the faint breeze that steals in through the lattice will dally with my little hair, and try to bring it to life again; and they will come and gaze upon me as I lie so still before them, and ask if my death was easy, and what were my last words, and whisper to each other how natural I look. Let them gaze on the pale face of the dead, if there be a pleasure in it! And I, I shall have broken life's chains and fetters and passed the powers of earth, and be away in the vast extents, of which Jean Paul beautifully says, 'immortality dwells in the vast extents, death only in the worlds. Upright shadows in *human* forms move in the suns, but they become *glorified* as they pass out of them and disappear in the sea of light; and the dark planets are only cradles of the children-spirits of the universe!' Then the last struggle will be forgotten, and air, and breath, and freedom shall be all my own!"

I found lying on his table some old letters, on the back of one of which I read, written in a trembling hand, the ink scarcely dry, the following verses. They only show the direction of his thoughts strongly, a direction which few with his young experience generally take.

#### "MY GRAVE.

Oh, make it in some woody glen  
 Away from the tread of busy men,  
     My darksome earthly bed;  
 Let it be made full manhood's size,  
 Where my confined form so noiseless lies,  
     With green turf overspread.

I ask no monumental stone  
 To mark the place I choose so lone,—  
     Away such senseless show!  
 The dove's sad notes, as they float along,  
 Enough shall tell the idle throng,  
     Of him who sleeps below.

There the worm shall riot in his spoil,  
 Unharm'd by man in his loathsome toil,  
     And the toad shall make his bed.

There the rabbit shall sport with her innocent young,  
And the wood-bird renew the song she has sung,  
In a mournful strain for the dead.

Let it be where the sun's last lingering ray  
Shall rest, and the earliest gleam of day  
Behold me sleeping still.

I would catch the voice of the whispering breeze  
And hear the song, as past it flees,  
Of the little tinkling rill.

Pass by, unfeeling world pass by!  
Away from my tomb with curious eye,  
Away, uncaring feet!  
Let one I love sit by my form,  
And think of me with tears flowing warm,—  
This is to me most meet."

He died when he feared he should, in the warm, fresh spring time; every faculty unbedimmed, his eye bright and clear to the last, he sunk gradually into death's embrace, but leaving it only the form it had so long seemed to covet. It was a bright afternoon in May, that we buried him, though not just in accordance with his expressed taste. I was one of his bearers, who never would have dared to dream of assisting to carry my early friend to the grave. The time seemed peculiarly lovely and appropriate; the buds were started into life, the bee had ventured out on his busy errand, the young sprouts peeped forth from their winter dungeons, and seemed to shrink from a sight so inappropriate to the time. But it was appropriate, and it was solemn. We let him slowly down into the grave, I looked over the brink to see him in his new world of silence and damp, and turned away to my own feelings.

#### PERICLES AND HIS TIMES.

As in a painting, there are particular parts to which the attention of the observer is directed, as attractive as the grand whole—so the student of history is instinctively turned from the wide survey of the vast outlines to that particular portion of Grecian History, so abounding in all the works of Genius,—the Periclean Age. Corresponding to the Augustan Age at Rome, and the Elizabethan in England, it was enriched with all their refinement, while it also exhibited masters in literature and the fine arts, who challenge emulation with any other age the world ever has seen or will see. Athens, the most brilliant star of unhappy Greece, in fact reached the very ultimum of human perfection. Rome, in her palmiest days, was but her servile imitator; those



principles of freedom that united the vast Roman empire, received their first nurture in Greece; and those masters of learning and eloquence, who adorned the Roman Forum, and swayed the popular feeling at will, were cradled in the schools of unfortunate Greece. It is the remark of an eminent historical writer, that "the age of Pericles is the sole historian of Pericles." Few connected historical facts concerning his abilities either as a commander or an orator, have been rescued to us from the decay of years. In truth, little has ever been said of him in history. Athens was then in the flush of youth, and constant and energetic action, its consequent characteristic, unfitted the mind of the age for any employment so purely reflective as that of collecting materials for history, and we must, therefore, look upon the reflected light of the time, if we would behold the glorious fires of *his own* genius. It is only by referring to the writings of cotemporaries, or noting the astonishing advance of society during that era, and by gathering the few fragments that remain from his ambitious plans and impassioned eloquence, that we can obtain any fair measure of the idol of "democratic Athens." The fears of the aristocratic party, on the death of Cimon, of a total subversion of their increasing power, entrusted to Thucydides the consummation of what their avaricious thirst for power had so boldly planned, and the fortune of opposing Pericles at the head of the democratic party. To such an excess was hostility between the two parties carried, it was apparent that the safety of Athens could be established only by a final appeal to the will of the people in the ordeal of ostracism. But the violence of these factions was for a time assuaged by the resistance offered the Athenian dominion at Delphi, which, by protraction acquired the name of the "*Sacred War*," however irreconcilable the component terms may appear.

Scarcely was this adjusted and a truce effected with the Spartan government, ere the subjects of the Peloponnesian cities boldly attempted to shake off the power to which they had so long submitted. The short period of the truce with Sparta, too, had elapsed, which wanted no extraordinary incitement to re-assume a warlike attitude. For such an emergency the determined energy of Pericles seemed providentially at hand. During the whole course of the Peloponnesian war, surrounded on every side by foes, with constant secessions from the Athenian dominion on the part of the smaller states, and repeated incursions from their most jealous enemies—the Lacedemonians, Pericles stemmed the double torrent of rebellion of subjects and internal disunion at Athens in a manner worthy only a man of consummate ability. The result, so inglorious to Sparta, rendered them desirous of conciliating the immediate favor of Athens, of which the thirty years' truce affords ample evidence. The restoration of peace divested the minds of the people of all former fears, and directed them to the settlement of that internal discord, whose crisis was fast approaching.

The illiberal and fruitless attempts of Thucydides to destroy the popularity of Pericles, by such charges as that of squandering the public money, presaged the speedy termination of his career. The final banishment by ostracism, ensured for Pericles immediate promotion to

the supreme control of the state. Naturally endowed with the highest order of abilities as well as of birth, with no other ambition than that of deserving the love of the people, it is a matter of no astonishment that his own principles should, in a great measure, be impressed upon the mind of his age. How *lastingly*, the sequel of Athenian history impartially decides.

The revenue too of Athens was immense. The booty of inconceivable value daily added from the conquered clans of Persia, together with the enormous rates exacted from their tributary states, enabled them to sustain any project of defence or invasion, as well as to carry to perfection the various arts. Through the confidence she manifested in her own power, derived almost entirely from her own ability, Athens was a *terror* to all her foes. Every inland portion of the neighboring seas that washed the shores of Greece, was dotted with her sails. In a state so peculiarly exposed to temptation, it was the elastic, youthful vigor of Athens alone, that enabled her to resist that vortex of destruction into which lavishness and luxury inevitably draws all nations. Designs were at first entered upon, that would be likely to engross the active *energy* of the whole people. But those only of bare utility proving inadequate to this object, ornament naturally succeeded. In this channel was the public taste more gratified. Leisure, together with means ready at hand for consummating any project, established for her a literature and a philosophy, young indeed in the history of the world, but one with which no other age may successfully vie. The eloquence of Pericles fell upon the ears of the assembled multitude with moving effect. Demosthenes thundered with a power that was a source of dread to his opponents. Plato and the lamented Socrates established systems of philosophy that have swept before them all the cobwebs of sophistry, and acquired an immovable foothold in the belief of men. True, superstition and mysticism we find interwoven in their whole system, but considering the exceedingly narrow bounds by which that age of the world was circumscribed, it is a matter of the greatest wonder that such mighty lights should so suddenly appear in the gloom of the surrounding darkness. When we take a retrospect of that age, they seem to our view like some mighty statues standing solitary in the dreariness of surrounding waste and desolation. They assume in the province of intellect the same position and appearance which those stupendous productions of infant art,—the Egyptian Pyramids,—do in art.

Athens, too, at that time boasted her poets. Sophocles and Aristophanes are names enrolled high on the monument of fame, to last with the memory of man. Of the arts which at that day reached *almost* perfection, unsurpassed since, architecture, sculpture, and painting demand the most impartial attention. It was in this province that Athenian genius first developed itself. Of the buildings of the city, few were distinguished by any marks of external beauty or splendor. To one traversing their ordinary *streets* it would never occur that here the mistress of art had taken her abode. But between the private and public edifices a striking contrast was presented. The Acropolis, pro-

verbially termed the "City of the Gods," presented to the beholder a view truly august and sacred. Rearing its massive turrets above the more lowly habitations of men, it was gilded by the first rays of the morning sun, and upon its purely white dome lingered its departing rays at evening. In massive grandeur the Parthenon and Odeon held corresponding relations. Piles like these it was well known to the sagacious policy of Pericles exerted no other than an ennobling influence on the character of the people. Pride in the works of art,—affection toward the objects of one's native city, and unyielding patriotism took deep root and received the best culture in the hearts of the Athenians. To this city flocked artists of every class and character, vying with each other in their noble employments. Nowhere is the truth, that honorable rivalry begets excellence, more plainly exemplified than here; masters arose, to whom earth can assert no claim, much less may attempt to equal. The chisel of Phidias was guided by an unseen hand; the lineaments he traced were those of a superior being. From her inexhaustible revenues had Athens the greatest danger to fear. She sat, the successful rival of Sparta; "the mistress of the seas," decked with every ornament wealth and genius could afford; a grand yet fearful picture. For a century she was thus situated on her dizzy eminence, with an awful chasm yawning below. Such a position engrossed the attention of the entire Eastern world. The eyes of envy, of jealousy, and of fear were successively turned upon her. But her destiny was yet in reserve. Plenty and lavishness engendered luxury and sloth; next followed dissipation and wanton revelry with their train of attendants, and but a few years had elapsed since the death of Pericles, when the whole state was inflicted with moral impurity and disease to the very vitals, and that deserved pride of all antiquity, now so lately the "ελλας ελλαδος," fell an easy prey to the rapacious incursions of her Eastern foes.

Thus terminated the brilliant existence of Athens. Her whole history, from her rise to her fall, presents the appearance of a drama: fitting before the eyes to dazzle and astonish, then sinking in all the silence of barbarian darkness. Her course holds up to the world political reflections of which note may with advantage be taken. The philosopher recurs to the mind of her day, and describes to his view the schools of Socrates and Plato, of Anaxagoras and Thucydides, but he finds all a dream; the historian searches with inquisitive curiosity for whatever may strike the world as novel, and add to the superficially gathered truths, of which history only can make explanation; and the poet lingers with sorrow around her ruins, to muse on the instability of human power, and drop a tear over her long sealed and silent grave.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

**THE ART OF ELOCUTION.** Exemplified in a systematic course of Exercises. By HENRY N. DAY, Prof. Sac. Rhet. Western Reserve College. A. H. Maltby. New Haven, 1844.

There are, probably, not a dozen members of our University who have seen, and fewer still who have studied this unassuming little duodecimo. It treats of a subject in which every man who expects to be a public speaker is far more interested than he is at all aware of. It was not merely to cure his stammering, and distinctly articulate the letters *l* and *r* that Demosthenes labored so intensely and so long. Nor was it simply an artificial device of Cicero's to have a musician behind him on the rostrum to give him the correct pitch of voice. There is a philosophy in Elocution, as well as in every thing else. It has its foundation in the structure and susceptibilities of our nature, and when exhibited in the oratory of a living master, elicits the involuntary admiration of all. The ART, Prof. Day has fully and clearly unfolded in the volume before us. The fundamental idea is derived mainly, (as he informs us in the preface,) from the justly celebrated work of Dr. Rush, "The Philosophy of the Human Voice." Prof. D. has however, made numerous valuable additions, and by the introduction of frequent and apposite illustrations, has rendered the study pleasing as well as instructive.

Among the choice selections of Practical Exercises at the close of the volume, we are glad to see that American authors have not been wholly overlooked, as is so unworthily the case in many of our school books. We sincerely hope the author may be gratified by the extensive sale and study of his work *here* at least—in his and our Alma Mater.

It will be a sufficient pledge of the neatness and accuracy of its typographical execution to state that it is from the same press which every month sends forth our beautiful Magazine to its numerous and anxious readers.

The "NASSAU MONTHLY" is on our table, revived afresh. It comes to us always like a mug of pure water from a fountain in the hills. It displays great improvement on the former numbers, both inwardly and outwardly. Speed the work!

The "MONTHLY ROSE" has blossomed again, and we receive it with many thanks. But, ladies, we are not the "Yale Literary Messenger"—not exactly. The verses we find scattered along its pages are many of them little gems. Good for the Dutch daughters of Albany.

As we have just received the "LOWELL OFFERING," we have no time for remark, farther than the acknowledgment of its receipt. We will say, however, we always took a kind of *individual* fancy to it.

In the winter of 1777, from the pressure of the Revolutionary war, and other causes, the College steward was unable to furnish provisions for the students, and they were dismissed. The following Chapter of Chronicles was published at the time, and is here printed from an original copy.

1. For it was so, that in the days of Napthali,\* there was no bread in all that country round about, inasmuch that there was a famine in the land.

2. Now the household of Napthali was great, and eat much bread, inasmuch that the famine was very sore.

3. Moreover there were beans in great abundance in that land; so that Napthali said, Peradventure my captives that are in this land will eat the beans thereof.

4. Howbeit, the captives were not accustomed to eat beans in their own country: therefore they murmured against the hand of their master, saying, Give us some bread to eat.

5. Wherefore Napthali assembled all the sons of his captivity, and lift up his voice in the midst of them, and said, O ye sons of my captivity, hear ye the words of Napthali.

6. Forasmuch as the famine is sore in the land, inasmuch there is hardly bread enough for me and my household:

7. Wherefore, ye sons of the captivity of Napthali, behold you may return to your houses in the land of your nativity, where ye can get some bread, lest ye die.

8. Nevertheless, when ye shall hear the voice of my decree in the land of your fathers, saying unto you, Return into the land of Napthali,

9. Then it shall come to pass that ye shall return and sojourn again in the land of captivity.

10. Thus was it done according to all the words of Napthali.

\* This was during the Presidency of Rev. Napthali Daggett, D. D.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

AN Editor's life—ha! ha! ha! what a union of the most delectable colors all daubed into any thing but beauty or proportion! It does seem as if he had choice of the most exquisite flowers, but no power or leisure to arrange them into any thing like a bouquet. He scatters his most valued objects like the child around him, heedless of their safety or his own. Verily, if the inner heart of one of these literary Titans could be penetrated and the thousand little beauties, all delicate and peculiar that cluster there, be unveiled to a reader's eye, the world would be enriched with a compound of speculation, philosophy, poetry, taste, criticism and thought, not now recognized among its possessions of value. But an Editor's experience merely would make no inconsiderable lump in literary history; and there would be a valuable appendix to it in the shape of his opinions and notions. Even our own is something of an account: it has afforded us admirable opportunities for studying that only half-opened book—human character.

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world,"

and view the ever jostling, crowding mass that are moving on to their destiny. But we meant to restrict our original remark to the knowledge of the *literary* characters around us. Oh, beneath what a load groans our old table, never dusted, because never cleared. Every variety the epicure could demand, from an eulogium to an epitaph in poetry, and from a dignified, solemn-paced essay to a half-page squib, shot off by the centrifugal impulses of a reeling brain, in prose. Truly here is the frame-work of a variety of natures—here is the bone and muscle, however much it may be dressed out in the disguise of assumed wisdom and cleverness. We take our contributions (would we might say subscriptions instead!) as we take our cat, in our lap and sit down beside our fire to elicit sparks of brilliancy, and above all of rapid continuance: if they readily show themselves, then you and ourselves, reader, are made doubly friends again: but if such phenomena present not themselves, but our attentive sympathies are with reading quieted into the drowsy purr and dreamy nap, depend upon it the character in hand is somniferous—Lethæan! Then how we start from our doze and grasp the arms of our chair, and what a titillating sensation prickles in our very veins as we climb on and on among the rough, craggy points in originality and polished sententiousness! How every point sparkles and glitters, as you turn it first this way and then that, like the thousand spears of iron-filings suspended from a magnet,—and with no less powerful attraction too do they cling to the attention. Here comes in a lame, limping youth, leaning on the bending crutches of rhythm and sentiment, just in at the death, poor fellow! Along by one door march troops of the *novi homines*, the unsuspecting yet hardly-confiding, extending at a very respectful distance their neatly folded lucubrations, and ready with their nether foot outstretched for a jump and a run when their modest errand is once performed. There is a frankness, a nobleness in such modesty yet to unfold itself, and therefore do we like it. Such is the mixedness in our compounds in the way of authorings, from it we may rightfully expect a corresponding mixedness in the way of effects. \* \* \*

We had the pleasure of again listening to the eloquent Temperance lecturer, JOHN B. GOUGH, the other evening in College Chapel. The lecturer drew as he always does a crowded house of "beauty, wit and talent;" and the ceremonies went off with great zest. There is undoubtedly too much repetition on his part of the same ideas and in many cases of the same language, but perhaps the multitude of

addresses he makes is apology enough for that. We admire his natural eloquence, for it is nothing else, and we admire his enthusiasm more. There is seen no desire to sermonize in what he says: he appeals to the man himself, and it is his very familiarity, which he supports so well, that gives his addresses much of their interest. We think it an unpardonable oversight on the part of the managers of the affair that they did not circulate their 'pledge' while the action was going on; if they have lost any thing thereby, it is only because they suffered the iron to cool before they raised their hammer.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures."

There appeared in the newspapers some time ago, a good joke relative to the fire which occurred in College yard near the Cabinet. For a time, as was well known, the Cabinet building with the most valuable collection of geological specimens on this side the Atlantic, was in imminent danger from the flames. The coolness of the firemen, however, was too much of a damper for the fire, and it resulted only in the destruction of an old shell of a building adjacent to the Cabinet. These facts were stated in the papers at length, and it was seriously estimated by calculating Editors that, had the collection been destroyed, the College must have thereby been the loser to the amount of at least twenty thousand dollars, "*about what the goods cost.*" Shades of —— of learning! what a loss of *money* would that have been!

Since our connexion with this "Journal," we have cabbaged from the vast pile of manuscript that almost carpets our floor not a few of the little gems, on which our hungry eyes have rested so wistfully during their reading. We would work ourselves around the chairs of the brother "gentlemen of the press," and twist our shape into as many contortions as *shape* would undergo, then cautiously put our foot upon the coveted article, then stealthily stretch out a thievish hand to pull it in, as a sailor would a small sail, and when once it was within our grasp, oh, how we would clutch it, and hide it away within the recesses of an *empty* pocket! By such marauding experiments we have accumulated a mass of facts in the history of mind, that sufficiently attest its *progressiveness*. We should like to show them very much to a select few of our readers, such as would take the oath of faithful secrecy, but the rules of 'our order' forbid. We see a sighing swain every night; we have *serenaders* without number, and all too "*gratis for nothing:*" we behold, not exactly on *canvas*, the forms and beauties of all the Marys, Lucys, Emilys, Georgiannas, and Matildas of the age, and, Reader, we make it out a pleasant little 'gallery of paintings' too, that is, for an *Editor*. But if Cupid could only be kept away, or put to bed, we might boast of a rather larger share of enjoyment. We have him here, in one instance, from the pen of one we should think *sick at the stomach* with love, brought right out before us. The poor fellow's heart lies, according to his confession, upon "Love's altar," (which can mean nothing more than his *bowels*,) crackling and burning in the "flames." Then

"Cupid, with dark and vengeful ire  
His sacrifice (?) enjoying,  
Blew with his breath the scorching fire,  
My patience (!) hard annoying."

Then he—but let him "speak in numbers" for himself.

I cried aloud with intense grief,  
My heart I felt was breaking; (*I thought was burning.*—Ed.)  
My cries brought "S." to my relief,  
With *very* blazes speaking. (*speak-ing.*—Ed.)

Rather *soft* language that all round! It is endorsed with the title, 'A Reverie,' and verily we should not have had to draw very hard on our imagination to have supposed so at the outset. The trouble is, there are a great many *too many* reveries about, as thick as air-holes in the ice, and if a man happens to 'fall' into one he prefaces his contribution with the fact for a sort of apology for all his literary sins or beauties. Which is it?

Then we have in our *individual* 'coffin' apostrophes to Friendship and Love, and heroic stanzas, that come from any but *heroes*, and essays and tales without number. Here is a bit "for the Magazine, if coming within the Editor's *good graces*." It is 'Friendship.' Yes, this comes all the way into our 'good graces' and more too: but the poetry—the poetry: He says of Friendship, its

*"Fragrance sheds a sweet perfume  
Of odors on our way."*

Without it, he takes it upon him to assert, we hope with good grounds for his belief, that

*"Anger, and strife, and mortal woe  
From many dark passions dire would flow—  
Did not its power control."—"J."*

Poor Josey! " 'twill be the means of you," if you "take on at that rate!"

We have also a new work entitled "Senior Logic," the manuscript yet in our hands, to which we invite the serious attention of every individual of that dignified class. It may yet supplant our friend Hedge in the way of a text-book, and who knows what the result would be if such a system were put in fair trial. The author's reasoning powers are good *as far as developed* for aught we know, or care: but there's the poetry again—the poetry! The thing is too rich to give by piecemeal. It deserves a frame, and perhaps some enterprising one in the shape of a Senior, may yet see fit to propose its framing, in lieu of a portrait. It is 'done' with a pen, *stealed* we imagine, and can be seen at our Editorial laboratory until the artist sees fit to withdraw it from public inspection. But enough for the present. We shall soon at this rate betray all our riches. \* \* \* \* \*

We had an opportunity the other evening to listen to the address of Tutor Richards, of this Institution, before the Young Men's Institute of this city. His subject, "The Claims of American Art on American Patronage," was handled in a sprightly manner, but we did not think it *the* subject exactly fitted to his taste. Besides, the impossibility of his having sufficient practical acquaintance with the subject to give a recital of details, ever necessary to excite and preserve interest, must be obvious. As it was, however, his natural enthusiasm and nervousness of style were almost an equal compensation. His sketches of one or two of the great Artists of Antiquity were life-like in the extreme: and his allusion to Washington Allston, the great American poet-painter, came to us with much force. The lecture was every way worthy the literary character of the author, to whom we have before now listened with exciting interest. \* \* \* \* \*

We should have liked to have published "Observations by a Library Lounger," with all their conceit and strangeness; but we may in a measure atone for the omission by an *offering* of a few of the choicest portions to the notice of our readers.

"I stand at the railing, afternoons, in one of our Libraries, where the crowds come up, call out their numbers and receive their food. A perfect manger it is; and it is a perfect curiosity to visit it. Readers may be divided and subdivided into classes and sets. Here are the young Antiquarians, who are always puzzling themselves with the date of some old ballad, or the author of an old play: who seem to love the musty, dusty tomes, whose leaves none turn but themselves, which they take in their hands

with a feeling of superiority to ordinary readers. They can tell you where and when the first metal was cast into a bell, give you the history of old English black letter, boast of having seen the oldest book in existence, and affect to despise the sickly taste, as they term it, of the present day. Nothing with them stamps a thing as of worth, but the marks of age and the trace of worms. They ordinarily take their position on entering the Library and keep it their half hour. Here are the Romancers, as hungry after finishing 'the last' as before; you can tell them as they come in, for they mudge and elbow themselves through any crowd, drop a book from an arm-full on the floor, and generally call for their selections in a confident and rather loudish tone. They make it a point to scour the shelves of every thing like novels, and they do it thoroughly too. They tread on every other man's toes, offer to take a neighbor's catalogue 'for a moment only,' ask the runners about the number of copies in of such and such works, deal a side-thrust at any who may happen to hold what they are in search of, and *invariably* run over their allotted number of books on their account. They always have a word for the beauties and defects of every tale-writer, pass their opinions freely on others' stock of reading and *slam the door after them!* Here is a sprinkling of a wiser class still. They are the devourers of Reviews and Miscellanies, Essays, Criticisms, &c. They may be generalized under the title—Reviewers. The 'last number' is all they ever condescend to call for. Their criticisms and opinions are all made for retail—they lay them out on their memory-counter in beautiful confusion. If Jeffrey or Macaulay says so and so, it is so with them. A critique is an oracle. A learned essay furnishes limits to all their observation or knowledge. You will soon recognize them, they are such perfect chip-gatherers. Every one near them is examined and cross-examined for information, and often if they find from others how Macaulay sides, they deem it useless to look farther for the reason. The information of the most skillful of them is extensive, often valuable, and they always manage to catch the wind in conversational topics. In general, their mind is a sort of *cornucopia*, filled with only the bits and ends of what is really good. If it could be laid open to scrutiny no doubt it would betray as ludicrous a variety of contents as did the truant schoolboy's pocket—a rusty knife, a small clam-shell, two fish-hooks, an apple-core, half a biscuit, and a frog's leg.

Here are those who read only on "questions" and "subjects." There is always to be found on their tables a transient miniature library. When they come on the "return" list, they generally make two trips to the library in one afternoon, and each time with load enough for two. As soon as a "question" is learned, they impose a sort of master law on every alcove of books. In fact, they are always known—their name and merit are co-extensive, for the disappointed calls of others are sure to draw down imprecations on them *individually*. Their opinion is worth nothing—their information less—and I would as soon consult an abridged dictionary for arguments on either side of a question. They flame and flash for a time, but they flicker and flag ere long. They are not as wise even as the Hyblean geese, for their reading does not furnish their ideas with even mouth-ballast enough to double a point in a question. They are the "lean kine" of the library, that figure the days of famine; lay up enough in store for their coming."

Never, for a moment, kind reader, imagine that a studied silence from the old "INAMORATI" weighs a particle in favor of their non-existence. The world is tearing down all old edifices, and uprooting old customs, and we are content, since the need has come, to tear off our painted masks and show you our plain faces, in the shape of an Editor's Table. It is currently reported that simplicity is the grand principle of



beauty; but we were long since precluded from hoping that such an ingredient in our nature in the least secured to us the enviable *compound*. Be this as it may, we will now and then let you into our dignified midst, after due sprinkling and purification, and allow you to make your observations for yourself. You will find the same candles eternally burning in our den, the same old charred and black-lined coffin, with mouth distended to snap at "rejected addressees," the same "immortal few"—a host taken singly or together—and the same Cyclopean fire-eater. The hour had come on Saturday night last, which was the signal for the last ceremonies of the corps during your humble servant's "time of office." He sat in the big chair, always reserved for the temporary lord, the curtains were dropped and hung in overlapping folds, the paintings were all reversed on the wall, one single coal remained alive in the fire, and a twopenny candle threw its struggling beams against the horrid darkness. The hair of your aforesaid servant stood on end, *out of choice only*, and his hands were folded tightly about his person. The clock sounds twelve, and a shuffling, as of feet, is heard on the stairs. Up—up they come, still—silent—speechless! A low tap at the door, and in comes the *coffin*, enveloped in a black pall, borne on the shoulders of the remaining trio, two at the foot and one at the head. Their hats lie on the top of their burden, and all is deposited on the table before them. Off come the hats and pall, the candle throws its pale light over the edge, and the limbs—the brain—the face and the hands lie before us. A dirge is sung with a full chorus, the fire is applied, and the conceits of literary aspirants end where they begun—in smoke. Up—up went the spirit, in the shape of cinders, in a circling eddy—round and round marched the trio, singing slowly the while, till the last sparks had scud over and over again every particle of paper remaining. The candle flickered, the coal ceased to glow, and your Editors left so sad a scene with sadder hearts. *Quid sequitur?*

The man who penned "*Time's Changes*," must change his time a little. One more college year's experience will do him good.

"Westward Ho!" has re-written a good tale, but it needs much curtailing on his part. We hesitated a long time over this, as there were decided merits in it; its length, however, weighed dreadfully against it. We should be pleased with a personal interview.

"The Highland Maid," has been the cause of some very pretty poetry—all very fair too. It is too much, though, like running through an acre of briars without getting stained with the berries. We got to sleep before we finished it. We may notice it again hereafter.

We take the liberty of informing the author of "*Glances at the Past*," that his "communication" has received at our hands a "candid examination," but it not being "consistent with the eternal nature of things" to insert it, we send it back through the office, *postage unpaid*, as we took it, to his direction, "Mr. A. Van Scribbler." The reasons are as "thick as blackberries."

"A Freak of Love" we have just received, and will notice in our next. We will merely suggest, though, that it don't look quite right: blank verse is unfortunate, and lines ending with prepositions or conjunctions are apt to catch a man's coat as he flies round the corner.

Contributions for the next number must be sent in immediately.

ERRATUM.—In the sketch of College matters during the Presidency of Dr. Stiles, in the last Editor's Table, read thus:—elected to office September, 1777—in-inaugurated July, 1778.



## CONTENTS.

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|                                                             |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Transcendentalism,                                          | 187 |
| The Tuli Album,                                             | 200 |
| Expression,                                                 | 206 |
| Parisi, Henry,                                              | 209 |
| Appearance versus Worth,                                    | 213 |
| Our Community of Language with England,                     | 221 |
| This to That,                                               | 229 |
| The Perpetuity of Literature,                               | 227 |
| The Young Lawyer,                                           | 230 |
| April,                                                      | 227 |
| Theological Review, American Review, and Democratic Review, | 232 |
| Penser à Moi,                                               | 240 |
| Editors' Table,                                             | 241 |

THE  
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No. 5.

TRANSCENDENTALISM.

"Α μὲν συνῆκα, γενναῖα δῖμαί δέ, καὶ ἃ μὴ συνῆκα.—SOC.

THAT beautiful law of our physical constitution by which certain functions of life are performed without or against our will, has its counterpart in the intellectual and moral constitution. The sophist may attempt to pervert or mystify some obvious truth in mental science, but if closely scrutinized he will be found to contradict in his practice what he is attempting to prove by his subtilty. The criminal may deny and apparently disprove his guilt, but he cannot calm the restlessness of the eye nor suppress the blush that colors his face and condemns him. So is it too with goodness and greatness. Wherever they really exist they will often manifest themselves spontaneously, we had almost said irresistibly.

Neither Transcendentalists nor their opponents are exempt from this law. Both are men; and the former cannot act the *spirit*, nor the latter the *animal*, without betraying their true character. There are celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. We live upon the earth, not above nor under it; body and soul are constituents equally essential to the idea of man, and the neglect or concealment of either truth will sooner or later experience the stern and humbling contradiction of nature. We have not the slightest doubt that the cause of truth has suffered by the unqualified contempt and hostility which Transcendentalism has met with from many good and able men in this country.

One class, and by far the largest, has assailed it from the beginning with ridicule, satire, irony, and sarcasm. They have regarded it as wild and dreamy nonsense, the reveries of an untamed imagination or the crazy speculations of reason, reckless of God and of all reality. Indeed this was the spirit in which its first introduction into this country was universally received. But it very soon became obvious either that it was not that inane, misty sentimentalism which many had supposed, or if it were, that other weapons must be employed to crush it.

Contempt now took the place of ridicule ; accompanied with a sort of suppressed indignation, an occasional threat, a wagging of the head and many mysterious insinuations about Pantheism, Infidelity, &c., while now and then in pulpits few and far between, we hear of some one deigning to demolish it in a parenthesis, with a single blow of the *argumentum ad hominem* or *reductio ad absurdum*.

Ridicule and contempt have done a great deal. They are cheap. They do not exact patient attention, rigid analysis, or stringent logic. They tickle conceit and are popular. They have, however, a limit ; their progress is commensurate with their success. In the present instance they soon attained that limit. Transcendentalism advanced—slowly perhaps—yet did not even its enemies deny an advancement. Here and there young men found *something* in it which arrested their usual current of thought, extorted a reproof, and held or haunted the soul with strange and obstinate questionings. Hear, for example, the language of one of the most influential clergymen in the ‘ Empire city,’ no friend surely : “ Our divinity professors seem to have thought that these opinions are too much like the comet’s hair to have much influence of any kind ; but have they not in this instance forgotten that the appropriate title of Satan is the prince of the *power of the air* ? Minute and invisible causes are often the most powerful. Changes have been occurring during the last ten or fifteen years, to which it is now very manifest these transcendental tenuities have been in no small measure causal.” Tenuous they may be—so is light—their control is nevertheless as positive and commanding as if they stalked along in grim and ghastly platoons among the habitations of men.

It cannot much longer be denied, it ought not to have been denied so long, that this subject must be met by fair and manly argument. The charge that it sprung from Germany and questions the infallibility of Locke and Paley will soon become obsolete. Luther and Knapp were Germans ; and the author of the “ Essay on the Human Understanding,” as well as the Archdeacon of Carlisle, has found dissenters among the honest, bold hearted Presbyterians of Scotland and in the native land of Jonathan Edwards.

We shall probably be met here with a question which has been considered by many as the most effectual silencer to all discussion upon this subject, viz : What is Transcendentalism ? Its opponents regarding any definition of it as utterly impossible, have left the field with the most triumphant air, supposing they had muzzled forever all further consideration of it. The question is a perfectly proper one. A child can ask questions which a philosopher cannot answer ; but he will be a child still. Worms might have destroyed the Spanish Armada, but no monuments would commemorate their deeds, and no praise of their valor rise from ten millions of Anglo Saxon hearts.

In reply to it, we observe, first, If it cannot be answered, it by no means follows that it is therefore a nonentity. We do not know what Galvanism is. We are ignorant of the essence of vegetable life. The whole kingdom of nature abounds in mysteries, yet are they none the less realities. Theology has mysteries, Physical Science has

mysteries, and why should we expect the truths of Philosophy, which require years of intensest thought to ascertain and develop, to be clear as sunlight and irresistible as axioms? When a specific and universally received answer is given to the questions, What is Poetry? What is Beauty? What is Taste? then may we reject Transcendentalism as being nothing but a name.

Secondly: If it cannot be answered it *may* not follow that the fault lies wholly *in re*. This charge we are well aware has often been urged against the opponents of this system, in many cases, with much more feeling than truth. If a man is an idiot or deficient in perspicacity, it may not be the most judicious course to inform him of it in so many words. It will neither reform nor please him. A disagreement between an author and his reader may arise from several causes. On the one hand the opinions presented may be really erroneous, or if true may be presented in a form and style so illogical and obscure as to defy all analysis and be utterly unintelligible. The reader, on the other hand, may be naturally incapable of comprehending those truths, or what is equally fatal, be destitute of that mental training, that power of abstraction and concentration of thought so essential to the least success in such studies; or still further, his mind may be so firmly preoccupied by other views, and not unlikely prejudiced against those of the author, that he is wholly unfitted to study them with that candor and pure love of truth which always characterizes true greatness of soul. Now we hesitate not to say that some of these causes have operated to a certain extent on both sides. We will simply mention two, which we think lie at the base of most of them; the diversity in the character and habits of German and American minds, and our comparative ignorance of their language. The one quiet, calm, and contemplative, the other restless, busy, and practical; the former speculative and spiritual, the latter active and utilitarian; they with eyes turned inward inspecting the modes of the soul's being and operations, and musing upon its vast capacities and glorious destiny; we looking abroad upon the laws and resources of nature, and calculating the prospective wealth of nations and their decay; their thoughts are of MAN, ours of MEN. If therefore these many and adequate causes of our ignorance exist elsewhere, it cannot and should not be charged upon Transcendentalism.

Thirdly: Whether it can be answered or not, the influence which this system is exerting (its enemies being judges) can neither be altered nor checked. It has already shaken to an astonishing extent the faith of many in the old English and Scotch system, and of necessary consequence must affect their views of many doctrines in Theology. We have before us, and might cite the testimony of numerous candid and intelligent observers, to this assertion. Who has not seen in the religious press, or heard from the pulpit, within the last few years, the alarm expressed at the prevalence of German opinions among us? We speak here merely of the *fact*. It began fifteen years ago, but was then and long afterwards neglected and despised as the idle dreams of a "Philosophy falsely so called;" the "baseless fabric of a Vision."

It was only necessary to append the epithet "Transcendental" to ~~any~~ opinion, however weighty or pregnant with truth, and straightway it became a hissing and a by-word. To adopt it was heresy, to reflect upon it, weakness. We remember very well with what interest we used to watch a young man, several years since, who was pointed out to us as the "Transcendentalist." How accurately we observed his coat, his hat, and his pronunciation; and how awful the words 'cognition,' 'subjective,' and 'pure Reason,' sounded to us. These opinions have become widely disseminated all over New England. They have entered and are springing up in some of the schools of the prophets; they have taken root in the minds of many strong and brilliant young men in the country, and are bringing forth fruit thirty, sixty, and an hundred fold. A fearful epidemic has been prevailing in one of our Southern States for some time past, the inhabitants have named it the "cold plague;" its nature and causes have baffled the utmost skill of physicians; yet its ravages have been no less fearful than if it could be seen by every eye, laying its icy hand upon its victim, making his frame to shiver, his blood to curdle, and his heart to cease its beatings. No more will the progress of this system, whatever its character, be stayed, whether we call it an angel of light or the prince of the power of the air.

But, fourthly: It has been and can be answered. The most honorable, and we will add, the most successful of its opponents have answered it, as well as its friends and advocates. We believe ourselves perfectly safe in asserting that ninety-nine out of every one hundred declaimers against Transcendentalism use that term as synonymous with German opinions, whatever their character and source; whether they originate at Königsburg, at Bonn, at Halle or at Berlin. The systems of Leibnitz and Spinoza are classed in the same category with those of the sage of Königsberg. All are German metaphysics, (Spinoza was a Hollander,) and all German metaphysics is Transcendentalism. This is about as just and sensible as it would be for a German (they sometimes do) to talk of sensualism and English philosophy as identical—regarding as its disciples Locke, Berkeley, and Hume.

If then the question, "What is Transcendentalism?" means, "What is German Philosophy?" we say, that several answers may be given, each differing from every other and some directly contradictory. The rivalry, the fierce jealousy, and the bitter animosity existing among the disciples of their different schools is notorious. But if by this question is meant what is Kantism? or what is Schellingism? we repeat, that no honest inquirer need be at a loss for an answer. If he examine it, not with the preconception that no good thing can come out of Germany, but as if worshipping alone within the august temple of Truth, coveting only her smile, dreading only her frown, he will learn whether it be a pleasing fantasy, a mysticism "grand, gloomy, and peculiar," or a profound problem of the soul, the analysis of a spirit made in the image of God.

Dugald Stewart, in his "Dissertation on the Progress of Philosophy," written many years ago, has not passed by Kant's system in a marginal

note. He devotes to it one of the longest sections of his work, examines it minutely and discusses it at length. It is not, however, of the merits of the discussion we wish to speak, but of the knowledge of the subject displayed in it. Professor Stewart, according to his own admission, was *totally ignorant of the German language*. His whole knowledge was derived from French, Latin, and English translations and commentaries, with the exception of a single Treatise\* of Kant's, originally written in Latin.

In addition to the many sources of information possessed and quoted by Stewart more than thirty years ago, we have a thousand others which the astonishing increase of interest in the German literature since then has called forth in France and England, as well as in the United States. We have, above all, the chief work of the father of Transcendental Philosophy—the “Critick of Pure Reason”—translated into our own tongue, to which we may resort for information or correction. It is a bad translation, it may be said. So it is. But it is the same which friends as well as foes have made use of. And defective as it is, it contains the fundamental principles of the system as distinctly and explicitly stated as that no disciple of Locke, should he find them in his master's ‘Essay,’ would be at a loss to comprehend them. The German language too, that, until within a few years, has been almost a dead language to Englishmen, is now being as generally studied and read by scholars as the French is in boarding schools.

There are, therefore, facilities ample enough to silence forever the miserable objection to the incomprehensibleness of Transcendentalism. We have as good means of understanding it as we have of understanding Aristotle or Cousin. We have as many and as good means as Germans have for understanding Hume, or Locke or Reid.

Finally : Is not the objection itself an absurdity ? It is opposition to a system which cannot be understood, that is, which to the mind of the opponent has no reality or existence. Now it must have *some* meaning. It consists, as every composition does, of terms, propositions, and arguments. Terms are either distinct or indistinct, propositions true or false, and arguments conclusive or inconclusive. These surely can be analyzed and the defect, if defect there be, pointed out. If it is a false system the particular step or statement—the term, the proposition or the argument in which the fallacy lies—can be indicated. If words are complex they can be separated into their elements ; if arguments are involved they can be resolved and re-resolved until we arrive at postulates or axioms. Unerring knowledge is attainable somewhere, else why do we write and speak and act in a world of living men and stubborn realities. Thus it is that we examine Edwards, and Butler, and Hume, and Bacon. Why change or abandon the test when the candidates come to us from the shores of the Baltic or the banks of the Spree ? Nor is this a mere gratuity. It is the strictest justice. The

\* This was his celebrated Dissertation, *De mundi sensibilis atque intelligibilis forma et principiis*, delivered on occasion of his inauguration as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of his native city, in 1770.



power of thought, as well as the command to exert it, is the gift of God, and if perverted we have no more right to trample upon and persecute it than we have to persecute and incarcerate the man who prostitutes the noble gift of language by blaspheming the giver. "Vengeance is MINE," saith He who maketh his sun to shine upon the evil and the good. Trial by a jury of its peers is one of the inalienable rights of Intellect. If worthy of condemnation let it be condemned, not by outlawry and proscription, but respectfully and magnanimously by fair process of reason at the tribunal of truth.

Transcendentalism is then neither negative in its effects nor inapplicable. It is a veritable existence. It cannot be that floating, irrisu- hued inanity which it is sometimes represented to be. Respect for the judgment and reason of those who, from the pulpit and *ex cathedra theologica et philosophica*, devote so much time in assailing it, forbids the belief. Men dream and so do philosophers, and if they should relate or publish their dreams, it would savor strongly of the ludicrous to see grave divines in consternation lest they might subvert Calvinism, multiply pantheists and cause revivals of religion to cease. They are often conscious of this themselves, and immediately change their ground, or, unmindful of consistency, acknowledge that after all Transcendentalists teach nothing but what is directly or indirectly taught by Locke.

Opinions such as these held and avowed by men whose stations and eminent abilities were entitled to the highest respect, not only biassed the minds of many against this philosophy, but actually prevented all examination into its merits. It continued, however, to urge its claims and even to challenge investigation. It came endorsed by those whose talents and acquirements had never been denied, and has awakened a curiosity and a spirit of inquiry that will not be repressed.

A few plain and brief considerations will close what we have to say on the subject at present. IT IS NOT ENTIRELY NEW. This, we are aware, does not prove it true, neither does it necessarily prove it false; but there are many who have formed their opinions upon the old English or Scotch systems, and who in their jealousy regard Transcendentalism as one of the principal "novelties which disturb" their "peace." While others look upon it as an old and exploded system which has been revived and clothed in a modern dress, and therefore unworthy of notice. Both of course cannot be true. Our information on this point is derived almost wholly from modern histories of philosophy, and if they are entitled to any credit, much of what is called "Teutonic Metaphysics" had its origin in Crotona, in the Lyceum, or in that spot so fertile of thought and eloquence, "inter silvas Academi." These germs, borne away from the crumbling ruins of Greece, may have found a congenial soil first or only among the profound psychologists of Germany. So did her precious basso relievos and her torsos come down for nearly twenty centuries until they found in Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael eyes to discern and souls to admire the sublime conceptions which they symbolized.

Several later writers are mentioned in this connection by Stewart in the article already referred to. Cudworth is particularly noticed as

holding opinions almost identical with those since promulged by Kant ; to which we may add, without impropriety, the name of Leighton. Its novelty should not, therefore, be adduced against this philosophy, nor if erroneous is Germany wholly to blame.

IT IS BELIEVED AND AVOWED BY MEN IN WHOSE OPINIONS UPON OTHER AND COGNATE SUBJECTS WE HAVE THE HIGHEST CONFIDENCE. We do not say that proficiency or eminence in any one department of science necessarily implies an intimate knowledge of all or several others. A philologist might be puzzled to tell the number and names of the metallic bases or the parallax of Uranus. Metaphysicians are not always the best judges of a question in botany or the effects of a reduction of the tariff. But, in the first place, the idea of a liberal education involves in it *some* acquaintance at least with almost every department of science ; secondly, few intelligent men would adopt a new theory which has been the subject of such fierce and angry discussion, without examination ; and thirdly, this probability rises very high when it is remembered that their acknowledged superiority is in subjects slightly different in their nature from the one before us. For example, in Biblical and Literary criticism, where are their superiors ? where their rivals ? In nearly all the departments of history, where can we discover such extent of research, such accuracy of detail, such comprehensive induction, such quick and keen penetration into all the springs of human feeling and action—every thing which constitutes the true philosophy of history ? In poetry, who have touched with such magic skill and touched so deeply, so many hearts ; now calling into glad and sunny life emotions that had long slept or coyly retired from familiar contact with a selfish and suspicious world ; now lashing into fierce frenzy those terrible passions that, when unbridled in man or woman, have ever appalled the boldest spirit ; in one strain dilating the soul with thoughts that heave and struggle for utterance, and remind us of the 18th Psalm, the visions of Ezekiel or Habakkuk ; and in the next combining all into one rich and full and swelling symphony, forming

“ An orphic song indeed,

A song divine of high and passionate thoughts,  
To their own music chanted !”

Their preëminence in Philology has been too long and too well known to need any thing more than an allusion. To them, Classic literature owes all that it is and all that it hopes to be. Alexander was accustomed to say that he was more indebted to his teacher, Aristotle, than to his father ; the latter had given him life, the former had taught him how to live. So should classic literature speak of Germany.

If now we analyze the qualifications necessary to such eminence, it will be seen at once that they are such as render their possessors fully competent to examine and decide upon the subject under consideration. The first mentioned department alone, that of Biblical criticism, (a term of much wider import there than with us,) requires an amount of talent, discipline, acquirements, protracted and patient investigation sufficient if thus applied to master the most abstruse system—certainly to decide

upon its claims to truth or to the candid consideration of scholars. We might mention her two most distinguished poets, several of her best writers on Art and Literature, and many of her first philologists and critics. Among her evangelical theologians there are but few who are better known in this country than Tholuck; yet we have it upon high authority that "he is a decided opponent of Locke, Reid, Stewart, and Brown, of the whole sensual (!) system, so called, which prevails in Great Britain and America." These all may be prejudiced and in great error, but candor would award to their judgment some respect.

IT IS EXTREMELY IMPROBABLE THAT SO MUCH AND SUCH INTENSE THOUGHT SHOULD HAVE RESULTED IN NOTHING. Lord Rosse, an Irish nobleman, has been engaged for the last fifteen years in constructing an immense reflecting telescope. Its progress has been watched with the most eager anxiety by astronomers in every part of the world. They know well that in that quadrant of the heavens through which it will sweep, it must reveal something; it may but discover to them their ignorance, but that will be a great deal. Luther, during his residence at the University of Erfurt, in examining the dusty tomes of its library, discovered among them an old Latin Bible. At once it arrested his attention. Day after day in the intervals of regular duty, there he might be seen perusing and re-perusing its wonderful contents. Few observers would have anticipated much from those hours of curious and eager study. "The Reformation," says D'Aubigne, "lay hid in that Bible." The reputation of the German student for continuous and unwearied application is proverbial. We have seen with what success they have prosecuted their labors in Science, Literature, and Art; parity of reasoning must, it would seem, extort from the most prejudiced the conclusion that similar application upon subjects in mental science or metaphysics, could not have resulted in that woful failure which the laughs and sneers of some would imply. Men do *not* gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. Kant's whole life was that of a laborious student. In seclusion and almost unnoticed, he passed a half century of it, thirty years of which was devoted to mathematics and astronomy. The "Critick of Pure Reason" was given to the world in his 47th year; for six years it lay upon the publisher's shelves; at length its day had come; it rose into notice, was studied, admired, extolled, and its now illustrious author, the once poor harness-maker's boy, tranquilly went down to his grave at the good old age of four score years, while all Germany "was in a blaze with his descending glory."

To Hegel, who is sometimes called the "Prince of Transcendentalists," we devote but a single sentence, not our own: "That theologian of Germany," says Professor Park, (Biblioth. Sac. vol. 1, p. 213,) "who is perhaps more decidedly averse to Hegelism than Schelling even; he whose works are regarded in Great Britain and the United States as more strictly orthodox than those of any other writer in that land, has declared that the 'philosophy of Hegel (when viewed independently of its truth or falsehood) is the most profound and complete system which was ever formed by an uninspired writer.'" We do not know who is meant; it is not Tholuck.

This whole philosophy may be erroneous, skeptical, and if you will,

eistic. One thing is certain ; there is error or defect somewhere in old system. Else why these interminable apologies, annotations, qualifications of Locke? Professor Stowe is not alone in the notion that "almost all the ardent, youthful, investigating mind in France, England, and the United States now feels that the system of Locke, in all its modifications, is meagre, unspiritual, and unsatisfying." Transcendentalists and their disciples may be infidels or rationalists. We are sorry for it. But we do not shudder at the Logic of Aristotle, nor burn the Lexicon of Gesenius, though the former was a heathen and the latter did not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures. Infidels here will study it; Unitarians will study it; and whatever error it contains will be felt by Calvinism, while its truth can be only the enemies of truth. If the English STRONG, PRACTICAL MEN and A MANLY PIETY are brought to its study, by the sons of Puritans, we shall have no fears for the result.

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THE FULL ALBUM.

TO M— J—.

*Seal up the book*—for here full many a heart  
Has lavished sweet memorials of its feelings :  
Thoughts, which in future years may joy impart,  
When Love returns, on Memory's pinions stealing,  
To mend the chain which Time shall break in vain,  
And each long-missing link restore again.

*Seal up the book*—it is a casket now  
Of precious treasures—gifts of truth and love.  
Here is recorded many a faithful vow  
Of friendship, pure as angel's thoughts above.  
'Tis thine and thine alone—and never more  
Let anxious eyes the treasury explore.

Be this thine altar, where thou oft may'st kneel,  
With full, full heart before affection's shrine.  
But worship here alone, or share thy zeal  
With one fair spirit, dear to thee as thine.  
So two fair nuns, when chime the bells at even,  
Together clasp their hands and pray to Heaven.

I ask not that thou deem me like the rest,  
Worthy of daily prayer and constant thought :  
A humbler wish lies suppliant in my breast ;  
Fair stranger ! 'tis but this—forget me not.  
And when the sunny past sheds light on thee,  
May not some transient gleam remind of me.

## EXPRESSION.

It seems to be a necessity of intellect that it should seek expression. Thought, by a spontaneous impulse, earnestly acts from the centre outward, and cannot rest until by some means or other it makes itself visible and tangible.

The principle which gives rise to this effort, call it what you will, is ingrained into the very substance of the mind; it is something original and essential, nor can it be uprooted by any power, except that which is able to annihilate the soul itself. Intellectual exertion may be stimulated by motives acting from without; it may, on the other hand, by the force of external circumstances, be partially repressed; but there is always in the soul an unquenchable desire and tendency to express its thought, which, if unaided and unchecked, will be sufficient to *produce* expression. This, aside from any other cause, would have made the Greek seize his chisel and strike from senseless marble the living and beautiful form conceived in the recesses of his mind. This can force the painter to toil at his canvas, and the poet to keep the watches of the night, that thought may be brought forth from darkness and made manifest in the light of day. When we consider the works of nature, we may infer, without presumption, that this yearning after utterance is a necessity from which the Intelligence that planned the universe is not free, and that in this as well as in other respects man was made "in the image of God."

But mind cannot come into immediate contact with mind. It cannot infuse itself without the intervention of some material agency. It must act circuitously through the senses. Therefore it seeks various means of expression and employs them in various ways. Let us turn again to the artist. His imagination revels in the grandeur and loveliness of nature, and delights in contemplating all that is noble or terrible in human passion. How shall his swelling soul find utterance? By what means shall his teeming fancy impress itself in the minds of other men and communicate to them some portion of its own burning flame? Slow and laborious are the efforts which finally result in the embodiment of the sculptor's or the painter's thought. But there, at last, it stands; complete, as far as he can make it, after years, perhaps, of toil. There is his Laocoon, his Moses, his Venus, or his Madonna. There is displayed his divine ideal of physical strength and beauty, of mental dignity, voluptuous softness, maternal affection. There in that chained Prometheus witness Will triumphant over Fate. There in that countenance of Christ, behold the calm composure and holy resignation of suffering benevolence. After all, the artist has not fully expressed himself. His work, addressing only a single sense, leaving important parts of his conception to be supplied by the imagination of the beholder, is and must be imperfect; not as an exhibition of taste and skill, but as a means of developing his thought. While it vividly presents a few simple and grand ideas, it cannot combine them so as to

extended train of reflection, like that which, having arisen in the mind of the artist, he has attempted by his production, to suggest to the next poet. His genius may be no greater than that of the sculptor, yet in the means of expression he has greatly the advantage. The sculptor must cut out of stone every word he utters; the painter only by the tedious tracings of his pencil; but the poet has words always at command, and, with little difficulty or delay drops a suitable arrangement from his pen. If sometimes his ideas assume a less palpable shape than those of the artist, if none of his designs can so strike the mind with amazement as the visible majesty of Michelangelo's marble Moses, or Raphael's pictured Saviour, nevertheless the resources of language are far more extensive than those of the sculptor or the brush; it is more full, less exclusively suggestive in its combinations, while it enables the poet to send forth an obstructed feeling, with the rapidity of a torrent. If his idea be complex, it need not labor long to express it. A word, the sudden work of the poet, perhaps, and it is done; at the farthest, a few years will suffice to bring the whole complicated system of reasoning, beauty, sublimity, to the ears of his Æneid, his Inferno, or his Lear. Language, then, is the man of letters to throw out far more thought than the artist; its copiousness, and the quickness and ease with which it is used, it becomes the chief medium of communication between the mind and mind. By this alone a Newton and a Locke unfold with almost perfect accuracy the profound knowledge, which without it would have been forever pent up and concealed. By this alone, Isaiah, David, Shakespeare speak to all ages.

There is yet another means of expression, which, though less complex and convenient, is often not less clear than the one just mentioned. We mean *action*, the language of the countenance, of gesture, of attitude, and of bearing. Soft tales have been silently told by the eye. Love often hides among its drooping lashes and rides from the heart on the tiny rays that stealthily shoot out from beneath the eyelids. Rage, indignation, hope, and every passion that can inflame the face in the outward appearance of a man their corresponding words are in the language of expression. Words themselves, in a comparison with action, are often tame. While, therefore, the artist and the poet are unable to avail themselves of this power, they must forever lack the most important instrument of expression.

Music, enumeration, music, the outlet of our most delicate and ethereal emotions, must not be forgotten. Still, even when its effects are pure, music is for the most part employed for no other purpose than to produce a peculiar kind of delight by the mere "concord of sounds." As a means of exciting pleasurable feelings, by a property which we are unable to analyze, it is perfect; but as a means of expression, defective. It generally conveys us no clear idea of what is not its object. Wayward and wandering like the wind, it comes around us, lulling the senses into a dreamy languor, letting loose the imagination and leading it off to a shadowy elysium, where indistinct visions of sublimity and beauty hover before its enchanted eye.

“ Now they swell—the tones, and swells the breast  
 Kindled with the bliss of great design ;  
 Faint the music whispers ; hushed to rest,  
 Couched on flowers, the passions all recline ;  
 Clear the harp resounds ; the spirit’s eye  
 Keenest glance through nature’s wonders throws ;  
 Tenderer touches glide, and silently  
 Blest the tear of feeling flows.”

Only when the hand of a master sweeps the strings and the ear of a master catches their tones, does music become a true medium of intellectual communication ; and even then it is little more than a gorgeous drapery gracefully thrown around the body of thought, concealing more than it discloses. It would be exceedingly difficult for one of the uninitiated to perceive, amid all the harmonies of an oratorio, the central idea, which might be expressed in the single sentence—“ God said let there be light, and there was light.” In song, however, music united with language, ceases to be indefinite in its meaning, and becomes vividly expressive. Since, like speech, it affects us only through the sense of hearing, and since words, when used with elegance, generally in prose and always in poetry, are more or less melodious, we think that music, in view of our present subject, may be properly placed under the head of language.

Thought then, if we mistake not, can be expressed only by three classes of signs, those *wrought out by the hand*, those of *language*, and those of *action*. We have seen that the intellect of the artist displays itself by a tardy and difficult process ; that the man of letters is more free, but still confined to language. How large must be the liberty of that mind which can readily use together the two most effective methods of expression, language *and* action ! When it can fully combine these, then does the great mind find its true and clearest utterance. Released, as far as may be in this world, from the restraints of its mortal prison, it comes out before us clothed in the strength of Reason and the beauty of Fancy. It shows the divinity of its nature, and men are struck with astonishment and admiration as they see and feel the might of the perfect ORATOR. Felix trembles before Paul. The forum is “ shaken round and round” by the eloquence of Cicero.

B.

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 PATRICK HENRY.

THERE has been, in the existence of every nation, one period at least unusually prolific of great men—one period, in which circumstances have combined, if not to create, certainly to develop, energies which might otherwise have slumbered in obscurity and neglect. Indeed, we may venture to say, that the talent and genius of a nation can never

be fully developed without the occurrence of these same circumstances. There is ever need of some potent spell, some mighty conjuration, to start a spirit. "In the weak, piping times of peace," when all things move on quietly, when there is no imperative demand for change or improvement, it is natural that men partake of the same inactive spirit, and are content to pursue "the noiseless tenor of their way;" but when the stirring and the bustling times of war have come, when the loud cry is sounded for revolution and reform, then it is that the children of genius, a new-born race, rise spontaneously into life, and startle a world with the grandeur of their deeds.

Such periods as these, we have said, there have been in the existence of every nation. They were in Ancient Greece and Rome, and the brilliant achievements of their noble sons are familiar to even the stripling's ear. They were in England, and her Cromwell and her Hampden are names not less well known to fame. They were in America, among ourselves, and the glorious days of 1776 yet live fresh and green in our memories, and the heroes of those days are yet carefully embalmed in the sanctuaries of our hearts. It was in these, for himself and for his talents propitious, but for his country and her welfare, dark and fearful days, that Patrick Henry arose, with genial and enlivening beams, to drive off the gloomy darkness, and the chilling damps of the long night of our thralldom and sorrow. The happy effects of those beams, or rather of his patriotic exertions, need not here be related. But to our task.

Patrick Henry, the subject of our sketch, was born in the year 1736, in the county of Hanover, and colony of Virginia. His parents, and family relatives generally, were of high respectability. The earlier years of his life afford a very striking and somewhat painful contrast, with those brilliant scenes, in which he afterward bore so prominent and so creditable a part. It has therefore been usual, and perhaps proper in his biographers, to pass hastily and even negligently over this uninteresting period. There is no evidence that he gave the slightest indication in any of the acts of his youth, either of that remarkable genius, of that burning fire, or of that devoted patriotism, which marked, and so happily, his future character. Indeed, had not such cunning or such artifice been then altogether foreign to his disposition, we should even imagine that he had studiously endeavored to conceal his real worth. The only strong propensity which he displayed, was an invincible love of idleness, and the only talent, (if it can deserve so good a name,) that he exhibited, was in his successful attempts to avoid the vigilance of his parents and instructors, to gratify this ruling passion. He neglected, ay more, he resisted all the persuasions and all the earnest endeavors of kind friends for his improvement, and was perfectly content to waste the hours of youth, which, if properly employed, might and would have been eminently serviceable to him, in the most idle and frivolous amusements.

The bitter thought that came at length, but far too late upon him, and having come, brought with it such sorrow and such lamentation for golden yet neglected opportunities, unfortunately for his success or his

happiness, had never occurred to disturb him in the dreamings of his boyhood. He lived on, with his settled habits of idleness even suffered to grow upon him, apparently unconscious of the deep injury he was thus inflicting upon himself. Nor could he shake off these injurious habits even in the earlier years of his manhood, when he felt it both a duty and necessity to engage in some useful employment. They involved him in the most mortifying embarrassment, and finally produced his utter ruin in those mercantile pursuits, in which, upon the suggestion and with the assistance of his father, he had reluctantly consented to engage. They attended him too alike disastrously, in his agricultural and second mercantile experiments. They deprived him even of the scanty resources upon which he could formerly depend, and threatened, if not speedily abandoned, to accomplish his entire destruction. But they had now grown to too formidable a size to remain longer unnoticed. The time had at length arrived, when Henry, with opened eyes, began to realize the peril of his situation. As he saw himself surrounded upon every side by misfortune and distress, his friends too unable to give him further assistance, he determined, although his buoyant spirits did not sink, to make a final and decisive effort for success. Under the promptings of such a feeling, and with such a determination therefore, he entered, at his own advice and of his own accord, upon the study of the law.

From that moment he was an altered man. New life, new animation seemed to have been suddenly, ay almost unaccountably, breathed in upon him. Forced into a laborious profession by absolute necessity, but into a profession admirably adapted to the development of his powers, he shook off those old habits of idleness as worn and rusty garments, while he applied himself to study with a zeal and an industry hitherto entirely unknown in him. In the brief space of six weeks, he announced himself prepared to engage in the practice of the law. Success did not (and how could it have been expected?) attend him in the outset. It was not strange that with this hasty, and at best slight preparation, and with such veterans to contend against, as were then at the Virginia bar, he was compelled for a few years to remain unnoticed. But it was strange, ay well-nigh incredible, that when an opportunity was afforded, one so young, so inexperienced, and so poorly prepared for the task, should have acquitted himself with such honor, even among those time-worn veterans. An opportunity was soon given him, and it is but faint praise to say, that he far exceeded the humble expectations of his friends.

There was at this time in the county of Hanover, of which Henry was still a resident, a most important suit pending between the people and the clergy. The origin of the suit, (and a brief explanation of it may not be uninteresting,) was as follows: As far back as the year 1748, a law had been enacted, and had received the royal assent, providing that each minister in the colony should be entitled to sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, as an annual stipend—which stipend, as the law further provided, should be paid in the specified article of tobacco, unless the minister expressly preferred to receive its value in

money at its market price. So long as the price of the article remained stationary, and the crops were large, the law operated very favorably and very agreeably to all. But the tobacco-planters at length apprehending a short crop, and desiring to secure for themselves the profits which would result from a consequent advance in price, exerted their influence to obtain the passage of a temporary law by the legislature, which should make it optional with them to pay the tobacco itself, or money in its stead, at the usual rate of two pennies per pound. In the first instance, regarded merely as a temporary expedient, warranted by the necessities of the case, this new law was quietly allowed to go into operation, and the planters to derive great benefits from it. But at a second attempt to re-enact the same, a loud out-cry was raised against it by the clergy, and their indignation immediately expressed in various powerful and sarcastic pamphlets. Failing, however, to obtain their object by such means, and the planters still persisting in their efforts, they determined to bring the quarrel to a judicial test—especially, too, as they were encouraged and supported by the king and government at home, who, offended because the royal assent had not been sought for the law, had declared it null and void. The case was argued before the proper tribunal by eminent counsel upon both sides, but was decided in favor of the clergy, who recovered their old right to require payment solely in tobacco. Emboldened by this success, the clergy did not stop here, but even commenced a new action for damages against all those who, under the late illegal enactment, had made their payment in money instead of tobacco. Their triumph had been so complete in their first cause, that they almost looked upon the second as decided likewise in their favor. Indeed, this opinion was not exclusively confined to themselves, but acted with such effect upon the eminent counsellor who had appeared in behalf of the people, that declaring all opposition useless, he refused to be farther employed in the case.

It was at this stage of the case, that as a last resort, application for his assistance was made to Henry, then a young and unpractised lawyer. Without the slightest apparent hesitation or fear for the result, he expressed his willingness to accept the case, and employed the short interval before the sitting of the court, in its attentive study. He was now, for the first time in his life, to be introduced upon a proper theatre for the display of his talents—but he did not appear to realize either the importance or responsibility of his situation. Upon the day appointed for the trial of the cause, agreeably to his engagement, he attended the court—and here a scene was presented to his view which must have been fearful in the extreme to a debutant. The violent excitement prevailing among both parties interested in the suit, had attracted to witness its final settlement, great numbers, not only from the county itself, but even from distant sections of the adjoining country. These numbers now met him on his approach to the court-house. Within, too, the array was not less terrible. On one side of the hall sat long rows of starched divines, the most learned and intelligent men in the colony; on the other was the able and veteran counsel employed

against him, with all the eminent lawyers of the Virginia bar around; before him, and even in the judge's bench, was his own father, and behind him was the dense throng of anxious spectators listening with the deepest attention for every sound. It was indeed a scene, it was indeed an assembly well calculated to appall the beginner. The case was opened for the prosecution by Mr. Lyons, one of the most prominent lawyers of the day, with a brief and able speech, in which, after stating the particulars of the case, accompanied by a few arguments, and taking occasion to make a labored panegyric upon the benevolence and many excellencies of the clergy, he submitted it to the decision of the jury.

It was now Henry's turn to rise in reply. Expectation was at its height to hear him, and the answer he could make to such conclusive arguments. He rose. But so awkwardly, and his beginning was so faltering and unpromising, that there was but one general feeling of bitter disappointment among the people, and of proud exultation with the clergy. But ah, how soon this scene was changed! Another moment, and rising simultaneously in mind and body, and exerting every power to the utmost, he poured forth one unbroken stream of such eloquence as was never heard within those walls. The effect was truly magical. The populace, who but a moment before had been overwhelmed with despondency and despair, were now listening to the orator with astonishment and joy. The clergy, who had been so proud and arrogant in anticipation of victory, started up in amazement and fear, and at last even fled from their places before the scorching glance and withering sarcasm of their "young and obscure" attorney. And down the time-worn but joyous cheeks of the old man, his father, tears were chasing tears in rapid succession. But Henry was unmoved by it all. His whole soul was roused, and his whole mind was engaged in his subject. He spoke on, and still there was no abatement in his eloquence; it rather seemed that each successive period surpassed all others in force and conviction. And when he had finished, and the jury after a moment's deliberation had returned their verdict of one penny damages, the delight of the multitude knew no bounds. Setting all respect and all order at defiance, they seized their successful hero and bore him upon their shoulders triumphantly from the court-room. Nor was this merely a sudden out-burst of their feelings. They always retained a deep sense of the gratitude they owed him, and he was ever afterwards their dearest favorite.

This happy and successful commencement of his public career, was of great advantage to him. He soon stood at the head of the profession in that part of the country as a pleader, although in real legal knowledge and research he was inferior to many. Indeed, he never made any remarkable proficiency in his studies, because he could never reconcile himself to the confinement and application they demanded. But he was not suffered to continue long in the practice of the law. In the year 1765, he was elected to a seat in the Virginia house of burgesses. Here, too, although surrounded and often opposed by the first men of the colony, and some of them the first men of America,

he shone with no less splendor than in his efforts at the bar. But, deeply interesting as a detail of his various actions in this situation would be, we feel however obliged to pass rapidly over it, and hasten to a scene somewhat similar in character, but far more worthy of the man and his talents.

This scene occurred in that memorable year of 1774, and among that "assembly of the Conscript Fathers of America," the old Continental Congress. The causes which led to their solemn and important meeting, and the objects they proposed to attain, are too well known to American ears to need explanation here. The most distinguished members of the several colonies, who had for years, secretly perhaps, but earnestly, been laboring to improve their suffering country's condition, had assembled to decide the future welfare of that country, and of its three millions of people. On such an occasion, it is not strange that each individual should have betrayed his anxiety, it is not strange that each should have felt reluctant to make the first allusion to a subject of such awful and such painful moment. A long and deep silence accordingly ensued upon their convention, until amid that vast assembly of gray heads, one dauntless stranger rose and dared to break the solemn silence. His rising was not hailed with pleasure, although all were glad to be relieved from the long suspense in which they had been held. He was young, and it was thought he should have given precedence to older men. His appearance, too, was far from prepossessing. Tall, and so slender in person as even to have obtained the title of the "raw-boned," "dark, sunburnt, and sallow" in complexion, clad in an old, faded, peach-blossomed coat, the whole surmounted by a dark, rusty wig, (tied behind after the fashion of the day,) he seemed not from appearance the sage counsellor, nor the thrilling orator. Nor did his first words dispel the unfavorable impression which his companions had formed. There was an embarrassment in his manner, a faltering in his delivery, peculiarly disagreeable to his hearers. But soon, growing warm, and gradually warmer with his subject, and in his warmth eloquent, the orator shone forth in all his splendor. An electric spark shot from his keen, dark eye, ran and thrilled through every breast in that assembly. There was everywhere an audible murmur of admiration and astonishment. Those, who had looked upon his rising as discourteous or intrusive, forgot the bashful homespun countryman who first appeared before them, as they gazed with wonder upon the thrilling and the animated orator. Their gaping mouths attested their surprise, their opened ears their fixed attention. He spoke of their colonial wrongs, and every voice was ready to cry out revenge. He spoke of England and her tyranny, and every countenance grew pale with rage. He spoke of independence, and they shuddered at the sound—but not from fear—but not from alarm—theirs was a shudder of dreadful delight. He spoke of battle, and of the God of battle, and bade them leave their cause to Him.

The orator had done—and as he resumed his seat not amid the loud and oft-timed empty plaudits of the crowd, but with that silent approbation which comes from good men's hearts, too full for utterance, Pat-

rick Henry was then and there acknowledged the "Demosthenes of America."

Such was Patrick Henry, and such is a hasty outline of a few of the many great scenes of his eventful life. His after-course was but a succession of similar brilliant acts of bold, ay almost reckless independence, but of the most devoted patriotism. In those dark and troublous "times, that tried men's souls," he was never wanting to his country in the hour of her peril, but ever raised voice and arm in her defense. He lived and died the idol of Virginia, the admiration of America, the ORATOR, the STATESMAN, the PATRIOT.

APPEARANCE *versus* WORTH.

A TALE.

BY J. W. W.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH INTRODUCETH CAPTAIN CHARLES FOSTER AND HIS BRIG TO THE READER.

ON the Delaware Bay, a little to the north of Duck River, is a bold promontory, running out for several miles into the bay, and terminating in a wall of rock so regular, and extending perpendicularly down so far below the water, as to form a natural pier, at the end of which vessels of any burden may float with safety.

The Indians preserved strange traditions of this rock, and before the white man came in his "winged canoe," they were wont to assemble from far and near, and hold their wild war dance upon its bold top; and when the winds went down, and the surface of the bay was smooth, they paddled out on warm summer days, and renewed from year to year the strange figures inscribed upon its front. But the washing of the waves has long since obliterated these signs of their simple superstition, and now proud ships of war, and merchantmen, and dingy whalers sail up and down, and the curious among their passengers mark the odd shape of the cape, or perchance some traveling geologist says that the rock is trap, and explains how its dikes are protruded among other rocks; but no one gives a thought to the Indian, and few know aught of the artless stories they had connected with the place. But our tale is not of them.

On an October day in the year 1813, ten or twelve miles to the south of this headland, two vessels were seen working their way up the bay against a stiff northeaster that was increasing every moment, and threatened soon to blow a gale. One of the vessels, a sloop of war, bearing the ensign of Great Britain at the peak, was staggering along, under every stitch of canvas her masts could bear, some eight or ten miles from the shore. The other, a brig of about four hundred tons burden, was far to the leeward of the sloop, and a little in advance of her.

She was a vessel in which the eye of a seaman could discover little fault, from the graceful taper of her raking masts, to the beautifully rounded bow and sharp cut-water that was parting the waves like a knife, scarcely raising a ripple upon the water. She too was sailing under a press of canvas, that, as she was sharp upon the wind, bore her over almost upon her beam ends, and as she dashed through the waves, the spray fell over her and flew away in white masses far astern. At the wheel stood a huge negro, stripped to the waist, the cold water running in floods from his broad shoulders. But it dashed over him and ran off again unnoticed and unfelt, for the ocean had been his home, and his grizzly locks and japanned visage told that he had weathered a score of October gales, and braved the tempests for many years. To the windward of the mainmast stood the captain and mate. The first was a young man about thirty—one that an admirer of true masculine beauty would love to look upon—to a noble and commanding appearance he united a symmetry of form and compactness of frame that promised great physical strength, while certain minutiae of dress and that indescribable air which only accompanies good early breeding, betokened the gentleman. His rough pea-jacket, thrown open at the neck, displayed white linen of the finest texture, and a close sea cap which he wore upon his head, left bare his high white forehead, and but half-concealed the curling locks of black hair the wind was tossing from his brow. His features were regular, and his whole countenance bore an expression of intelligence and good nature; and none who had not witnessed the gleaming of that dark eye, could have imagined that he was a man of strong and fearful passions. In his hand was a spy glass, with which he occasionally swept the horizon, or brought it to bear upon the vessel to the windward.

"By Heaven," said he, after one of these surveys, to the mate, a little dried up old man, so tough and hard and wrinkled that one could hardly tell whether he were sixty or an hundred years old. "By Heaven, I fear me we must beach the little Sea-Rift, or take our chance with that bloody craft to windward; the gale increases every moment; she can't bear this much longer."

"No, sir," answered the mate, who, by virtue of his age and station, was allowed great liberties with his superior officer. "We must weather the point, and we can. Beg your pardon, sir, but she can stand this little flirt, and a fresh hand at the bellows. Blow your darn'd wind out," he continued, as a blast bent her masts like reeds, and threw her keel almost out of water. "Go it, old tub, crack and be hanged, you'll have to hold."

"I tell you, Shel," rejoined the captain, as he anxiously watched the promontory which they were now fast approaching, "we must work her more to windward, or we'll never clear the point. We must lay her closer to the wind."

"We can get a little more work out of her, if you say so, sir; but it seems to me the safest to let her alone as she goes."

"I tell you, I'll have it to suit myself," said the captain, stamping impatiently upon the deck.

"Brace the yards sharp up."

"Ay, ay, sir. Starbow-line watch, ahoy! 'Tumble up there. Haul every thing down close; lay aloft, there, cheerily, my men."

In an instant every yard was manned, and the sails were hauled down until they were stiff as boards. The brig now lay much closer to the wind, but the effect of sailing so close hauled under such a press of canvas, would have appalled hearts less stout than those that manned the gallant little craft; she lay over at a fearful angle that threatened almost to dip her topsails in the waves, and tore through them like a goaded beast. Now her keel seemed to lose its hold upon the water and rest on the wave upon a single point; again she plunged into the next great billow, and her hull was entirely submerged. But nothing stayed her course, though the seas swept her decks and beat like huge sledge-hammers against her bows, she sped along in her mad career, and sprang from wave to wave as though eager to do the bidding of her impatient master. The old mate was in his element, and his enthusiasm increased with every fresh wave that washed her decks. Holding on to the rigging with one hand, he watched the motion of the pursuing vessel, narrowly scanned the headland on their quarter, and then turned to enjoin care upon the helmsman, or broach an opinion with the captain.

"Mind your eye, there, old Hottentot, or your big heels will be sharks' meat before sunset. Now she goes along, captain. The old woman's chickens have got her in tow now. How she chaws into the wind."

"Ay, she works to windward beautifully now," answered the captain; "we shall easily clear the point, if she holds on to this."

"Ay, ay, sir, clear the point, and plenty of sea room to spare; if she goes an inch, she's running off her ten knot an hour, and the head sea be d——d. I'll bet my life the little Sea-Rift, on a taut bowline, can beat any craft that ever walked the brine."

"Have an eye out there, Shel," said the captain, as he watched through his glass the other vessel; "it's blowing great guns there to windward; the Johnny Bulls are aloft reefing—double-reefing their topsails. She staggers like a drunken man; her sails are half the time shaking in the wind. By Herod, it will be down upon us with a vengeance. Mind your helm, there."

A dull, moaning sound was heard above the howling of the waves; it grew louder and louder, and a fearful blast struck the gallant little craft, that shook her to the center; she careened over, almost stopped in her course, careened again, righted again, and with a noise like thunder, the jib was blown to threads; a great white-topped wave, rolling up at the moment, struck her upon the quarter—the negro was hurled with violence to leeward, and the little brig yawning fearfully, would in a minute have been at the mercy of the waves, when the captain, with a single bound, sprang to the wheel, brought her again to her course, as the negro was scrambling up to his place, and gave his orders with a promptitude that displayed his energy and presence of mind. "Lay out there, men; cut the jib loose, let the rotten rag go, let it fly.

Be ready here, get along the foretopmast staysail, and set it in its place. Take hold here, you black son of a gun," said he to the helmsman, accompanying his words with a blow that staggered 'old Hottentot' again; "if you had eased her ever so little, that d——d wave would not have knocked her out of her course."

These orders were soon carried out; again the brave vessel answered her helm, and they shot by the sullen rocks of the point within a cable's length.

"Now, if the night favor us, Shel," said the captain, "we shall slip through their fingers like fun, and be snugly moored in Kidd's Cove, while they go prowling after us"——

"Sail, ho!" cried the man from the lookout.

"Where away?"

"On her weather quarter."

"What do you make her out to be?" said the captain, after giving the man time to make his observations.

"An American vessel, sir, coming down under full sail."

"Get out the American colors, Shel," said the captain, "and be ready to make signals of distress." And his countenance brightened, and he indulged in a low laugh, as the obvious way of his escape from his troublesome pursuer occurred to his mind. By the time the colors were run up at her peak, and the signals of distress displayed, the stranger had approached so much nearer, that her bellying sails were visible from the deck, and soon the vast hull could be seen at times, and as she rose and fell upon the waves, her triple tier of guns yawned to the sight, as if thirsting for blood. On, on she sped in the twilight, her bow buried in foam, and the water rushing in a torrent over the spritsail yard. She saw and evidently understood the state of things as the rover wished, for she answered his signals, and kept to windward, so as to meet the British vessel. She was a seventy-four; her decks were crowded with men, and she swept down upon the enemy like an eagle pouncing upon a hawk that has just lost her prey. Night came on apace; the little brig held on her way, and distance and darkness shut out the other vessels from her sight; but the sullen boom of guns, now near and now more distant, told them that a running fight was going on between the ships of the two belligerent nations.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH DWELLETH UPON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY.

Go with me, kind reader, in your imagination, to the city of Wilmington, an overgrown village nestling down between the Brandywine and Christiana Creeks. The population has not increased much in the last twenty years, but at the time of the date of our story, it was a much more quiet place than at present, for the waters of the neighboring bay were not crowded with steamers, and the rattling railroad did not then, as now, make it the great thoroughfare between Washington, Baltimore, and our modern "Gotham." In one of the principal streets

stood an aristocratic looking mansion of stone. It was aristocratic looking, because there was a high flight of marble steps leading to the door, and a couple of very fierce looking lions carved out of the same material, seemed to threaten from the landing all such *ignobile vulgus* as should dare to set foot on those immaculate steps. And then, too, the dwelling had an ancient look, as though it had descended to the present occupants through a long line of ancestry; and the lions looked old and silent and reserved, like menials grown gray in long service. The drawing room was handsomely furnished with antiquated chairs and sofas, and mirrors set in curiously carved frames; and upon the floor was one of those heavy, thick wrought carpets, from Brussels, such as your grandmother will tell you "you can't buy now-a-days." Near the window was seated a young lady engaged in sewing; for ladies could sew in those times, and were generally considered in a household as not only ornamental, but as beings capable of actual use.

Now we must stop and describe this lady, because she was very handsome, and a handsome lady is, above all others, the most pleasant subject to dwell upon. She was eighteen, that most interesting period of woman's life, when the artlessness and vivacity of youth are united to the grace and dignity of later years. She was of about the medium size, and her form, though round and full, was finely modeled, and happily the fashion of her attire lent it no deformity. Her features were faultless, and these combined with a brightness and intelligence of expression, rendered her face beautiful and attractive. Her hair was black as night, and fell in natural ringlets upon her neck, and her eyes—they were indescribable—a poet would tell you that love had gone to sleep in their deep, dark recesses. Her father, Col. Milburn, who had been an officer in the war of the revolution, had bestowed upon her all the accomplishments which wealth could command. She was his only child, we might have said his only care; for her mother, good soul, caught cold and died the day after the birth of her daughter. In all the father's solicitude for the education and welfare of his child, he had neglected but one thing, and that the most important of all; he had never taught her to guide her conduct by the dictates of principle, that talisman of true female excellence, without which she may command the admiration of the worthy, but never their respect; without which she is liable at any moment to fall; while with it as an unerring rule of conduct, she becomes all that the poet Wordsworth has painted her in his often quoted description of a perfect woman.

We have said that this lady was sewing, but she looked out of the window much more than at her work, and seemed by her impatient glances to be expecting the arrival of some one. At length, as she was gazing out upon the walk, a gleam of pleasure lit up her countenance, and she turned her eyes again upon her work, and her pretty fingers began to fly back and forth over the linen with wonderful assiduity. A hasty step was heard in the hall, and a gentleman entered the parlor unbidden, as one accustomed to make himself quite at home there. He was a young man of not very prepossessing exterior, but of a pleasant countenance, and the bearing of a gentleman. He was a

wealthy physician of Wilmington, and having studied hard in the acquirement of his profession, was already gaining much distinction in practice. He possessed a frank and generous disposition, and kind heart, but, like all men, had his faults. He had a wonderful idea of his knowledge of human nature, and in propounding his favorite theories often displayed his want of penetration in that upon which he prided himself so much, by offending the very persons whom he was most anxious to please. When we have said that he was the affianced suitor of the lady before him, he is sufficiently introduced to the reader.

"Behind your time," said she, with a reproachful look, as he entered. "Here I have been expecting you for this half hour."

"I beg your pardon, dearest, but I think I am punctual to my appointment."

"No, no, I declare you are at least half an hour behind your time."

"You flatter me by thinking so, but indeed," said he, drawing out his watch, "I am five minutes before the time."

"Well, well," she answered, with an arch look, "I suppose I must yield to you, as usual; but do sit down here, you look tired."

"I have had a long walk, and have been out since daybreak," he answered, taking his seat beside her on the sofa. "Ah, sewing? You are as industrious as ever, I see, Mary. But if the question is not an impertinent one, what is this your fingers are flying over so rapidly?"

"A dress."

"A dress?" said he, peering at it inquiringly. "It cannot be for winter use, I am sure—and what is the object of?"

"No matter," she answered in affected anger, as she pouted her pretty lips, and snatching away the cloth, placed it behind her, "you gentlemen are impudent fellows, always asking questions that don't concern you in the least. Now I'll tell you in earnest, that a lady always thinks it improper for a gentleman to be asking such questions. Day after to-morrow, you know, is the twenty-fifth."

"Why, yes, I believe the almanac says so; shall I run down to my office and see?"

"Sit still and listen to me, and give me none of your saucy answers. The twenty-fifth is my birth-day. It is to be celebrated"——

"Comme il faut."

"Silence, sir; there are in town, I understand, several officers that are not invited, as we have not made their acquaintance yet; and father always wishes to show particular attention to the officers of the army and navy; and now"——

"And now I am to see that they are invited; are these your orders?"

"These are my orders, vassal."

"They shall be executed, most mighty princess. But to speak in earnest, why is it, my dear Mary, that ladies have such a desperate *penchant* for officers?"

"Such a desperate *penchant* for officers! You men are conceited fellows, always imagining that the ladies are falling in love with you; we never care for any of you."

"No, but you are evading my question. Why is it that the quartering of a regiment in town, or the arrival of a ship of the line in the bay below, causes such a commotion among all the pretty girls and old maids of the city—so many wonderings and inquiries?"

"Why?—to be sure, what right—well, granting such to be the fact, I hope you do not think ladies entirely destitute of the natural feelings of gratitude and admiration for the brave defenders of their country. We read of this and that gallant action, and when afterwards we know that the actors in these scenes are near us, we feel an anxiety to see them, and make their acquaintance."

"No, that cannot be the reason, because it does not hold good in all cases. The reason is—forgive me—but the reason is that nine tenths of all the women in the world are taken by outward appearances; and the glittering epaulette, the manly step, and high bearing of the soldier or naval officer, command their admiration before the more truly commendable qualities of the mind."

"Well, indeed, you are highly complimentary to the ladies, believe me," she continued, with a mortified air; "if I thought that were your candid opinion, it could not but lower you in my estimation. Why, what kind of an idea have you of women in general?"

"If I were to tell you that I thought them all angels, you would consider me a flatterer or a fool; my idea of them is that they are mortal, and like other mortals have their failings, and that this is one of them. Though this very fault, compared with some that are natural to my own sex, dwindles to nothing."

"Well, I assure you, Edward, that you are entirely mistaken in your estimate of female character. One in a thousand may be as you describe, deficient in judgment, and never looking beneath the surface. Such a species of nondescript, you know, we call a coquette—one that is always falling in love, and always breaking some poor, doting creature's heart. But in contradiction to your assertion, I say that, almost without exception, women will admire a poor and unassuming man for his education, intelligence, and good character, sooner than a prince for his wealth and display. And you cannot deny but that when once a woman loves—why, they are the very type of devotion and constancy. And think you," she continued, as she fixed her eyes intently upon him, and lowered her voice almost to a whisper, "that any thing could tempt me from you?"

"No, dearest," he answered, grasping her hand with warmth, "how could I doubt you one moment; or how could I think you susceptible to mere outward appearances, when you have been won by a person of so unpretending an exterior as myself? And believe me, the fact of your being free from that fault so common to your sex, first caused me to admire and love you."

"I believe you, I believe you, Edward," she answered, thoughtfully. "But, indeed, sir," she continued, turning gayly around to him, "I'll not let you off yet, after you have made such a sweeping assertion against my sex. I challenge you to the proof of your theory."

"Why," he answered, "I hold that it is not mere theory, but fact. I

Richman, class of 1874 B.A.

say that nine tenths of all the women in the world are admirers of mere appearance, because *such is their nature*. Take the case of an artless country girl who never read a book, and knows nothing of the romantic feeling of admiration which you describe; let a dashing young soldier visit her native place, and ten to one, if he seeks to win her affections, she will run away with him, even though she leave behind a deserted country lover to lament her infidelity. A thousand such cases occur every day. Now, human nature stripped of art, is the same in the country cottage and in the halls of the wealthy; consequently, the same influence which would work upon a female in the first situation, would also affect one in the last. An unsophisticated country girl is won by the glitter of appearance; therefore your city belle is liable to be caught by the same. *Quod erat demonstrandum!* which is to say, I have gained my point."

"Well, ha, ha, ha, after such a marvelously logical speech, concluded by such an astonishing display of college learning, I have nothing more to say—struck dumb, of course. But let us talk of something upon which our opinions are more in unison. I had a long conversation with father this morning, upon the subject you spoke of yesterday, and I'll tell you what he said of it, if you'll promise to be good, and not interrupt me."

Now this young couple are about to talk of love affairs, and inasmuch as being old and past these things ourselves, we think them silly and improper, we'll leave them to finish their conversation by themselves, and return to the Sea-Rift.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR COMMUNITY OF LANGUAGE WITH ENGLAND.

No subject has awakened greater interest among a large portion of our countrymen, within a few years past, than that of a national literature. This single fact is sufficient to show its importance. Indeed, there is nothing which an enlightened nation ought more carefully to cherish; nothing which adds more true glory to the name of a country; nothing for which one can feel a more pardonable pride. It is something which will outlast all other monuments of her greatness. A nation may boast of her fleets and armies; fleets equally powerful have been scattered, and armies as great have been cut off by pestilence and sword. She may be proud of her institutions and laws; other institutions as strong and well based as her own have fallen. She may point to her monuments, her costly works of art; a few ages will crumble the proudest structures, and strew the marble on the winds. But her literature will not thus perish. When her institutions have taken their place among the things that were; when the dust of centuries has gathered on the ruins of her works of art; when time, with its tooth of

iron, has defaced and worn away every thing perishable, her literature will still be preserved.

No two nations have ever existed, bearing such relations to each other, as do our country and England. Never has the instance been recorded of a nation growing up from a feeble colony to be the rival of that from which it sprung; and that nation, too, the acknowledged queen of the world. Never have two nations, of such vast magnitude, at so wide a distance from each other, spoken the same language with such equal purity, with so little of national peculiarity. Is this community of language favorable to the literature of our country? This question we will endeavor to answer according to the views we have been led to adopt on the subject. If those views are correct, there are evils resulting from this community of language which tend greatly to check the growth of our literature.

We do not mean to include in this subject any works which come within the department of science. In regard to such works, we are willing to admit this community of language to be highly favorable to us. We have all the discoveries which have been made in the old country to build upon; all the principles brought to light by a Newton, all the philosophy of a Locke and a Bacon, all the advancements in science made in later periods. As soon as a scientific work appears, our community of language opens to us equal facilities for obtaining its full benefit. And, indeed, in science our young country need not fear a comparison. In its very infancy, it has seen a Franklin, sporting with that element which had hitherto been a fear to mankind; it has seen a Bowditch, to whom the science of navigation will ever be indebted; it has seen a Fulton, a Whitney, who have each given an impulse to improvement which will continue for ages.

But it may be urged, likewise, that all the attainments made by England in literature serve as a foundation for ours. It may be said that so many elegant models of style, such splendid productions of genius as the English drama and her other departments of literature exhibit, cannot fail to prove beneficial to us. This "pure well of English undefiled" is freely opened for our use, from which we may draw in measures large and full. Plausible as this may seem at first, a closer examination will lead, as we think, to a different opinion.

What is literature? A fine writer of our country has defined it, "the free and happy reflection of nature, of character, of manners;" a national literature, then, is the reflection of national peculiarities.—If it is not this; if it merely embraces what is common with another country, it cannot be called a national literature. It has nothing distinctive—it can lay claim to nothing higher than mere imitation. By an American literature, we are to understand a national literature; a literature stamped with our national peculiarities, whether found in our geographical features or in our social constitution. How can these peculiarities be fully expressed in any other way than by peculiarities of language? If the characteristics of the two countries were the same, that is, if we had no peculiarities, then the same language might answer. But this is not the case. The great features of our country

are widely different from those of England. England has a different scenery from ours ; she has no wide prairies or broad savannahs ; she has no rivers that roll their waters for thousands of miles ; she has not our boundless forests ; she has no vast chains of mountains, mingling their summits with the sky. And yet if a poet would describe these, he must do it with the same language that is applied to the streamlets and mole hills of England ; with the very language that was framed for them. Can it be supposed that words like these will fitly describe objects so grand in comparison with those for which they were originally made ?

The associations, too, which such a language brings are unfavorable to the growth of a literature purely national. It comes to us with all the descriptions, which English writers in every age have given, of objects in their own country. All these are impressed on the mind of every one who forms his literary taste by a study of English authors. The poet's mind is filled with descriptions of scenery and objects as they exist in another land. He is led to copy those descriptions, instead of creating new and more appropriate ones for the scenes of his own country. His images will be drawn from things unfamiliar to us ; his allusions will be less stirring to the souls of his readers than if made to the events and places memorable in the history of our own country. What care we for the Druids' pile of stone, though it has stood for centuries, though " earthquakes have heaved it, and its copestone has not fallen ! " What care we for all their ancient Gothic structures, though the mantling vine has long crept over their broken arches, and the sunlight has for ages streamed through their painted windows ! The traveler may survey them with pleasure and admiration, but the noble shaft rising upon that hill where Putnam fought and Warren fell—Mount Vernon, hallowed in the heart of every American—the plains made famous by the deeds of Marion and his men—these will rouse the feelings of thousands who remain at home. Even so will allusions made to places and scenes whose memory is embalmed in the history of our land, be wider in their influence, and will awaken deeper and stronger thrills of feeling. By frequent allusions to objects in England, the characteristics of the two countries are blended together. We will mention one of the thousand examples which show how much we are trammelled by the language of another country, and the associations it brings. In a recent poem, a scene in one of our western forests is likened to an English " abbey of olden time ; " as if those arches built by men's hands were a fit representation of that temple, whose venerable columns were reared, whose verdant roof was woven by the hand of God.

" The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems ; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down

And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

A single glance at the literature of different countries will show that their various characteristics are expressed in it. Take any country you choose which can boast of a literature; that literature bears the impress of its national peculiarities. The features of the country, the differences in climate, all have an influence. These cannot be set forth in their strongest light, save by words which have been called into being by those peculiarities. The wild songs of the old Norsemen were the index of the stern and savage regions they inhabited. The literature of Italy was like its own mild climate and sunny skies. The voluptuous and imaginative literature of the East was soft as its own spicy gales, and enchanting as its own fountains and groves. In later times, where can we find anything that better reflects national characteristics, than the literature of Scotland? From "the cliffs that brow her glens" to the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped" daisy of her hill-sides, all the features of her scenery are drawn in the life-like pictures of Scott and Burns. All, who are acquainted with different languages, unite in saying that this peculiarity of a literature is lost in a great measure by clothing it in another language. No other words but its own will fully express it. Translation robs it of its striking features, its native charms. Had a language grown up with our country, we have reason to believe it would have differed much from the one we now use. It would have adapted itself to our national peculiarities. It would have expressed the emotions, arising from the contemplation of our great works of nature.

The language of the Indian affords strong confirmation of the correctness of these views. It was free and unshackled as the air he breathed. His conceptions, and the words in which he clothed them, were bold and lofty as the mountain wilds over which he roamed. Nature had given him a language like itself. Hence those flights of eloquence with which the speeches of their orators abound. He drew his words from the objects which his native forests presented to his eye. The warrior was the young eagle or the panther; the old and war-worn chieftain the "blasted pine of the mountain." The dark-eyed maiden of his tribe was "the wild flower of the forest;" the captive daughter of the white man "the pale flower of the plain." When disasters and destruction visited his tribe, his departed friends spoke to him in the language of nature; their "tears came in the rain drops," and their "voices in the wailing winds."

There are other reasons why our community of language is unfavorable to us. The existence of such productions as are already found in the English language is a check on our advancement. Macaulay's theory in regard to works of the imagination is often questioned; but all past history shows that the great works of the imagination, the master productions of thought, belong to some peculiar age. What that age is, I do not pretend to say. Why had Greece but one Homer? why had she no authors in the drama, after Euripides and Sophocles?

Because none could hope to surpass their productions. Rome, too, had but one Virgil; Tasso and Dante sung in a new language; Germany has had none else like Goethe and Schiller—France, like Corneille; the English language has had but one Shakspeare, but one Milton. What the united voice of a nation pronounces perfect, there is little hope for another to surpass. He will attempt to please by imitating that, rather than by new creations.

Again, authors in our country are tried by an unfair standard. They are not judged by what ought to be expected from a young country, but by what an old country has already attained. Where a language grows up with a country, every new production in literature is hailed as a joyful harbinger. It is pronounced good, for none better in the language exist before it. With an old language, it is at once compared with the superior ones it already possesses. If weighed in this balance and found wanting, its days are numbered and finished. How many an opening intellect we have reason to believe has been crushed in the bud by this stern test; which, in a new language, would have enriched and adorned it! How many a brilliant genius, not having yet attained the stature required by this Procrustean bed, has had its energies forever destroyed, by being prematurely stretched upon it!

Another thing which tends to discourage our authors, is the lack of that pride in our literature which we should take in one peculiar to ourselves. A nation always feels a pride in its own language; it thinks it superior to all others. Whatever attainments are made in it are welcomed before all others. The Latins spoke of the Greek in terms of contempt. The French thought the plays of Racine superior to those of Shakspeare. We can have nothing of this national pride in our language, which stimulates exertion. Now, if a work of our own appears, it is thrown aside by a large portion of the reading public, and that too of the most enlightened class, because superior ones of the same kind already exist. They feel for them none of that affection with which they would cherish them, were they peculiar to ourselves.

The attainments already made by authors in this country are no evidence that a community of language is beneficial. Rather do they show the power of our young genius, which has done so much in spite of such great obstacles. We want no surer evidence than this, that our intellectual energies are in no wise inferior to those of England. Held in a state of colonial bondage to her for a century and a half; obliged to adopt her as a standard in our modes of expressing thought; when we threw off her political dominion, we retained her language, we retained her literature. Our tastes, our modes of expressing thought, were English still. With every thing to do which a growing country demands; without the libraries and advantages enjoyed by Englishmen; we have risen to such a height of excellence that English authors do not hesitate to purloin our pages, and publish them as their own. The question so tauntingly put forth in one of her Reviews, twenty years ago, "who reads an American book?" is no longer asked. If we are to become her rival; if we are yet to produce works which

may stand on the same shelf with Shakspeare and Paradise Lost, then
may our gifted poet well say,

" Here the free spirit of mankind, at length,
Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race !"

* W. *

THIS TO THEE.

A SONG ADDRESSED TO S. H. ———.

SOME friends we cull like blossoms,
Along life's pathway strewn,
And place them in our bosoms,
There treasured as our own.
Thou art the newest flower,
But thine shall be the shade,
To deck afresh the bower,
The garden of the heart.

Thy brow is wreathed with roses,
Wet with life's early dews,
And loveliness reposes
On thee its tranquil hues.
Thy bark its sails is flinging
Across a sunny sea,
And morning stars are singing
Thy young heart's jubilee.

May sorrow never darkle
Upon thy happy soul,
But joy's bright bubbles sparkle
Within life's crystal bowl.
May love and friendship hover,
Like angels, o'er thy head,
And virtue's glories over
Thy loveliness be shed.

May hope conceive fruition,
As sunrise brings the day ;
And memory's moonlight vision
Its dreamy charms display.
May smiles thy cheek still cover,
Or tears as sweet be shed,
While blest thoughts linger over
The living and the dead.

Yet brighter joys are near thee—
 And purer bliss will come—
 And sweeter thoughts shall cheer thee
 In yon eternal home.
 There shines a fairer morning
 To welcome thee to rest,
 With fadeless beams adorning
 The mansions of the blest. ●

Farewell, then, and remember !—
 I will remember *thee*,
 While there remains one ember
 Of truth and faith in me.

THE PERPETUITY OF LITERATURE.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
 Essentially immortal, they create
 And multiply in us a brighter ray,
 And more beloved existence.—CHILDRE HAROLD.

THE author of a recent and very entertaining article in *Fraser*, has remarked that *fragility and decay* are characteristic of all human enjoyments, except Religion and Literature. To illustrate this thought in respect to Literature, is the object of the present essay. Religion is left out of view, not because the sentiment is less true in regard to it, but because all are ready to admit the pleasures of Religion to be changeless and lasting as the throne of the Eternal.

With one exception, then, in all *earthly* pleasures are the seeds of decay and death. The field of Literature is perpetually blooming ; its flowers are ever bright and fragrant ; its fruits forever rich and abundant.

In the *family circle* we take our first draught of happiness.

“ Home is the resort
 Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.”

It is about the domestic hearth that tender ties and associations are formed, which become a part of our existence—and the sweetest part of it. But we have not reveled long in the happy carelessness of childhood, beneath the shadow of parental love, ere stern duty tears us away to live, to labor, and to suffer for ourselves. On each successive visit to the old homestead in after years, we see some vacant seat ; we miss some well-remembered countenance ; and we become painfully conscious that the pure and unalloyed pleasures of early life are fleeting as time itself.

What greater source of enjoyment in this world than the seasons, and yet what so fleeting as they? No sooner does the young and beautiful Spring, in her gentle way, smooth the wrinkles, and drive away the frowns of old Winter, and fill us all with life and energy by her smiles, than the fiery, hot-headed Summer comes along, and Spring flies away. We just learn that Summer has his own peculiar attractions, when Autumn takes his place. Golden-haired Autumn—mild and lovely—rich in gifts—has us fairly in love with her, when she is torn away from us by cold-hearted, unfeeling Winter.

Fame is a glorious acquisition, so long as she will stay with us. But she is generally as short-lived as she is noisy. In most cases her trumpet gives a long, loud blast, and then all is silent as the grave. Oftentimes, even when an immortality is to be the prize, 'the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune' must be borne, counterbalanced only by the cold consolation, that posterity will render justice.

The truth is, death never ceases 'going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down in it.' He is a mighty conqueror, warring against all that is beautiful and all that is good. Age and hardy manhood, beauty and tender infancy, are alike his victims. The firmly planted oak falls before him. The shrub, the leaf, the tiniest flower that blows is not too small nor too feeble to escape his arm. Time follows death; always aiding him; destroying where he has failed. Time drinks rivers dry, gnaws and rubs away at mountains till he pulls them down. But the fabric which Literature has erected, defies the efforts of both.

It is now nearly three thousand years since an old man might have been seen wandering from village to village along the shores of Chios, and occasionally extending his journeyings to the neighboring islands and continent. He was a blind old rhapsodist, and gained a scanty pittance of this world's comforts, by singing the rhapsodies he composed as he journeyed. To those who pitied him and stopped to listen, he sang how their fathers, because of injuries one of their princes had received, waged a war with a city that had once existed in the North, and he described the characters, the battles and adventures of the heroes of that war. But were these songs listened to, their subjects wondered at, and then forgotten? Minstrels have been singing for ages, of deeds of daring and of danger by land and sea, yet how few there are whose names and subjects have escaped oblivion! No; the Genius of Literature had owned him, poor and blind as he was, for her first-born son and great high-priest. The flame that gave life and power to his strains was a gift from off her altar. And when she deigns to bestow a gift, whether it be but a spark or a living flame, she will watch it, and fan it, and preserve it forever. Hence, when those rhapsodies had survived the dangers of a four centuries' tradition, she inspires Pisistratus to collect, arrange, and transmit them as a rich legacy to future ages. Hence they became a store-house of facts for the historian, and of rules for the critic. They became the fountain to which the orators of Greece repaired for beauty to adorn and power to strengthen their productions. Hither resorted her poets. All drank freely, and many here gained the inspiration which they never could have drawn from the

original Castaly. Take from the poems, orations, and histories of Greece all they borrowed from the Iliad and Odyssey, and what a barren field have we left! Without Homer, Greece is still 'Greece, but *living* Greece no more.' With Homer, she is

"Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great."

To these same rhapsodies, tremblingly sung by a blind mendicant, Greece owes the glory which has made her the praise and model of nations. In remembrance of them, travelers from distant lands, ages hence, will sing, like Byron, when nearing her shores,

"Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;
Boast of the aged! lesson to the young!
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the muse unveil their awful lore."

Shakspeare was at one time a servant boy in one of the London theatres. Thinking it but a poor business, however, to hold horses and trim lamps for life, he conceived the whimsical idea of writing plays. Doubtless he had glorious visions of the Green Room, with himself mingling in the crowd of authors and actors who frequented it. He wrote his plays, and soon he was welcomed into the Green Room. It was not long before he passed through it, and was reading the *Merry Wives of Windsor* before Elizabeth and her Court. As his reputation grew, he advanced still farther than the Royal Palace. He entered the hearts of the English people. When enthroned in them he was on a summit beyond which the loftiest ambition could not carry him—above all the dangers of aspiring rivalry. That station he still occupies—his title undisputed—the glory of his name still brightening. What power transformed this Stratford run-away—this friendless horse-boy, into the first of England's Poets—the unceasing boast of his country? It was the same which made Homer the Father of Poetry. The Genius of Literature adopted and assisted him, and she has watched over him to the present day. And now, wherever there is an English tongue his creations are familiar to it—wherever there is an English heart his name is loved. In the halls and castles of cultivated England, he dispenses pleasure, refined to the utmost capabilities of golden-figured morocco and delicate mezzotint; while in the Far West of our land, wherever a cottage stands in which limited education has conquered the Spelling Book and Bible—there, unadorned by the trappings of luxurious art,

"Sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

Now why are the names of these two men trumpeted by Fame from the rising to the setting sun? It is because by them a *present*

life is infused into past ages ; because through them we may converse with men that lived—and sympathize in sorrows that were borne—and hear the roar of battles that were fought—centuries ago. This is what we mean by the Perpetuity of Literature. To this principle we owe no small part of the enjoyments of life. To it we are indebted for that world of beauty and interest to which we can betake ourselves, when tired of the stern realities and oppressive cares, the ‘whips and scorns’ of our every day world.

Time dims the beauties of Apelles or of Titian. The life-like statues of Praxiteles moulder into dust. But the figures of Apelles portrayed on the page of history or verse, still preserve the freshness of their youth. The forms of the sculptor when thus described still afford a counterfeit presentment of life. The crowds that roared over the exciting scenes of the Tournament are silent, but in *Ivanhoe* we may still mingle, with more than the pleasures of reality, perhaps, with the chivalry and beauty of the feudal times. In the tales of early days we may mingle in the boisterous band that frolicked around the merry may-pole, or dance on the banks of the sunny Rhine with the dark-eyed daughters of the South. The unfortunate Mary still draws after her as many captives as when she enslaved all hearts in the courtly throng of Holyrood. In this bright world we may dance or mourn—we may enjoy the pomp and circumstance of war—luxuriate in the most enchanting scenes of nature, or be dazzled by the triumphs of art, and withal be unburdened by a care and never jostled by a selfish crowd. While we must all travel over the rough pathway of life and contend with its obstacles and dangers, we may still from time to time wander away to the pleasant fields and fragrant flowers of literature.

QUIS.

THE YOUNG LAWYER.

A TALE.

BY A KICKAPOO.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”—SHAK.

On a sunny Sabbath morning, in the month of June, the church bells of the thriving town of W——, in one of the southern States, sent forth their accustomed peal to call the inhabitants to the house of God. The streets were soon filled with crowds of well-dressed people proceeding to their respective places of worship. A fashionable-looking throng is pouring into one of the churches, and thither, gentle reader, let us follow. The congregation is soon quietly seated, with the exception of the stragglers, who come dropping silently in. Alone,

in an eligible pew, sit two ladies dressed in deep mourning. They are the widow Burton and her daughter Mary, who had, a few months before, lost the one an endeared and affectionate husband, the other a beloved and a doating father. Mr. Burton had been one of the first settlers of the town of W——, had represented the district in Congress, was highly esteemed for his intelligence and integrity, and had died leaving his wife and his only daughter a handsome fortune. Mary was considered the belle of the place. I shall not say how beautiful she was; how fair her complexion; how bright her deep blue eyes, and how perfect her figure; but I will say that no *young* man, however stoical, could have seen her that Sabbath morning, clothed in the weeds of sorrow, which seemed to heighten every charm, without feeling rather sensitive about the heart. Add to this that she inherited her mother's affectionate nature, and her father's clearness of intellect, and possessed fifty thousand "solid charms," and she becomes, I think, irresistible.

The minister had just arisen to announce the hymn, when a stranger, apparently about twenty-five years of age, entered the house. He was dressed in a suit of "solemn black," and looked a gentleman. As he followed the sexton up the aisle, many an eye was turned to admire his tall and commanding form, and manly gait. He was shown into one of those pews fronting the side of the pulpit, which gave the young ladies an opportunity to reconnoiter his countenance. The complexion of his face was rather swarthy. His black thick hair, brushed carelessly back, revealed a fine, intellectual-looking forehead. The flashings of a large, dark, and restless eye, told that a mind of no common order sat enthroned within, and his compressed lips and slightly contracted brow spoke of the spirit of indomitable energy, that had made his bosom its home. Reader, this was Henry Waters; and while the ladies are wondering who that stranger can be, we will let you into the secret.

Waters was a young lawyer. He had graduated about three years before, at one of the old eastern colleges, since which he had been engaged in his professional studies. Like Cæsar, he was ambitious. He had a loftiness of purpose which did not permit him to take the second rank in any pursuit upon which he entered. He had resolved to stand at the head of his profession, and had accordingly devoted himself with enthusiasm to his legal studies, and had mastered most of their technicalities. What was a rarer accomplishment still, he was a ready, graceful, and eloquent public speaker. In a word, his friends called him a young lawyer of bright promise. He had one failing; he was rather indifferent to the charms of the fair sex. He passed many of his college vacations with two pretty cousins; had taken moonlight walks with the beauty of his native village; mingled in many a gay throng; listened to the melody of many a sweet voice, and yet remained unattached; had left his New England home *unengaged*. After his admission to the bar he had set out to select a place of residence.

"The world was all before him where to choose," and, in the course

of his wanderings, he visited the beautiful and flourishing town of W——, and resolved there to cast his lot.

* * * * *

About five months after his introduction to the reader, Waters was sitting one evening alone, in his office, about the hour of twilight. A glowing mass of bitumen was blazing and puffing and hissing in the grate, and throwing a ruddy light upon the objects in the room. The shutters were closed and the winds of November wailed without. Waters sat in his large arm-chair, looking intently into the fire, his feet resting upon the oval table, which occupied the centre of the apartment. He was lost in thought, melancholy thought. His new sign had been glittering beside the door of his office for nearly five months, and he had not yet gained a single client. He had delivered a lecture before the Lyceum, spoken in a town-meeting, and was reputed to be a very promising young man, but as yet he could not show a single case upon his docket. He felt confident that this was no fault of his. He had not, like many young professional men, taking for granted that "omne ignotum pro magnifico est," wrapt himself in unapproachable dignity, and stalked through the streets too haughty to notice the very men from whom he might expect business. He had made himself agreeable and communicative, without appearing sycophantic. Although he was a man of proud spirit, he was always a gentleman. Short as had been his residence in W——, he had made many friends and admirers by his prepossessing address and pleasing manners. But he was fast realizing that admiration and applause could not supply the place of bread. He sickened at the prospect before him. His bright hopes of early success, and a speedy career to fortune began to be overcast. He had a widowed mother and an only sister far away among the granite hills of New England, whose hearts were bound up in his success and happiness. Waters thought of *them* and his wretchedness was complete.

As he sat gazing into the glowing embers, and thinking of what he should do, he heard a gentle tap at the door. "Walk in," responded he. The door opened, and a female figure entered. Waters arose and presented his visitor a seat, and then hastily lighted his lamp. Imagine his surprise, as he turned to observe the face of the stranger, to discover Mary Burton, with whom, though he knew her by sight, he was not personally acquainted. He seated himself and made some passing remarks about the weather, to which she replied, in a voice subdued and tremulous, but of passing sweetness. There was an embarrassing pause. Miss Burton broke the silence by explaining the object of her call.

"I came, sir," said she, "to consult you on business of the utmost importance; I came myself, because I believe I can lay it before you better, perhaps, than any one else. My father, who died about a year since, left the principal part of his property in real estate; consisting of large tracts of land on each side of the river, with the extensive flouring mills, known as the Burton Mills. My mother and I were his only heirs at law. My father died suddenly, and left, as we supposed,

11. From a late ejectment, which has been served upon the tenants of the property, it seems that a new heir has appeared. This is father's brother, a dissipated and unprincipled man, with whom father while living, would have no intercourse. Astonishing as it seems, he claims the entire property by virtue of a will which Mr. Smallhead, the attorney, whom we employed as administrator of the estate, says he found among my father's papers. He has engaged Mr. Smallhead as his counsel, who, I begin to fear, is as unprincipled as himself. I know there must be villainy in this scheme, for it shows its very face. The news, that an ejectment had been served upon the tenants of the property, caused, as you may suppose, my mother herself great concern, which was increased when we learned the substance of the claim set up against us, and that Mr. Smallhead was employed to conduct the suit for the recovery of the property; for, being dishonest, he is, I believe, a man of great talent and acute-

We have already retained Mr. M——, of P——, an old friend of my father, and an able and indefatigable lawyer. As his time was occupied, and as he lived at a distance, he advised us to employ for counsel, some member of the bar residing in this place, who would devote more time and attention to the case than he could possibly . . . He recommended you, having heard you highly spoken of by friends from the East, and supposing that you would enter upon the profession with more ardor, energy, and leisure than an older practitioner."

She paused. Waters could not help thinking all the while she was saying that she had the finest face he ever saw, and when she had finished and her eyes dropped and a melancholy expression settled on her countenance, he would have sworn it.

"Are you certain your father left no will bequeathing his estate to himself and mother?" asked he. "I think he did not, though I cannot say confidently," was the reply. "We have not searched for a will carefully, perhaps, as the importance of the case demands; yet I hardly think it probable that such a document can be found, for my father died only when in apparently good health, and even if he left such a will as would save us at this crisis, it has probably been destroyed by Mr. Smallhead, who, as I said before, is administrator to the estate, and has had access to all my father's papers."

Yet it may be possible," said Waters, "that your father has left a will in our favor, and that it may have escaped that villain's notice. At all events, it is advisable to make a thorough search. If we could but find a date posterior to the one held by Mr. Smallhead's client, we will crush that iniquitous scheme in the bud. I will call myself, with your permission, within a few days, and assist in the examination." "We shall be under obligations to you, sir, if you will," said Miss Smallhead as she arose to depart. Waters accompanied her to the door, intending to wait upon her home, when he perceived she had come in a carriage which had been standing before the office under the charge of a driver. He took her hand in his and assisted her into the vehicle; the coachman mounted his seat, and the impatient horses were off in an

instant. Waters stepped into his office muttering to himself, (I blush to say it, reader,) "How beautiful! Gods! what a foot, what an eye! 'Regina incessit.' By Coke upon Littleton, I don't know but I might be tempted to desert the state of 'single blessedness' for such a goddess." Then he began to feel all that pride and joy a young lawyer experiences when he has his first case committed to his charge. And such a case, Fifty thousand dollars at least involved. And such clients, particularly one of them. He could scarcely refrain from capering about the room for joy. The thought, however, that his suit was not yet gained, cooled the warmth of his feelings, and set him seriously to thinking upon the important business which had been laid before him.

The next afternoon, after paying some slight addresses to his toilette, Waters locked his office and proceeded towards the residence of his clients. Mrs. Burton lived in a retired part of the town, in a comfortable old-fashioned homestead, surrounded by trees of a luxuriant growth, which had been planted by Mr. Burton more than twenty years before. Waters entered the gate, passed into the graveled walk, and rang the bell. He was ushered by the servant into a neat and well-furnished apartment, where he found Mrs. Burton and her daughter, the latter of whom introduced him to her mother. After a few moment's conversation, Waters said he was anxious to begin the search which had called him to their house. "I fear," said Mrs. Burton, "the search will be fruitless, for we have examined my husband's papers again and again, and always without success, and besides, I fear he left no will, as his death was very sudden." So saying she arose, and led the way to the library, where Mr. Burton had been in the habit of keeping all his papers. Waters, assisted by the ladies, began a search which lasted for three hours without finding anything that looked like a will. Every file of papers was carefully looked over, every drawer emptied of its contents, and finally every book in the library taken down and shaken, in hopes that the precious document might have been placed temporarily in such a receptacle; but all in vain.

The three left the library with depressed spirits. Waters, although the prospect began to look dark, said all he could to encourage his clients and keep up their hopes, promising to use every effort in their behalf, and holding out the hope that all might yet be well, a hope which he scarce dared himself any longer entertain.

* * * * *

The day of trial at length arrived. Waters, meanwhile, had not been idle. He had made himself master of every point in the case. The more he studied it, the more clearly he saw how hopeless it was. He expected much, however, from the skill and experience of the senior counsel, who was to come down in the morning's stage. The stage arrived, and instead of bringing the attorney, brought from him a letter directed to Waters, the purport of which was, that he was detained from attending on account of a sudden attack of sickness, that it would be useless to defer the trial on his account, as any services he might render would, in such a hopeless cause, prove ineffectual.

Waters, although perplexed and disappointed, after revolving the matter with himself, concluded that it was best to follow his senior's advice, and proceed with the trial.

When the hour came for the assembling of the court, he took his place at the bar. The room was already filled with eager and attentive spectators, and the gallery crowded with ladies. The Burtons were not there. The case had excited deep feeling throughout the community, for every one believed that there was foul play on the part of the plaintiff. "We shall have public sympathy in our favor at all events," thought Waters, as he looked over the excited audience.

The case was soon called up, and the trial opened. After making his statement to the jury, Smallhead proceeded to examine the witnesses for the plaintiff. He himself was the principal one, and testified that the will upon which he founded the plaintiff's claim to the property in question, he had been employed by the late Mr. Burton to draft, that it was signed and acknowledged in his presence. The will was produced and exhibited in court, and bore a date two years previous to the time of the trial. The evidence seemed complete. Waters, depressed in heart and cherishing scarcely a vestige of hope, proceeded to state to the jury what he intended to prove, and to summon his meagre array of witnesses.

At that moment, a thought occurred to him which made him start. He asked to look at the will. It was handed him. He examined it closely for some minutes, and then passed it back to Mr. Smallhead. He then drew up his chair to the table, and wrote a hasty note, which he sealed and handed to Mrs. Burton's negro, whom he saw in the crowd without the bar. He proceeded to examine his witnesses, by whom he was only able to prove that the deceased Mr. Burton had always held his brother in the profoundest contempt and detestation, that he would not be likely to bequeath to him his whole property, while he left a wife and child to penury and distress. Every one could see, however, that this was mere conjecture against fact, and that unless something farther could be proved, Mrs. Burton would loose her case. The deepest anxiety, which extended even to the judge and jury, was depicted on the faces of the crowded and silent audience.

Waters had just concluded the examination of his last witness, and sorrow and despair had settled on the heart of that great assembly, when a man entered the court almost breathless with haste, and carrying in his hand a curious-looking iron instrument. Waters arose and requested the clerk to swear Mr. Brown, the gentleman who had just entered the bar. Mr. Brown was accordingly sworn.

"Mr. Brown," said Waters, "please examine the paper upon which that will is written," handing him the will which he had taken from Smallhead's hand, "and state to the court whether or not it was manufactured at your mill."

Mr. Brown examined the paper, and replied that it was.

"How long since that paper was manufactured?"

"Not more than six months, sir."

"How do you know, Mr. Brown," continued Waters, "that the paper was not manufactured before that time?"

"Because it has upon it a new water stamp, which was not used in my manufactory until about six months since."

"Will you be so kind as to show the court that the letters on your mould, which I see you have brought with you, correspond with the water stamp letters upon the paper?"

Mr. Brown took up the mould and applied it to the letters upon the paper and handed it to the judge, from whom it was passed to the jury. All examined it, and found that the letters "I. P. Brown" on the mould corresponded exactly with the same letters in the water stamp upon the paper.

Waters then arose, and addressing the court, said, "There is a discrepancy here, may it please your honor, which I would wish to hear the counsel for the plaintiff attempt to reconcile; namely, how a deed, bearing the date of two years previous, could be written upon paper which I have just proved has not been manufactured more than six months."

Words cannot give an adequate description of the scene which followed. The mass of the audience did not till that moment comprehend what the examination of this last witness meant, and when the reason flashed upon them, neither the thumpings of the judge, nor the loud vociferations of the sheriff, could restrain them from bursting forth in a tumultuous round of applause. The ladies, now all smiles, waved their handkerchiefs from the gallery, and every countenance in the room, with two exceptions, Smallhead and his client, wore a pleased and delighted expression.

We need not enter into farther details. Suffice it to say, that the jury merely retiring for form's sake, returned a verdict for the defendants, which was announced amidst renewed cheers from the audience.

The court adjourned, and Waters was a happy man. As he passed out of the court room, the citizens crowded around him to shake his hand and congratulate him upon his success in this his first case. Compliments flowed in upon him from all sides. The ladies, who were descending the flight of steps which led to the gallery, waved their handkerchiefs to him and gazed after him with eyes that told more eloquently than words the feelings of their overjoyed hearts.

He spent that evening at Mrs. Burton's. When he had returned to his office, although it was late, he sat down, and from an overflowing bosom, indited a long epistle to his mother and sister, detailing his success and brightening prospects.

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Mr. Smallhead escaped the consequences of his crime by escaping to the then unannexed Republic, and his client by escaping in a fit of intoxication, to "the undiscovered country."

Business now began to flow in upon Waters from all quarters, which increased in a geometrical ratio as his talents and legal learning were brought into exercise. Despite its heavy pressure, however, he found time to call occasionally upon Mary Burton, and in less than a year from the day of trial, Mrs. Burton canceled his richly earned fee by Mary's hand and fortune

APRIL.

HAIL, loveliest nymph of all the vernal train !

With smiles for offerings we welcome thee.

Thou glidest hither o'er the joyful main,

Like a new nereid of the azure sea ;

Or, like a dryad from the Arcadian grove,

Amid our woods to wake thy song of love.

Perchance we love thee more because we dream

Sweet semblances to youth with thee are blent ;

No summer's sun is brighter than thy beam,

While all thy showers from *passing* clouds are sent.

When golden joys and fleeting woes we see—

O, spring and youth, what half so bright as ye !

Gentle magician, with thy zephyr wand,

Turn thou these leafless boughs to arching green ;

In waving velvet let thy fairy hand

Hide the drear aspect of this wintry scene.

Turn these dry weeds to nests, the red-breast's bowers—

The air to song—the tattered sod to flowers ;

Wake the gay insect, from his death-like sleep,

And tinge with sunny rays his flashing wings ;

Color with purple dyes the dusky deep ;

Teach their forgotten music to the springs ;

Crown the proud mountains with a laurel crest,

And clothe the valleys in their varied vest.

Call vernal breezes from their southern home,

Laden with genial warmth and spicy sweets.

With blossom-circled brows bid zephyrs come,

Nor longer linger in their fair retreats.

And while thou makest day thus heavenly bright,

With stars, and dews, and odors, bless the night.

But yonder maiden, resting pale and weak,

A snow-white lily on a fragile stem !—

Sprinkle some roses o'er her faded cheek,

Though thou should'st rifle April's richest gem.

To her, earth's fairest flower, some bloom be given,

Ere she is taken hence—to bloom in heaven.

THEOLOGICAL REVIEW, AMERICAN REVIEW, AND DEMOCRATIC
REVIEW.

WE have not placed a title so apparently incongruous at the head of this article, thoughtlessly. Different in name, character, and objects as the above works are, there are points, and important points, in which they agree. They form an era in our Literary History—they constitute a medium through which the best talent in Church and State can be brought to affect public opinion—their discussions of disputed questions are able and dignified—and they are AMERICAN.

The first mentioned, "The Bibliotheca Sacra and Theological Review," is a Quarterly, published at Andover, and conducted by Professors Edwards and Park, of the Theological Seminary in that place, with the special coöperation of Prof. Stuart and Dr. Robinson. It is the organ of no sect. It is designed to be a permanent repository of essays, treatises, and discussions upon topics of essential importance in Biblical Literature. In addition to these, it will contain occasional dissertations upon the collateral subjects of classical philology, mental science, pulpit eloquence, &c. There are engaged in its management and for its support, some of the ablest writers in that department of Literature in our country, besides several less known among us, but no less distinguished in Germany, England, and Scotland. Although but just entered upon its second year, it has already received the most flattering encomiums from the first critical journals of those countries, together with the more substantial evidence of their favor, in the shape of several hundred subscribers. A similar and more generous reception has been given it by the organs and friends of nearly every denomination here; and if it continues to be conducted with the spirit and talent which has characterized the past five No's, cannot fail to receive universal confidence and encouragement.

The "American Review," is the avowed organ of the Whig party in politics, and also, according to its title, a "Journal of Literature, Art, and Science." Secluded as we are here in these classic shades, and, as we may add, with much more truth politically and meteorologically than we could a few months ago, in "regions mild of calm and serene air,"

"Inter silvas Academi, quaerere verum,"

it is not supposable that we think of or mingle much in party politics—certainly not that we should give them any place in our magazine. It is not, therefore, in this point of view that we wish to notice either of these monthlies. The Editor of this Review, the author of "Tecumseh," though yet in the prime of manhood, has already attained a high rank among the young literati of his country. He is a Yalensian; and the selection of him by the Φ. B. K. Society last year as their poet, is evidence enough that he is not without honor in his own Alma Mater. In its prospectus, we find a list of names given as promised contributors

to its pages, which would do honor to the Quarterly that has been so long enriched by the genius of Macaulay and the learning of Brougham. The third No. has reached us, and well sustains the high reputation which its predecessors had so readily and so justly acquired. From its own party it certainly deserves a cheerful and liberal patronage, and the smiles and approbation, if nothing more, of all who value the creation and perpetuity of a national Literature.

The "Democratic Review" is well known. Its political character aside, it has received high and spontaneous commendation from all parties. Through its pages some of our younger writers first made themselves known and admired, and those who had already won their laurels, still continued to send forth the treasures they had accumulated, to delight and bless their countrymen. Poetry and sketches that would have adorned "Blackwood" in its brightest days, or the "New Monthly," when Byron, and Lady Blessington, Campbell, Lamb, and Moore, sparkled in its columns; original, bold, and spirited essays on Government, Art, and Taste, have made its appearance, welcomed in every literary circle from Maine to Florida, for the last seven years.

The Democratic party has, we believe, expressed its confidence in it in the most unequivocal form it could employ. Their support has been generous and unwavering. We are very sorry this Review has lost Mr. Brownson. The man who would withdraw his support from it on account of Mr. Brownson's contributions, is a political or intellectual coward; he has no faith in principles nor in truth.

The rivalry of the "American" and "Democratic," conducted in a proper spirit, must benefit both. Questions of State Policy, Foreign Relations, Finance and Commerce, discussed in the one will provoke replies and discussion from the other; and thus truth will be elicited, or, at least, party principles and measures will be more fully and accurately defined. They may become here all that the Edinburgh and London Quarterly are in England.

To elevate the character of Theological and Political science in the United States should be, and we hope is the ultimate aim of all these works. That it is much needed, few honest men will deny. That there are materials and ability sufficient to effect such a desideratum, the Pulpit and Senate of our country have long since evinced. Denominational envyings and narrow sectarianism has been too universally the characteristic of what is called the Religious press, while the falsehood, the calumny, and the unblushing scurrility of the political partisan press has rendered the whole arena of politics repulsive to every sensitive and honorable Statesman. Independently of this, the youth and vigor of our nation, and, more than all, the axiom that virtue and intelligence are its life and aliment, demand that our first men should lay her foundation broad and deep, and infuse into her habits of thought and feeling, an unquenchable love of the Good and the True.

But the American public must encourage by a hearty support and sympathy these labors of her scholars, and not allow them to feel that they are toiling for bread, or for the tardy and flickering honors of a capricious party.

"Not battle fields," says Bancroft, "but mind rules the world." It is so in social life, it is so in the State, it is so in the Church. No less true is it in the veriest despotism than in the most limited monarchy or the purest democracy. The bravery of Wellington did much for the salvation of his country, but it was nothing compared with the effect of the "Reflections on the Revolution in France." England should remember and revere Edmund Burke longer than she remembers Waterloo. We want the intellect of our nation to cement and confirm its patriotism and to guard by a solid and stately bulwark its noble constitution. For it is

"Not high rais'd battlement or labor'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride,"

that "constitute a State." Something higher is needed; something bearing a more intimate and permanent relation to MAN.

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"PENSEZ A MOI."

"Pensez a Moi" is my request. Alas, 'tis heeded not,  
Long have I struggled with my heart, yet art thou not forgot!  
I do not ask one thought of thine while friends and fortune smile;  
For I can bear my lonely fate, yet *love thee* all the while.  
I would not that the eyes I love should shed one tear for me—  
Or let mine own dark sorrows cause one hour of grief to thee;  
But should a cold and evil day cast shadows o'er thy heart,  
And, chased by fortune's frowns away, thy summer friends depart—  
Should grief and sickness change that brow, and thou feel thyself alone,  
Perchance 'twill sooth a pang to think, *one* heart is all thine own:  
Know, should those days of darkness come, that one doth yet remain,  
Who'd spurn the proudest, happiest lot to share and sooth *thy* pain.

PENNELA

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"WALK in!" shouted we, a few days since, while sitting coatless at our desk, suffused with a cloud of circumambient perspiration, the thermometer suspended at our window, having just dismissed, for the fourth time, the printer's Satanic Majesty, besides informing seven Juniors that the Magazine would probably be issued on Saturday, (not,) when the prospect seemed as dark as that of paying our debts, (for that is one of the strongest comparisons we can make.) "Walk in!" the door immediately opened and a youth, of less than seven feet, (we do not mean peripatetic vehicles,) entered and approached us with a cane. We say he had a cane—of course he had; nothing is more common. Not that all canes *per se* are common; they are not; but the possession and enjoyment of a cane is common. We would not be understood to say exactly whether the waist of his coat was six inches above that point in the natural man, or seven; all we can say is, just as we would say if asked whether the moon was inhabited—we *do not know*. Nor, on the other hand, with regard to his boots is it *positively* certain that the entrance (we refer to the usual entrance of boots) of both of them was visible when the inhabitant maintained an erect posture; we think not. We should say, without much hesitation, that his jaws were what are technically called lantern jaws, if we had any precise conception of what that term meant; but we solemnly assure our readers that we have not. For instance, there are magic lanterns, and dark lanterns, and tin lanterns, besides Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp. Now which is intended it is difficult for us to conjecture; we must, therefore, leave it to the conscience of the reader.

Time would fail us to speak of his elongated and elevated collar, his hat, which, in his touching language of the poet,

"Was not *all* a hat,"

and various other external adjuncts, which, taken conjointly, rendered the youth on the whole, rather singular than otherwise. What may seem most strange to our now curious readers, is that this individual wanted nothing special. This was his usual appearance.

"Are you the feller," inquired he, with some emphasis, "that gets out the Editors' Table?"

"That is our specific characteristic at this present sitting," replied we.

"Well," continued he, and, as if about to give utterance to a thought of momentous import,

"Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat  
What seemed a handkerchief, and therewith blew  
His vocal nose."

"Well, I want to subscribe for that. I don't want the whole book, I only want the funny part; I'm rather a funny feller myself and I should like"—

"What is the name, sir?" inquired we, interrupting the gentleman, as the bell reminded us that the "Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery" required our immediate attendance at the scene of his manipulations.

"My name is Mr. Samuel Henry Stokes," said he, "taken all together; the folks call me Stokey, and sometimes Sammy."

"Can you call again, Mr. Stokes, about this matter?" said we, opening the door, "or, perhaps you might see the Editor of the next No. of our Magazine; he is a very funny man."



"No, I keen't, I keen't," were the last words of Mr. Stokes, "but here's four cents and you may send me the Editors' Table for sometime, directed to 'Mr. Samuel Henry Stokes, Jr., Squimminstown, on the canal.'"

As we trotted along towards the place of Bones and Muscles, we fell into—not a large hole, but a reverie—if it is not contrary to the "Eternal nature of things" to fall into a reverie, trotting—and mused upon the trials and insurmountable difficulties of ministering to the enjoyment of Mr. Stokes and the thousand others dependent upon us for their literary "oysters and coffee," for the next month. Oh! ah! alas! as Admetus says,—what a life is an Editor's! All around him appear to be happy. His enemies are in raptures, his subscribers, whether they have paid or not, are joyous and merry; his creditors are not like the so oft-slandered angel's visits; no! no! And here the allusion to our creditors, and the gloomy contrast it presents to the fresh and genial face of the young, opening Spring, remind us, with poignant force, of the words of the poet, that

"Seasons return; but not to us returns  
Day, nor the slightest prospect of his having any money when he does come."

Life, and beauty, and love seem to pervade all nature. May peeped over the shoulders of March, a few weeks ago and smiled, and her smiles have relaxed and mellowed the rigid and barren waste, made by the withering blasts of the grim old monarch of winds and storms; and a thousand hands beckoned to her, and a thousand voices again entreated her to hasten her coming, and, as she withdrew, she sang in "mute ærial" language,

"I come! I come, ye have called me long,  
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!  
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,  
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,  
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,  
By the green leaves opening as I pass."

This was certainly very pleasing and grateful to our feelings, and we should have continued to enjoy it with something like a rational pleasure, if we had not gone to the Post Office on the following morning. Some youth, in whom adipose substance was greatly predominant, realizing the effects of the temporary warmth, in the heat of the moment, indited the following stanzas, among others addressed to the "Beloved Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, for to go in."

"Oh, Spring with thy genial hours!  
Thou makest me extremely weak,  
Debilitating my nobler powers  
Indeed, using me up, so to speak."

Such a fellow ought to be annexed to the North Pole immediately and snow-balled or ice-berged. By the way, going to the Post Office, what a period of an Editor's administration that occupies. Our box there, reader, approaches nearer to the idea of Pandora's than anything within the region of thy conception, except our "Coffin." (Stokey wanted to know whether this was what we kept our editorial *corpses* in; ugh!) It is worth all the vexations of our office, we had almost said, to participate in the

"Sport that wrinkled care derides,  
And laughter, holding both his sides,"

enjoyed by the Sodality at those weekly convocations which we occasionally introduce thee to, and which we will call the

#### NOCTES EDITORIANÆ.

The contents of the box had been disembodyed from the numerous hat and pockets of the Professor, while the Doctor, the Philosopher, and the Metaphysician were engaged in sedentary pursuits around the Editors' "Table" proper.

"Holloa! what's this?" cried M<sup>r</sup>, as he laid violent hands upon a *billet-doux* that escaped in the midst of the confusion, from our other pocket, "this ain't for the Editors, though, is it?"

It is contrary to our bye-laws to knock down, though not strictly speaking to fight, else the next moment would have seen Metaphysics supine, although we say it ourselves; we, however, merely projected the lamp with some velocity at the most prominent organ of his countenance. He remarked afterwards to us confidentially, that he felt hurt at the course we took.

The Philosopher had proceeded to read aloud a treatise of nine pages and a half on "Criticism;" its somnific effects began to manifest themselves in two minutes and twenty-one seconds, and in exactly twelve minutes from that time, somnifaction was complete. The reader continued on bravely through more than three pages, when he fell at length, like 'poor Keats,' a victim to 'criticism.' The truth was, dear reader, he first fell asleep, and then, through some illegality in the chair, fell on the floor, and thereby aroused the remaining trio. The author must have thought (if he was troubled on that point at all) on stilts or in a straight jacket; if the piece had been accepted, it could never have been published in the Magazine, as its extreme inflexibility would have required it to be printed all in one line; and if set in capitals would have suited admirably for a fishing line or a lightning rod. Two of the Sodality, who attempted a second reading, by mistake, were immediately seized with the cramp, and have been pretty straight ever since.

A "Freak of Love" was the next gem brought to our notice by the Doctor. The writer is solemnly in earnest. After some preliminary Alexandrines on love in general, he singeth of

"A something though it hath no name to bear  
That doth upturn the very bottom of  
The soul."

Oh Zoroaster! "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." We might have *italicised* some of these words, but we have meekly forborne. Why sang'st thou not, oh supplanter of Milton,

—"of

A soul knocked head over heels, nor with his legs unscratched?"

It were impossible without engravings to give the remotest possible description of the latitude and longitude of the Professor, the Metaphysician and the Philosopher, during the recitation of the epic thus far. What must it have been when we had reached that part of his description of an Arcadian scene, where

"The air was mild and soft, and bore to  
The senses naught but freshness——"

What would we not give to know where that swain has had his bornin' and his brought-in' up! We think we see the air bearing a basket of 'freshness' to his senses: we guess it would find that market supplied already. Here it was the young rascal (for we begin to see his character now) tells us he rambled with some unsophisticated damsel—we pity her, indeed we do—and then the impertinent wretch says,

"I gazed upon her face until my soul  
Seemed filled *enr* to the *brim* with joy and bliss,"  
And then at that still, silent hour of night  
I swore."

Oh you villain! you villain! didn't you know what you were saying? What a funny soul the fellow has got—just like a tub! There remains material for a great variety of other remarks on this "Freak," but we were afraid of wounding in the slightest degree the sensibilities of the gentleman who penned it. We therefore silently and solemnly consigned it to that gloomy charnel-house of all our rejected addresses;

"Not a drum was heard," &c.

We commend the *spirit* of the lines on "My Sister's Picture." Brothers ought of course to be affectionate; to love their sisters, whether any body else does or not, but we certainly protest against their taking as the medium of communicating this love our Maga. That is not the way *we* do in affairs of this nature.

It was our intention to have devoted a few remarks to the despicable homunculus who imposed upon us the piece entitled "A Regular Backwood's Wedding" in our

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\* Why didn't you button up your coat then, and tie a handkerchief over your mouth?

last number, but we fear lest our ink might turn into gall or the paper shrivel up when called upon to notice such a leprous blotch upon literary society. His gangrened and putrefied apology for brain could not beget the sickliest *original* idea, and he is compelled to steal one from some straggling penny paper in the farthest West; and the paper itself he doubtless purloined by using some decent man's name at the post-office, and then swindling the clerk out of the one cent and a half postage. O thou emaciated three-penny, didst thou suppose that we were familiar with every newspaper advertisement and story all over the country? We do not wish to say that the crawling thing is *known*; but we wish every member of college who *suspects* what it is to look upon him as he passes along those consecrated walks and enters those buildings where honest men have thought and studied—men who would rather that bodies should swing between earth and heaven and their bones bleach in the winds of November, than cause the slightest stain upon the honor of Yale College or her sons. Point him out to the worms that they endanger not their reputation or their health by any contact with him. Let him enjoy no balmy sleep, none of the genial breezes of the pure, mild spring, none of the glad smiles and greetings of men, until the commission of his heart extort from him a public confession of his infamy, and then let him leave this soil at once and forever.

We observe that President Quincy, of Harvard College, sent in, on the 19th inst., his resignation of the high office which he has now held for seventeen years. We wish President Quincy had displayed more of that calmness and dignity becoming his station and his years, at the last meeting of the Board of Overseers:

Tantaene animis in coelestibus iras?

The allusion to a murder (!) in Yale College, if true in point of fact, or in the slightest degree applicable to his argument, would have been omitted by—we were going to say—a gentleman. "Expenses were thirty-three per cent. higher at Harvard than at Yale, but there were no murders at Harvard." What section of Hedge proves this? or in what figure and mood of Whately is it? He surely could not have had the fear of the Reviewer of the "History of Harvard University" before his eyes. We regret the occurrence infinitely more on account of its author, than for any effect it can have upon us.

COLLEGE RECORD.—PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, of this College, sailed for Europe, in the packet ship Prince Albert, from New York, on the 2d of April. One principal object of his visit, is the purchase of books for the College Library. He left his home here on the 31st of March, and was accompanied to the New York boat by a large majority of the students, who expressed their warm regard for him, as he left the wharf, by three times three of the heartiest cheers that ever went up from the sons of Yale. He expects to be absent about nine months. Health, pleasant voyages, and a safe return be his.

REV. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D., of Philadelphia, has accepted the appointment of Orator before our Literary Societies, at Commencement.

THOMAS K. DAVIS, of Chambersburg, Pa., has been chosen by the Senior Class, to deliver their Valedictory Oration, and GUY B. DAY, of Colchester, Conn., the Valedictory Poem, in July next.

The "Nassau Monthly" for March is on hand, and a good number. We like "The Three Worlds," and "Inventions and Inventors."

The "Williams Miscellany" more than sustains itself in some of its articles. We wish it success.

Here, too, is the welcome "Monthly Rose," internally and externally 'beautiful exceedingly.' A few evenings since, with a small company, in our sanctum, we justly characterized it as "The Rose that all are praising."

The "Lowell Offering," too! We (editorially speaking) would like to know, by private information, the age of the authoress of "A Country Wedding." We shall be through college soon, and—so forth.

DEAR TOM:—In "Rector Pierson," there are the following errata, which you would oblige me to insert in your number. Page 170, 8th line, for "leaving," read "leave." P. 170, l. 10, for "their," read "the." P. 171, l. 17, for "Lyne," read "Lyme." P. 172, l. 15, for "Nadark," read "Newark." Yours, truly,  
JUN.

VOL. X.

No. VI.

YCS

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



*"Unconquered Greece, stretch, nation, thy bosom  
Conquered Rome, thy monuments of Power!"*

APRIL, 1845.

NEW HAVEN.

PUBLISHED BY A. H. BALDWIN.

PROPERTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF YALE

1845

# CONTENTS.

|                                                       |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| Biographical Notice of the Hon. David Daggett LL. D., | 245 |
| The Arts and Sciences, . . . . .                      | 247 |
| Curriculum, . . . . .                                 | 252 |
| Thoughts on Architecture, . . . . .                   | 257 |
| Spring, . . . . .                                     | 262 |
| Appearance versus Worth, . . . . .                    | 264 |
| Fragment of an Unpublished Poem, . . . . .            | 272 |
| The Reformation under Luther, . . . . .               | 273 |
| "Thank of Me," . . . . .                              | 278 |
| Uncas, . . . . .                                      | 281 |
| Pleasant, though Mournful, . . . . .                  | 282 |
| Legend of Pilot Mountain, . . . . .                   | 283 |
| Editors' Table, . . . . .                             | 285 |
| Editors' Farewell, . . . . .                          | 286 |







David Dwyer







Wood Engr.

Ad. to the S. C.

HON. DANIEL DARGENTY, LL.D.

Kent Prof. of Law in Yale College.

*Aged 55 Years.*

*Daniel Dargenty*



THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. X.

APRIL, 1845.

No. 6.

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE HON. DAVID DAGGETT, LL. D.,  
KENT PROF. OF LAW IN YALE COLLEGE.

JUDGE DAGGETT was born at Attleborough, in the county of Bristol, Mass., Dec. 31st, 1764. Like many of those whose names are now recorded on the roll of fame, he can boast of having raised himself to his present eminence, from a humble origin. His father was, for many years, a tavern keeper, on the route between Providence and Boston, and it was as an assistant to him in this business, that his son David spent the first fifteen years of his life. Up to this time, his opportunities for acquiring an education, had probably not exceeded one year of steady schooling. All his knowledge of arithmetic had been obtained by the use of chalk, under the tutorage of a man in his father's employ. Yet the few opportunities he enjoyed were improved with the same diligence and assiduity that have ever characterized his subsequent life.

Mr. Daggett now set himself about acquiring a liberal education. And, notwithstanding his very limited attainments, in two years from this time he entered the Junior class of Yale College, and was able to acquit himself, while there, with much credit to himself and the institution. He graduated in 1783, and immediately commenced the study of law with Charles Chauncy, Esq., of New Haven, afterwards a Judge of the Superior Court. At the same time, he commenced teaching first a common school, and afterwards the Grammar School in New Haven. In this way he supported himself, during most of his professional studies. About six months before their close, however, he was selected for what was then termed "Keeper of the College But-

tery,"\* and as this business interfered less with his studies than that of teaching, he relinquished the latter and took charge of the buttery.

In January, 1786, Mr. Daggett was admitted to the bar, and in the April following he was chosen a tutor in Yale College, which office he declined, and settled in the practice of law in New Haven. From 1791 until 1813, he was, a greater part of the time, a member of one or the other of the two Houses of the State Legislature, and several of those years Speaker of the House of Representatives. In June, 1811, he was appointed States Attorney for the county of New Haven, which office he resigned in 1813, on receiving the appointment of Senator in the Congress of the United States. In November, 1824, he became an associate instructor in the law school at New Haven, with Judge Hitchcock as his coadjutor, and in 1826 he was appointed Kent Professor of Law in Yale College; at which time the corporation of the College conferred on him the honorary degree of LL. D. In May, of the same year, he was appointed an Associate Judge of the Supreme Court, and six years afterwards he was made Chief Justice. This last station he continued to fill until December 31st, 1834, when he was constitutionally disqualified by age. He was also at one time, for two successive years, Mayor of the city of New Haven.

This brief record, and the records of the last half century, serve to show the estimation in which the Judge has been held by the world, as a scholar, a statesman, and a lawyer. And though he has already passed the bounds of fourscore years, he continues punctually to discharge the duties of his Professorship, with little or no abatement of his wonted intellectual vigor.

The accompanying Portrait of the Judge, is a very good representation of what he was when it was taken; but the twenty-five winters that have passed over his head since that time, have not failed to bleach still more, his already whitened locks, and enstamp indelibly their impress upon every feature of his time-worn countenance. As he moves about these classic walks, with antiquated dress, we cannot but venerate him as one who has "come down to us from a former generation." May his declining years be as peaceful as his former life has been industrious and useful, and his sun go down without the intervention of a cloud to obscure its brightness.

---

\* In old times it was customary for some individual, selected by the faculty, to occupy the southeast corner of old South Middle, lower floor, as a kind of buttery or huckster's shop, and sell cider, cakes, candies, stationery, and other Yankee notions, to the students. In other words, he was what might, perhaps, be termed professor of cakes and cider; or, according to the modern bill of fare, professor of waffles and coffee.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A principle in science is a rule in art.—BACON.

It was a fortunate moment in the history of civilization, when Bacon conceived the idea of applying the world's knowledge of the sciences, to advance the arts.

For ages these two departments had been gradually progressing and extending themselves over the world; and yet they remained comparatively estranged from each other. Love of knowledge had stimulated to effort in the former, and "the mother of inventions" in the latter; but they already felt a withering influence coming over them, for want of a something that remained still undiscovered. This desideratum was found in a union of the two to accomplish the same great ends, viz: the amelioration and exaltation of our race while on earth.

Bacon saw their meetness for each other, and the happy results that would follow such a connection; and he voluntarily became to them the priest of ceremonies, to join them in an unending and holy alliance. And under the auspices of this felicitous union, they soon began to bear to the world those fruits for which it had before looked in vain.

The term *sciences*, when coupled with *arts*, can have reference only to a few branches of knowledge, which may be, and in ancient times were, studied without any regard to their connection with the arts; and which may, with propriety, be termed the independent or pure sciences. Such are Astronomy, Philosophy, and Geometry. But the general signification of this term is far more extensive. For every art, by tracing out and arranging its leading principles, may be reduced to a science.

Intermediate between these two limits, are embraced a number of practical sciences, so to speak; requiring the highest effort of the mind and judgment in their pursuit, and yet having all the characteristics of the most perfect arts. Thus the art of medicine, doubtless had its origin with the other arts of necessity, while it has already become one of the most intellectual of the sciences. This class of arts can be acquired only by a united application of the mind to the theory, and the hand to the practice. And herein are they distinguished from the other useful or mechanic arts, which are dependent mainly upon the skill of the hands for their successful pursuit.

Opposed to the arts of necessity are those of design, oftener termed the liberal or polite arts. These last, while they employ both body and mind, have little to do with theory, and are more dependent on genius and outward circumstances than any other class. Their avowed object is to please and gratify the outward senses, and through them the inner man; and as their name would indicate, their appropriate sphere is only in the more refined circles and enlightened ages.

To these we might add those other arts which are the result of mental labor only; and which usually occupy the attention of men engaged in the various departments of literature. But the several classes we

have mentioned are by no means completely distinct from each other. Like the different colors of the solar spectrum, each two adjacent, intermingle and render the lines of division confused and badly defined. Nor is it uncommon for them to lend each its power to another, and thus heighten their combined effect. And the farther civilization advances, the more is this combination practiced. For through a desire to unite the agreeable with the useful, mankind as soon as they have supplied the absolute wants of the race, at once proceed to invent means of promoting and increasing positive enjoyment. But, strange as it may appear, there always have been, and probably always will be some claiming membership with the human family, who can see nothing but waste and evil in whatever exceeds the bounds of actual necessity; and, provided their daily animal wants can be supplied, they ask no happier lot, but are content to settle down upon the most rocky and desolate nook in the universe, and never trouble their brains about the doings or destinies of their fellow-men, or the whys and wherefores of what they see around them. With such we have no sympathy or concern at the present time.

The very urgency of the case made it necessary that the founders of our race should commence the cultivation of some of the arts almost with the commencement of their existence. Until the fall, we may suppose that all things necessary to supply their bodily wants, were furnished to hand for our first parents. But from the time they began patching together fig leaves to cover their nakedness until the present hour, constantly occurring and constantly increasing wants, have as constantly been urging the race to exercise their ingenuity to the utmost, to acquaint themselves with and bring to perfection the innumerable list of arts, many of which are absolutely essential to their very existence, and all highly conducive to their prosperity and happiness as rational beings.

Not so with the sciences proper. Centuries passed away before they had any of them attracted much attention. Ignorant of any use to which a knowledge of them could be applied, and not sufficiently enlightened to seek knowledge for its own sake, no motives were brought to bear upon their minds sufficiently powerful to provoke effort. They were infants in learning of every kind. They had not the most distant conception of the vast fields of knowledge, which on every side of them lay within the grasp of the human intellect. The supply of their daily wants was the farthest their thoughts extended. And our only wonder is that they so soon made an opening into the unbroken mine of science. For their sources of information were extremely limited and barren. The principal were tradition from father to son, embracing the experience of practical life, and direct revelation from God. But this last, so far from aiding in scientific suggestions, conformed to the popular belief, at the expense of science. The only source left them, therefore, to aid in the least in scientific research, was the scanty and incorrect notions they might chance to glean from those more advanced in life.

It was not until near two thousand years had passed by, that any

considerable attention began to be paid to scientific pursuits. And the limited knowledge then acquired, was confined mainly to the priests, and owed its origin to superstition. Egypt may be considered as the cradle of the oldest sciences. There Geometry, Mechanics, and Astronomy first dawned upon the world. But any attempt to pursue them was like groping in *Egyptian* darkness. Such is the intimate connection between the different sciences, that advances made in one caused new light to break in upon those with which it was linked. Every stone removed, served to loosen many others. Consequently the first few centuries of their pursuit, were by far the most discouraging. When once an opening was fairly made, their progress was comparatively rapid and constant, so long as the subject was earnestly pursued. But as the glory of the Egyptian nation began to depart, they transmitted their knowledge through the Grecian to the Roman nation, and these last being almost constantly engaged in the art military, found little leisure to pursue and perfect the studies commenced by their predecessors.

As has already been suggested, the useful arts were the first to gain the attention of mankind ; most of which may be traced to a desire for self-preservation, by securing their lives either against famine, an inclement season, or the depredation of enemies. The very words of the curse intimated to Adam, that agriculture was one of the means by which he was henceforth to supply his wants ; and doubtless this was one of the oldest arts, though not pursued to any great extent till tribes had become stationary, and began to claim possessions. Architecture, in its ruder forms, soon commenced, and also the art of medicine. These three, from their very nature, have been in one sense universal arts, practiced more or less by all nations and in all ages. For the first lays the foundation for all commerce and manufacture ; and the other two we could ill dispense with, as one seeks to shelter us from the angry blasts of winter, the driving storm, or the sun's fierce rays, and the other fain would guard us against the thousand nameless ills that flesh is heir to,—alleviate us when suffering from their visitation, or lend its aid amid the unavoidable casualties and mishaps of life.

As the race became more numerous, the military art arose ; and though now becoming less important than it once was, in those rude and barbarous ages, it might well receive a place among the arts of necessity. From the difficulty of passing from place to place, it was doubtless long before commerce assumed anything like its present form of operations ; yet we may presume that the husbandmen and herdsmen, even in Adam's family, found it convenient to exchange with each other the products of their respective labors.

It has been remarked by some writer, that the " arts which flourish in times while virtue is in its growth, are military ; while virtue is in its state, are liberal ; and while virtue is in its declination, are voluptuary." In the rise and decline of every nation, we may trace something of this order ; first, the arts of necessity, then those of design, after which these latter seem to degenerate into, or rather give place to voluptuous arts and practices.

We know little of the early history of the arts except what can be



gained by inference from the writings of Moses. But as in the sciences so also in the arts, the Egyptians were the first who became conspicuous as a nation. The peculiar character of their principal river, afforded powerful inducements to the pursuit of agriculture, and this put into their hands the wealth and materials necessary for advancing every other art. It has been supposed that much of the skill displayed by the Israelites, in constructing the Tabernacle while in the wilderness, was acquired by their previous residence in Egypt. However this may be, their vast pyramids and other structures, rude as they appear when contrasted with modern architecture, will stand till the last conflagration, as imperishable mementoes of the knowledge and skill of those who reared them. Add to these the embalmed bodies that rest beneath them, and we are compelled to acknowledge, that with all their superstition and degradation in the view of neighboring nations, they had made attainments that will forever give them a prominent place among ancient nations.

The Phenicians gained some notoriety by the inventions of writing and commercial navigation ; but it is not until we come to Greece, that we find much to attract our notice. Though the Grecians never were famous either for agriculture or commerce, the wonderful advances they made in architecture, and their unexampled skill in some of the fine arts, must give to that nation the palm. That a people at that age of the world, and surrounded by barbarians, themselves just emerged into civilized life, should attain such a pitch of excellence in three of the most difficult of the liberal arts, Sculpture, Painting, and Poetry, that their specimens should forever after be held up to the world as models of perfection, is a fact as astonishing as it is rare. Not that they had arrived at the elegance and beauty that characterized a subsequent period, but the great outlines of those arts were then and there struck out, which were to guide all who should come after them. This fact but serves to prove what we have already stated, that this class of arts depends more on genius and outward circumstances, than upon the study of any ingeniously contrived theory, or the following out of any set of rules which have been laid down as the result of ages of practice and experience.

Rome to some extent followed in the footsteps of Greece, but was more attentive to the useful arts, particularly agriculture and the art military, and less distinguished in the pursuit of the polite arts. With such specimens constantly before her, after which to pattern, as those Greece had just held up to the world, it would be wonderful if she did not afford some celebrated poets and artists. But throughout her whole history, Mars was her presiding deity. It was ever her choice to gain emolument by conquering some neighboring nation, rather than to go honestly to work and earn for herself ; and such national features could not but operate unfavorably upon any spirit to pursue extensively either the sciences or arts.

We come now to that dark and wide chasm in the history of all that is good, the Middle Ages,—when religion was a thing almost forgotten in the world. When the sciences slumbered for centuries, buried amid

the darkness of paganism. When the progress of many of the arts were at a stand, and the sun of civilization seemed plunged in a thick cloud of error, or about to set in dismal and unending night. The mind would gladly pass by this portion of history, and regard those years as though they had never been. But its record must ever stand as a monument of the sinfulness and depravity of the human heart. It affords but a gloomy succession of wars, crusades, and constantly changing dynasties, with not one light spot to relieve the picture. But even during this period, the arts of necessity though retarded, were not entirely stationary. They were, from the first, more uniform in their progress. Each successive year saw them advancing with slow but constant step.

Such was the history of the arts and sciences while kept distinct from each other. But a happier day awaited them. When brought together, men were influenced by additional motives in the pursuit of each, from its intimacy with the other. A new era was registered in the annals of improvement. All the wheels of civilization were started afresh. The succeeding was emphatically an age of discoveries and inventions.

The dawning of the sixteenth century is an epoch in the world's history, surpassed in interest by no other. The Greeks, with whom had been hoarded up all the treasures of literature and the wealth of the arts, had just been scattered abroad, and all that wealth and treasure sown broadcast among the nations of the world. And it proved to be "as seed sown upon good ground." The Arabians were among the first to seize upon it, and appropriate it to their own use, and their example was soon followed by others.

In addition to this, the Portuguese discoveries had given new life to commerce throughout the world. News of a new continent had just greeted their ears. The full use of the mariner's compass had now been attained. The making of paper from rags, and the art of printing, had been but recently discovered. The art of engraving on copper had sprung up like the mushroom of a night, and well nigh reached perfection. The several fine arts had suddenly revived and had broken out at once with noontide splendor. The whole public mind was roused to action by these movements, and fitted to achieve wonderful results. In the midst of these improvements, commenced the labors of the immortal Luther.

Time would fail us to particularize in the subsequent history of the arts and sciences. Every movement from that period to the present, has been the step of a giant. Improvements, inventions, and discoveries have been almost hourly announced; and it would seem that there was nothing so difficult, but that it must yield to their united power. Time and space flee at their approach, and nature herself apparently stops in amazement to gaze. They raise their magic wand and fabrics of surpassing beauty and elegance, and of unheard of variety of form, texture, and material, spring into being. And who will attempt to limit their power for the future, if that power continues to increase in the ratio it has for the last few years!

It was our original design, to trace more intimately the connection

existing between the arts and sciences, and see how their union has effected such wonderful and speedy results. But circumstances, not under our control, forbid that we extend our article much farther.

As we have already intimated, Bacon pointed out the way, and subsequent generations have followed most scrupulously in that way. Guided by the maxim we have placed at the head of this essay, "a principle in science is a rule in art," he began with experiments, and inventions followed. And ever since have inventions kept pace with experiment.

In the single science of chemistry, the advances resulting from experiment, and the consequent improvements to a great variety of manufactures, to medicine, and to metallurgy, are beyond all precedent. The dyer, painter, brewer, distiller, tanner, enameiler, the maker of glass, porcelain, &c., all owe no small share of their present success to the chemist. In his laboratory were taken the first steps towards the present improved state of these and many other arts. He taught to yoke the tireless elements and train them for the race, or to make them yield submissively their aid to the dull, monotonous toil of the workshop.

In conclusion, we cannot forbear to remark, that those who have been instrumental in bringing the arts and sciences to their present state of perfection, have done more for their race than all kings and conquerors. The pages of history have been crowded with the names and deeds of those who have ravaged the earth, and plundered its nations as so many families;—of those who have led armies over mountains and through wildernesses, to fight and molest and curse their fellow-men. But while the heroes of the arts and sciences, followed by an unarmed multitude, have gone forth to bless and prosper their fellow-men—to load them with all the comforts and conveniences, and even elegancies of life that heart could wish; on the pages of history has been reserved for them but a scanty corner, as though they were scarcely worthy the world's passing notice.

But they have their reward in the rich satisfaction they find in the embraces of science, and in the consciousness of having done what they could to ameliorate the misfortunes and add to the enjoyments of the race. The fruits of their labors, like all other productions of mind, require more than a passing glance to decide their merits; but when fully understood and fairly tested, they will be found a richer legacy than wealth or power could bequeath. Their names may not be emblazoned on the roll of fame, or carved on mighty monuments, reaching to the skies; but they have left monuments more lasting even than these, in the inventions they have transmitted to posterity. As the spirit of strife among the nations of the earth shall die away, and the blessings of civilization continue to increase, their labors will be appreciated yet more and more, till their names are recorded, as they should be, high up on the list of those who have lived to benefit and bless the world; and their praises will be celebrated, when those of warriors shall have been long forgotten.

## CORIOLANUS.

"O! the strength of woman's love!  
 O! the reach of woman's power!  
 In the moonlight bower a dove,  
 A lioness in danger's hour."

THE shades of night approached.

A flood of glory fringed the burnished west,  
 And paved with glittering gold the sun's bright path;  
 As on the summits of imperial Rome  
 He threw his soft and mellow light;—such light  
 As gleams alone on fair Italia's land.  
 The wind was hushed,—the hum of business ceased;  
 And every sound that broke upon the ear,  
 Bespoke the happiness and joyous mirth  
 That reigned throughout that city.

Yesterday,

Peace, with her magic wand, had o'er it passed,  
 And spread her smiling banquet at the feet  
 Of those, whose life was to contend in war,  
 And whose delight to tread the battle-field.  
 Careless and unconcerned, some sought the dance,  
 Or drowned their senses in the wine cup's charms;  
 While others rushed in merry crowds and gay,  
 To glut their eyes with gladiatorial sports;  
 Exulting o'er inhuman spectacles,  
 Of kindred men in deadly contest joined  
 With savage beasts; themselves more brutal far  
 Than those they sacrificed, or than the brutes  
 To whose relentless grasp these were exposed.

A rumor floats upon the breeze from hill  
 To hill, that wakes them from unholy mirth.  
 A banished son of Rome has sought Rome's foes:—  
 The very man at mention of whose name,  
 Those foes had oft'nest trembled, and turned pale  
 With dread, lest his victorious arm should fall  
 On their devoted heads.—Who always first  
 And foremost stood, when danger threatened Rome:  
 Now basely driven out by haughty men,  
 And doomed to spend his life, from friends and home  
 An exile in disgrace; how could he brook  
 An insult so corroding to his pride!

The Volsci proudly place him at their head,  
 And now he leads to Rome their warlike host.  
 Well might that city tremble for her fate!

'Tis Coriolanus' bounding steed we hear  
With trampling feet before her very gates.  
While him she cherished as her friend, she feared  
No ill; with him her foe, she scarce has hope.  
Upon his lofty brow sits fell revenge;  
And every feature marks his firm resolve,  
To pay his country's base ingratitude  
With desolation to her capitol,  
Or fall himself a victim by her walls.

Within those walls reigns consternation dread.  
All hushed is childhood's mirth, and revelry  
Of youth. The soldier breathes in haste the words  
Of fondness, and prepares to meet the worst.  
The maiden drops a tear upon his cheek,  
And waits in silent anguish the result.  
The matrons throng the temples of the gods,  
Or nerve their sons to act a manly part.  
The gray-haired Senators, from eve till morn,  
In solemn council sit with much debate,  
What plan is best becoming present need.

At early dawn an embassy is sent  
To treat with Rome's offended son, and beg  
Him to desist, and spare his country's name;  
Nor cause that on her ruined battlements  
It be inscribed, that parricidal hands  
Were raised to crush that city, foreign foes  
Had sought in vain to conquer. But he scorned  
To listen to their words, and proudly turned  
Away, with resolution nothing moved.

The Conscript Fathers now the task assume,  
Humiliating though it is. They lay  
Aside their dignity, and suppliants bend  
Before the man, but lately they despised.  
Their prayers are set at naught;—their lofty rank  
Gains for them no admission to his heart.  
With downcast looks they straight retrace their steps,  
And there consult once more in solemn mood.

Again an embassy, still more select,  
They send, and to it add their holy men—  
Priests consecrate and sacred to their gods.  
If Roman piety still fired his breast,  
He never could withstand this last appeal.  
It was as though the gods had stooped from heaven  
To aid in moving his unfeeling heart.  
But no. Their prayers alike remain unheard.

The wound had reached his inmost soul ; and naught  
But vengeance, wreaked upon his countrymen  
And kindred, would suffice to quench the fire  
That burned within his breast.

Despair now sat  
Upon each countenance. Friend looked at friend  
In anguish mute, or sought relief in tears.  
The last faint beam of hope was blotted out.  
They wept that Rome must fall by such a son :—  
Who oft had periled life in her defense—  
That *he* should hazard all he held most dear,  
To gratify a passion for revenge.  
But every means had failed. And as they saw  
From tower and eminence, the hosts that swarmed  
Like Egypt's frogs upon the plains below,  
Their spirits fainted.

Suddenly, a plan  
Proposed by female wisdom, meets their minds.  
Within the city stands a mother, wife,  
And little ones,—their bosoms wrung with grief.  
Their silent tears might reach the father's heart.  
Straitway a band of matrons leaves the gates,  
Preceded by these objects once beloved :  
Yea ! once the very idols of that heart.  
From far he spies, and guesses their intent ;  
But inwardly resolves to breast it through.

Foremost three prattling babes, with cherub forms,  
And silken ringlets floating on their brows,  
Approach their stern, relentless sire, and stand  
In silent yet imploring attitude.  
Ah ! *there* was eloquence, whose highest power  
None but a father's heart could understand.  
And whilst tear followed tear, along those cheeks  
He oft had kissed, when sweet affection ruled  
His manly breast, he felt irresolute,  
And half determined to forget his hate.  
But wounded pride, and fierce contending rage,  
In spite a father's love, would still retain  
The mastery.

Next came Volumentia,  
His fondly cherished bride ; her lips were pale—  
Her bosom heaving with emotion deep,  
And every feature wore the marks of grief,—  
Keen, penetrating grief, such as lays hold  
Upon the very fibres of the soul,  
And draws the life-blood from the tender heart.  
He gazed upon the form, angelic once

To his admiring eyes ; and called to mind  
 The hour his soft, impassioned eloquence  
 First won her heart—the pledge of love he gave—  
 And all the better feelings of his soul  
 Struggled for vent. But mingled with them, raged  
 A thirst for vengeance, and it quenched again  
 Affection's holy flame.

The form of her  
 That bore him next appears, bowing with age  
 And cares,—the matronly Veturia.  
 With tottering step advancing to her son,  
 She throws herself before him on her knees ;  
 Her dark Italian eye rests upon his,—  
 Her pale, emaciated hands are raised,  
 A glow of earnestness is on her cheek,  
 Her eye undimmed by tears ; and, as she looks,  
 Her deep-toned voice breaks on the stillness, like  
 The music of the organ's mellow notes.

" My son ! am I to wear a *captive's* chains,  
 Forged by *thy* hands, or be thy mother still ?  
 Is it for *thee* to turn thy bloody sword  
 Against the place that gave thee birth ? For *thee*  
 To wage fierce combat with thy household gods,  
 And thy paternal city ! *Thee* to shed  
 The blood of relatives and friends ! and all  
 To satisfy a thirst for base revenge !  
 Oh ! had I never been a *mother*, Rome  
 Might still continue to be free."

She paused,  
 And all fell prostrate, weeping at his feet.  
 It was too much for even *his* proud soul  
 To bear. He raised his mother from the earth,  
 And bowing on her aged neck, exclaimed—  
 " For *thee* I yield what Rome had sought in vain.  
 'Tis for thy sake I go, but go to die ;  
 Rome thou hast saved, but by it lost thy son."  
 Prophetic words they proved, and such as none  
 Except a *Roman* mother could have heard.  
 Then giving to his wife a last embrace,  
 He on each cherub form impressed a kiss,  
 And turned to meet the Volsci and his fate.  
 The matrons hurried to their weeping friends,  
 To fill their hearts with joy at news of peace :  
 Then long wore weeds of mourning for the man,  
 Whose will was swayed alone by woman's power.

## THOUGHTS ON ARCHITECTURE.

THE first business before us is to seek for an accurate explanation of the word Architecture, as far as we may ; and, to accomplish this we will endeavor to distinguish it from another name (for which we have known it to be mistaken) which all minds have defined for themselves long before now, unless it be to them one of those words, which a definition renders less defined—we mean Building. The latter is the constructing of anything for purposes of shelter or protection, or sport, from a mud hut or ice-mound to a house, from a sheep-fold to a palace, from a palace to a log-cabin. Architecture is constructing according to established rules and approved models. Building, however much changed for utility or fancy, may still be styled building. Architecture has its orders, fixed. The latter is the result of the wedded arts of sculpture *and* building. In short, Architecture is one of the fine arts, building of the mechanical ; and a person might as well call the Yankee, whittling during the progress of a horse-trade, a sculptor, as every man who builds, an architect. We would say, however, for the consolation of those who have confounded the two arts, that had they consulted Dr. Webster on the point, they would merely have been confirmed in their notions.

The important divisions of Architecture are three, domestic, monumental, and sacred ; the separate natures of which may be best understood by observing their origin, progress, and effects.

Domestic Architecture was the first of the three invented ; as its immediate utility attracted the earliest people. It began as in the other departments with building, rude, less rude, least rude as the world advanced. Many found that a part of the curse was, that they must labor to protect as well as support themselves. The mother of invention, by summer's heat and winter's cold, by storms of wind and rain, drove men to discover some shelter from these violent annoyances, which were, nevertheless, necessary. Next, then, to that of agriculture, we date the origin of the art of building ; in fact, Theodoretus, one of the Greek Fathers, called the former the elder sister of the latter. Nowhere are the "*parva initia rerum*" more fully illustrated than in the rise of this art. During the reign of Augustus, Athens numbered among her reliques, the clay roof of the Areopagus, the first hall of justice ever enclosed, according to tradition, and, in the capitol at Rome was preserved the palace of her founder and first sovereign, a hut thatched with straw. Twigs and boughs, woven together in a manner not very expert, were the first symptoms of the art of building, which has since grown into architecture. Thus much for the origin.

When we undertake to consider Domestic Architecture with respect to its tendencies, its most obvious effect presents itself at once. Its direct tendency is to establish a people and create patriotism. When men most resembled the brutes that perish, when they roved from place to place, as they found food and drink more at hand ; when



their footsteps were unmarked by the springing up of anything good, when they traversed wildernesses and left them wildernesses, and nothing seemed better for their presence; then no buildings appeared, no household gods restrained their wanderings, and all social improvement was, in consequence, utterly stagnant. Civilization and the comforts of life were all unknown. No community of feeling, no lasting friendship, none of the finer emotions of the soul were to be discovered. The world had, indeed, been made more beautiful out of a material chaos, but an intellectual and moral chaos still brooded over it. But when the harsh cave was first selected as a dwelling, social improvement stood upright; when the first rude hut of twigs and mud was put together, social improvement had made a step; when houses of a firmer composition began to be constructed, social improvement was on its onward march, and its steady pace has now crowded the earth with nations, small and great. The first tolerable structure was the rallying point of advancement; the delights of possessing a home seemed to have at length found a place in the human heart; men placed their homes near each other; here began society. They felt the first glow of mutual interest, combined their interests, and united their reasoning powers to detect how their individual and common interests might be best secured. Then a way was opened for the discovery of other useful arts. Laws were invented for the common safety. Science was born, and all these new blessings, and this new happiness persuaded mankind that social intercourse was the only true method of enjoyment and advantage; and all these wonderful results began with a tolerable hut. Soon ensued the marriage of sculpture to building, the result of which was Architecture. Men now began to unite in the choice of some particular tract of country. They built edifices for its use and ornament. Towns, cities, and states sprung up. People began to respect their country and see that its prosperity was their own. The work of their own hands, their architecture claimed this regard and all the noble deeds followed, which were the first-born of the generous spirit of *patriotism*.

Thus we see that Domestic Architecture had its origin in utility, that it has made nations, that its rise and progress was the rise and progress of social improvement, that it has fostered all other useful arts, and that it has begotten, cherished, and encouraged the inestimable virtue of love of country.

We now pass to the second division of Architecture, the Monumental, and will explain its origin among the nations who cultivated it in its highest perfection, the heathen Egyptians, Grecians, and Romans. In ages and countries in which ignorance of what is most high, most beautiful, and most holy has prevailed, upon which the windows of heaven have never been opened to shed down revealed light, and assure men of the noble nature and lofty destiny of the eternal soul, "a pleasing hope, a strong desire, a longing after immortality," has been the only medium, and that a dim one, through which the least be-darkened eyes, unannointed by faith, have seen new sights, perhaps brighter visions, beyond the bier, the mound, and the sod. They conjectured

a new life, but they knew not of it ; still they were convinced that action here might best prepare them to act in the hereafter, if indeed there was an "undiscovered country." Reasoning thus, they persuaded themselves that their future existence was in remembrance alone, that the undying spirit was nothing more than the *immortality of glory*. The simple maxim, "Time is short, but art is long," so tersely expressed by the ancient Roman, has been spun out into a chapter in the history of such men, to whom the moral philosophy of Holy Writ was unknown. By such it has ever been believed and had its influence over them. They have achieved many an act of self-devotion in the trust that their deeds, enrolled in the hearts of men, might reach distant generations, and resolved that their works, so far from following them, should remain behind to eternize them and their memory. They would make the immaterial depend on the firmness and durability of matter, and entrust to stones and piles, as they knew no surer safeguard, their future existence. Before literature was deemed an enduring embodiment of mind, better than spices and drugs for embalming, better than mausolea to add glory to dust, the pyramid, sarcophagus, and obelisk, the moulded rock and carved mountain were considered by the mighty as the incorruptible monuments of their greatness, their immortality. But selfishness was not always the parent of these structures ; gratitude and respect often reared them to beneficence and desert. Thus arose the nobler features of an art, which now makes the world beautiful with its achievements, erects edifices to taste, columns and ornaments in honor of civil prosperity, halls of justice and temples to the praise of Him who inhabits the Upper Temple—"not made with hands." To the passion of men for immortality, must Monumental Architecture refer its origin.

In this view, then, Architecture claims respect for the nobility of its object, eternity, however much like all earthly things, it may fail of attaining what it would. It aims not at gaining admiration from those who see its progress, but from those who see its stability. The generation, who commence its achievements, know that it is not for themselves, themselves alone, that the massive structure is hewn, the frieze moulded and the entablature carved, but for their memory and for those who come after them.

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves ;  
 Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves ;  
 Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes ;  
 Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves !

That it goes far to accomplish the noble end of preserving things worthy of memory, proof enough exists in the monuments that have descended to us, often the only reliques to remind us that the people who reared them were once flourishing, perhaps great. Its orders, which were devised by ages distant in the past, have reached us without having suffered materially from the buffetings of change, and in the beautiful edifices of taste, which stand scattered around us, we are re-

minded of what was once great, and read the advancement of nations, whose manners and language are dead. This brings us to another consideration.

Literature is that better part which mocks the goddess of the shades, but yet all nations have not transmitted to us this index of their glory. But here Architecture performs one of its noblest tasks. It comes to the rescue and supplies the deficiency. The latter is an external history, which, he who runs may read of the mighty acts of those, of whom not a pinch of dust can be collected. Literature is an inward history, and, in consequence, is less exposed to the myriad casualties, such as victorious invasion, civil commotion, the revolutions of nature, consuming age and human enterprise; agencies which have already made "a schoolboy's tale" of many of the wonders of the world. It is an emanation of mind, eternal mind, and laughs to scorn outward attacks. But next to the exploits of mind rank the achievements of art and taste, and these latter have, ere now, been obliged to serve in the stead of the former. Nor is this substitution all that Literature owes to Architecture. Where would be the classic records of Grecian and Roman genius, classic poetry, and classic philosophy, if religious awe had not bidden monastic domes to rise, in whose dark cloisters and gloomy libraries Literature found an asylum for seven centuries, while abroad darkness over-canopied earth, destruction and rapine were the business and pleasure of its inhabitants? But the solemn architecture, imposing form, and sacred associations warded off unhallowed hands from these massive treasure-houses, so full of those rich reliques, the loss of which could never have been repaired. Let, then, Architecture be cherished as in itself a material Literature, and also as the preserver of recorded mind.

Again: Architecture gave the people of the world higher ideas of themselves than they would otherwise have possessed—it taught them the healthful lesson that they, by their works, would have influence with the very posterity who would tread on their ashes; but such were not the highest ideas it inspired. It is to religious awe and the spirit of devotion that are due the noblest performances of art. The profane ancients, and the modern pagans, in erecting their most durable and magnificent structures, aimed at doing honor to their divinities, worthy of those who dwelt in the upper habitation—to induce the immortals, by the splendor of the edifices, to make them their home—and desired that the worshipers, as they entered the sacred thresholds, might be inspired with that reverence and awe, that expansion of soul, which sympathizes with, and is the natural effect of beholding the most majestic and beautiful of the works of man's perseverance and invention.

The Egyptian sovereign, when he reared the mighty pyramid, when he viewed its piled strength, and deemed it coeval with all time, also believed, that by having his embalmed form confided to its keeping, he should not be lost in the wreck of matter, but would become even as a god. The frowning rock-groves of Elephanta, the grotto-edifice, as its myriad worshipers flocked to its courts, reminded the foot that its tread must be pious; the eye, that it must reverently droop in the

presence of the Invisible ; the heart, that awe must pervade it. The temple of Belus, now "fallen, fallen, fallen," but which once looked down upon the Euphrates from the height of a mile, bade the Babylonian tremble at the might of Him, whose heaven not even could its towering fabric avail to reach. The Parthenon, shining far from the summit of the Acropolis, assured the men of Athens that there their homage was to be paid to her, who had instructed them to contrive such perfection of art. The infatuated citizen of Ephesus, as he wandered among the one hundred and twenty-seven columns of marble, each given by a king, by which was supported the temple of his goddess, could, in the face of the fiercest rebuke, cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The Islamite pilgrim still wends his weary way across the trackless sands to pay his tribute to the stone and temple which are all that remain of the prophet of Allah ! In our own time and place, many a fair fabric has been raised to the honor of Jehovah. See we to it that they suggest as reverent thoughts as heathen temples have to their builders, and heaven grant that they may be monuments of religion, "pure and undefiled."

Having now contemplated Architecture in its three important departments, domestic, monumental, and sacred, our next task is to consider the art as a whole, to determine whether it still be worthy of respect and encouragement.

The first thought that now occurs, is its utility. It combines a useful and a fine art, and gives us a most happy illustration of what the world strives after more than anything else—necessity made agreeable. This feature in it forbids neglect of it, and at the same time keeps down luxury. The several more important branches of its utility have been abundantly discussed before ; it establishes states, creates patriotism, tends to perpetuate remembrance, and is an advantage to religion. From the humble service of sheltering the wearied peasant or benighted traveler, to that of making the soul swell in preparation for communion with the Most High, it is a useful art. One tasteful structure begets respect for a country, and convinces you that it is beginning to flourish ; many such inform you of its meridian grandeur, while the fallen column and broken architrave always speak of departed glory. The condition of Architecture is thus an index of the condition of a people, and, when thus intimately associated with the prosperity of nations, who can question its utility ?

Next, Architecture is an original art, and, as such, entitled to greater regard than others. Painting and sculpture are imitations—the shadowing forth of nature by art, but Architecture sprung from the inventive genius of mankind, stimulated by necessity, and awakened for the first time this slumbering power. Mark the result. This power, aroused, has entailed upon us all the blessings and delights of mental culture, genius, and taste ; it first led the mind of man into the secret of its might, and civilization, improvement, and enlightened freedom, wreathed earth in smiles. Just as it waxes or wanes, these brighten or fade ; when it is fast fixed to its best models, the standard of these is their noblest standard. Look at Greece, as she was ; when chaste and

beautiful fabrics were her ornaments, she shone in other jewels, freedom, enlightenment, and superiority in arts and arms. Look at Turkey, as it is ; where tawdry, graceless mosques raise their minarets, sense and refinement are at their lowest ebb ; woman is a toy and man a satire on creation.

Again, it is the noblest of the arts in another view ; it is the most eloquent in its appeals to the imagination. It is the sublimest poetry of art. It has that greatness combined with beauty, which finds a responsive echo in the boldest, highest fancy. That pleasing amazement, that soul-expanding pleasure, which makes one beside himself as he surveys some massive, symmetrical building, has no corresponding emotion in the effect of lines and colors, or of accurate chiseling. One can admire the smoothly tapering hill, the brilliancy and evenness of its verdure, the flocks grazing upon it, and the shadows of the clouds, clothing some parts in a deeper hue ; but let him stand at the base of Etna, stretching beyond the clouds, and seeming to throw its fiery eruption against the very heaven, lighting with its glare land and sea for many miles, like a lamp of the universe, creating clouds and gilding them, hurling hot stones like an angry giant, and "charming the eye with dread," how different the emotion ! One is beauty, the other sublimity coupled with beauty. Such, to compare small things with great, is the relation of Architecture to its weaker sisters.

Architecture is also the parent and fosterer of the other arts. When it first began to assume the air of magnificence, it summoned them to its aid, and beneath its protecting shade grew up to beauty and perfection, the works of the painter and sculptor. And however much the latter may have degenerated into luxury, still so long as they are applied to architecture, they are secure from this sin. It keeps them pure and legitimate ; it has begotten and will nurture them. It preserves their popularity, and imparts to them a portion of its own durability.

If, then, Architecture be in itself so worthy an art, let it still be duly encouraged, and in *America*. We are reproached with having no literature, because we attach no permanency to our style, and, like bees, fly from flower to flower for new sweets, as if novelty was the grand desideratum. Let not the same thing be said of our Architecture. Let the classic models still live in our imitation, and let us possess a school of architecture, although we have no Academy for this purpose, like France and Italy. Let wealth and genius unite to bring about this grand result, as they are already commencing to do. Hitherto vigor and wealth have been the grand objects of our youthful nation. We have obtained these now, and let us not become a horseleech people, ever crying "give, give." Let our growth, henceforward, be natural and no longer like forced, hot-bed plants. The army is large, and has occupied every outpost ; let the forces now be condensed, that like a Macedonian phalanx we may become irresistible in all our efforts at progress. We have wealth, and we have sent to Europe artists, which even the Old World respects. Let them be consecrated then more to their country, and commence a path of glory, in which we have really taken scarce a step. Have we not materials ? We challenge *Paros*

pass us. Have we not scenery? Let Europe afford more beautiful and sublime objects, if Europe can. Although we have no ruins of ruined shrines to hallow spots, let the memory of our fathers' own exertions, make them sacred. Though no dilapidated castles suggest thoughts of chivalry, let the new obviate the necessity of the old. Then may we soon boast a firm literature and established arts. Then, although architecture rose in the East, shall it find its equal splendor in the West. In America, may noble edifices add to the great, and fair monuments perpetuate the praise of the good dead; may taste have her temples and art her asylum; from the power of imagination may proud structures

"Extract emotions beautiful and new;"

and sacred architecture make the heart leap and enlarge as it approaches the temple of Jehovah; suggesting to man a feeble image of His glory; may holy fabrics welcome willing feet, and the spire still point to heaven.

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SPRING.

How balmy is the breath of Spring,  
How blest its influence!  
Joy lends the soul his own light wing,  
And glad-eyed glance.

Each tree its blossoming puts on,  
Each flower its loveliness—  
And gladness sits each brow upon  
And happiness.

Stern Winter's dark and icy sway  
Is like a dreaded dream,  
Which from the memory flies away  
At morn's bright beam.

'Tis thus with human life: all the sorrow  
Of the dark Past is a forgotten thing  
In the gay Present; and a brighter morrow,  
Hope's sweet promise, gives the heart a spring,  
Bidding the soul her own glad ensign borrow,  
The rainbow's smile, to check her murmuring.

APPEARANCE *versus* WORTH.

A TALE.

BY J. W. W.

## CHAPTER III.

CONTAINING NOT MUCH WHICH THE MIND OF THE READER WILL FIND DIFFICULT TO DIGEST.

IN the bay, seven miles to the southeast of Wilmington, is a small island, covered with trees and shrubs, called Kidd's Island. It is but a few rods in diameter, and seems to have been partially rent asunder by some convulsion of nature, for a deep chasm extends down to its very foundations, far beneath the surface of the bay, forming a rock-bound cove, between the perpendicular sides of which the waters sleep placidly, even in the midst of storms. For though the winds rage ever so furiously, and great waves roll up to the entrance, their force is entirely broken upon the huge portals of granite, and nothing of their effect is seen within, excepting a gentle heaving of the surface.

In this cove the rover had taken refuge, for its situation was retired, and at this season of the year it was so seldom visited, that, under ordinary circumstances, his vessel might have been there for weeks without being discovered.

An observer, looking down upon the brig from the top of the rock, would not have imagined that a solitary soul was on board of her, for though the well holy-stoned decks, and neatly furled sails, displayed the recent work of practiced and disciplined seamen, no one was visible, and not a sound was heard save the eternal dashing of the waves upon the outside, and the low moaning of the wind as it swept through the pines above. But Foster was too prudent and cautious to be, even in this secluded place, without a constant look-out, and, on this occasion, a man might have been seen pacing slowly backwards and forwards under the trees above, scanning narrowly, from time to time, every point of the compass. The rest of the crew were in the fore-castle, some engaged in sewing upon their old clothes, some were lying asleep upon their chests and in their hammocks, while eight or ten were collected around a low table quietly playing at cards, by the light of a lantern, which swung from a beam above. The captain was in the cabin, which was large and commodious, and furnished with a lavish splendor that at once told the occupation of the owner, while a magnificent harp, a flute, and several shelves of books showed that he was not entirely destitute of education and taste. Indeed, Foster had not been born to the situation in which we now see him. His father was a wealthy landholder, of Massachusetts, and Charles was his only child. Upon him the hopes of his parents were fixed, and in youth he gave promise that their expectations would be realized. Of a hasty and impetuous nature, he yet possessed those merits which accompany

THE END A. A. 44

such a disposition—a warm heart, and an activity and power of mind that bid fair to distinguish him in the world. In his eighteenth year he entered the University of Cambridge; an unguarded expression of his mother, made when he was leaving home for that purpose, subsequently caused his ruin. “Mother,” said he, laughingly, as he turned back upon the steps, “perhaps I shall get into some difficulty at Harvard—what if I am expelled?”

“If you are, my son,” she answered half in jest and half in earnest, “I never wish to see you at home again.” Little did that fond mother think that her words were remembered and caused a resolution in the heart of her son that altered the whole course of his after life.

He had passed through three years of his college course with the highest honor, bearing off, with ease, many of the prizes which called forth the emulation of his class. But, in an unlucky hour, he broke one of the college rules, and, being too high-spirited to bend to the will of the faculty, was dismissed. With an aching heart but firm resolution, he packed up his books and wardrobe, settled the few bills he had contracted in town, and after writing a long letter to his mother, blotted with tears, and bidding her farewell forever, went down to Boston and shipped before the mast on board a vessel just sailing for the West Indies. But when arrived there, he found that though he had fled from his native land and its familiar scenes, it was more difficult to escape from his own thoughts. The remembrance of his happy home, and his once bright prospects, and above all, the thought of his poor mother’s grief, haunted him wherever he went, and to escape such reflections he plunged into the wildest excess.

When a man allows his principle and self-respect once to become blunted, they soon cease to exist altogether, and in a short time Foster went as mate on board a pirate, with less feeling of humiliation than he would have experienced before in committing the slightest fault unbecoming a gentleman. The captain, in a few years afterwards, was killed in endeavoring to quell a mutiny of his men, and Foster was, with one voice, elected to fill his place. Thus he became, as we now see him, the commander of the swiftest craft that ploughed the sea, with a crew of hardened and daring spirits, that would have attacked a legion of devils, had he led them to the onset.

We said that he was in the cabin, and indeed he was quite the picture of a man very much at his ease; he was reclining upon a lounge, and to make his situation more enviable, had a cigar in his mouth and a book in his hand.

The mate was also in the cabin, and either from having partaken too plentifully of the captain’s dinner that day, or from the effect of night watching, had fallen fast asleep in his chair, and was tipping backwards and forwards, threatening every moment to fall upon the floor. He was very much like the old fellow whom we introduced to the reader in the first chapter, though perhaps he might now look a little drier, a little more wrinkled, and a little, a very little older. The captain finished his cigar, yawned once or twice, resumed his book a little while, and finally threw it from him with an air of weariness, and getting up,



amused himself for some time by running a pin into the legs of his antiquated mate, and watching the odd contortions of his countenance. He then opened a small locker and taking out a bottle of wine, proceeded to wake up his companion, by administering, very unceremoniously, two or three kicks, and shouting "watch, ahoy!" in his ear. Shel started up, and not exactly comprehending where he was, and what was wanted of him, cried "aye, aye, sir," with wonderful alacrity.

"Ay, ay, sir, you old mummy," answered the captain, "pass along a couple of glasses, and open this bottle. You slept as though you had taken your last cruise to Davie's locker; what were you dreaming about?"

"Why, captain," said the mate, mysteriously, as he brushed away the dust from around the cork, "I did dream while I was hove to there alongside the 'rometer."

"Wonderful! what did you dream of? eating and drinking, I suppose."

"No, sir; nothing like that; I had an out-and-outer vision, that I take it was just like the look-out angel that watches over you and I, captain, had sung out 'breakers ahead.'"

"That must be a rum-looking angel; he is a cloven-footed gentleman, with a forked tail, I reckon. Here, you old shad, you've broken the cork, and given me the glass with all the pieces floating on top of it; there, take this yourself and give me the other. What was your dream about?"

"Why, Capt. Foster," said the mate, who, though his heart was as tough and hardened as his skin, was, like all ignorant old sailors, very superstitious, "I can't tell it to you, because I know its a forewarnin', a kind of private signal from aloft to me, and there won't no good come of my leaking it out. But its just my duty to tell you to have an eye out to windward for all female women. I see," he continued, drawing close to the captain, and speaking in a whisper, "I see one of them angeliferous devils that 'tice men."

"What, a woman?" asked the captain.

"No," said Shel, with a mysterious shake of his head, "no, worse than them things."

"Worse than them? I always thought you considered a woman the worst thing in the world. Do you mean a witch?"

"No, worse than them; it was a, it was a *Syphax*!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"A Syphax, you fool," said the Captain, "you mean a Syren."

"Beg your pardon, sir," answered Shel, determinedly, "it want a Syren, it was a regular-built Syphax. I take it I know a Syphax from a figure-head; its one of them that sighs on the rocks and whistles and sings sentimental songs to 'tice young salts that's green, on the rocks. There, I can't say any more."

"Well, who do you suppose wants to hear you spin your long yarns? Pour me out another glass, I'll tell you what I'm for. By the time we've finished this bottle, and taken a Havanna upon it, it will be almost sunset, and we'll have out the gig and run up to town, and cruise around there awhile."

*Done Again 470202*

"Dolly Mops?" asked the mate with a comical leer upon his wrinkled visage, as he nodded his head up and down, and rubbed his hands.

"Dolly Mops be hanged," answered the captain; "I should think such a dried up shadow of humanity might have forgotten such things by this time. Give me the rest of the Falernian; there, take the bottom yourself. Falernian," he continued with a sage look, for he was always very talkative after drinking; "Falernian, what does that mean, eh, old bones?"

"Why, that means old Madeira, in course."

"No, it does not; did you ever hear of one Mr. Horace?"

"Ay, ay, sir, to be sure; want he gunner's mate 'board the George, in '7, when ole Duckworth drove the French out of Indes? He had both flippers shot away, and went into the bush on half pay."

"Yes, that was the one, in *your eye*," answered the captain, sneeringly. "Can't you ever tell anything but how to stow a jib or coil a hawser? Now listen, Horace was a great man, a great man, Shel. He sung the praises of Augustus, '*Divis orte bonis, optime Romule,*' and celebrated the waters of Bandusia, '*O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro.*' What do you think of that? Now you may hand me a fumigator and take one yourself. Fumigator, what does that mean?"

"Why, that's as slick as a slushed stick, that's nigger Spanish for cigar," answered Shel, as he handed down the box to the captain.

"No, it is not," answered Foster. "Fumigator, Fumigo, gare, gavi, gatum. Now, what language is that?"

"Why, that's Dutch."

"No, it's not Dutch, it's Latin, good old-fashioned; come, light up, light up, good old-fashioned Latin. Now go up and get every thing ready; wait, don't you stir tack nor sheet till you've got this—I'm going to teach you Latin. Fumigo gare, remember. Now go; *vade*, remember that. Ah," he continued, thoughtfully, as his mate left the cabin, "I remember my Latin, but the Greek, I've forgotten that, though I took a prize once in it. Ah! those days, those halcyon days, would to God that they could be restored. But can I ever be restored? Can a spirit steeped in sin, and damned by iniquity, ever become free? No, I must live a villain, and die a lost wretch; and, if there is a hell—why, I'll go there and burn, that's all." And with a reckless air he turned upon his heel, and opening the locker, poured from a large bottle a tumbler of brandy and tossed off the liquid at a draught.

#### CHAPTER IV.

WHICH INTRODUCETH CAPT. FOSTER TO A NEW SCENE.

The brandy seemed to revive his spirits, and humming a lively air, he threw off his pea-jacket and substituted in its place a handsome frock coat, of blue broadcloth, bearing upon the gilt buttons the stamp of the American eagle. Then he took down from the wall a magnificent sword, with hilt and scabbard of gold, and after wiping away the dust, drew out the blade and tried the well-tempered edge; but finally,

with a shake of his head, he replaced it and took down a much plainer one, which he buckled to his side. He then lit another cigar, and throwing a cloak over his shoulders went on deck. The evening was bright and pleasant; the gig was ready lowered away from the quarter, with a high mast stepped in her bow, and descending over the side the captain and his mate took their seats in the stern sheets. A vigorous shove from the arm of the captain, sent the light boat out of the cove into the bay beyond, and trimming their canvas to the breeze, they were soon dancing swiftly over the waves in the direction of Wilmington.

An hour's sail brought them to the wharf; Foster and Shel left the boat, and ordering a boy who had come with them, to lay to a little way off, and wait for them, they proceeded on their "cruise." They wandered through several streets, without seeing anything to attract their notice, or out of which they might create an adventure; for Wilmington was a quiet place, and her sober people guileless of mobs and riots and fights, as were ever the unsophisticated Mynheers, who inhabited the famed valley of "Sleepy Hollow." But at length they came to a street, broader and better lighted than any they had previously passed through, and here was some appearance of life. Several carriages drove rapidly past them and seemed to draw up a little further on; and the rattling of steps, as they were let down by the footmen, and the passing of muffled forms over the walk into the house, and indistinct sounds of pleasant voices, intermingled with merry laughter, told of a gathering of the gay and lifesome for an evening's enjoyment.

"Here is fun, after all," said the captain, as he hurried forward to the dwelling. "I told you we would overhaul something if we held on. Never say die, old fellow."

"Ay, sir," answered Shel, staring into the windows, and bobbing his head up and down, here and there, to get a better view, "here is fun, but not for you and I."

"Why not, my hearty, why not?" asked the captain, adjusting his coat collar and tightening his sword belt.

"Why," answered Shel, with a comical look, "I cannot make out what we can do here, 'less you're for grapplin' with them big lions up there; and they won't show much fight, with their quaker guns."

"Do? why, I shall go in; I'll be a lion myself, Shel; introduce myself to the old couple, tell a confounded lie, and make love to all those pretty ladies," answered Foster, whose potations had made him ready for anything.

"Well, they do look as temptin' as Sunday duff," said Shel, taking observations again, by peeping into the window, "all sailin' up and down in their holyday rig, and all their weather gear stowed away. But they are desavy, they are light o' ballast. Belay there! hard up, hard up, for heaven's sake!" he exclaimed suddenly, as the captain was placing his hand upon the knocker, and springing like a monkey up the steps, he dragged him down to the walk.

"What do you mean by such antics, you old fool?" cried the cap-

tain, angry, as he shook him off, "I've half a mind to knock you into the street."

"I knowed it, I knowed it," he answered, without regarding the threat of the captain; "if you go in there you're lost, laid on the rocks high and dry, stem and starn; I see her in there, the same"—

"The same what?" asked the captain, hardly knowing whether to laugh or swear at his mate.

"The Syphax, sir, the Syphax; only she's fixed out in different rigging. You know, Capt. Foster, there ain't one drop of coward blood runs here," he said, bringing his open hand upon his breast, "but if you go in there, you're lost, and if you go to the devil I can't fight for you."

"I'll swear, you're either drunk or mad," answered Foster, pushing the old man rudely away and wishing him in a very bad place, which we will not name. Don't you see that you are attracting notice by your fool's pranks? I never knew that I had been sailing in the same bottom with such a lubber." And as the mate came up to him again he thrust him back with such violence that he fell on the pavement, and going up the steps again knocked boldly at the door.

"There," said Shel, rising from the ground just as the captain disappeared into the hall, "set him down for a headstrong boy; that's just as I saw him goin' right down into the 'stroom; he'll never come out again; and if he does he'll be carried." And as if he resolved to stand by his colors to the last, or if the worst came to the worst, to behold with his own eyes the curious imaginary process of carrying out the captain, Shel commenced sorrowfully but resolutely walking up and down the pavement in front of the house.

The rooms of Col. Miller's hospitable mansion were crowded with all the wealth, and beauty, and fashion of the city; old and young, gay and grave, married and single, swelled the numbers that had assembled to celebrate the eighteenth birth-day of his daughter. There were officers in showy dresses, quite outshining the graver civilians. Mincing dandies, endeavoring with bows and scrapes to show the other stupid donkeys, how to do it. Sentimental youths, who imagined themselves handsome, and were continually assuming studied graceful attitudes, in the delightful illusion that the eyes of all were turned in admiration upon them. Beautiful flirts, advanced somewhat beyond that doubtful boundary, the twentieth year, cool, easy, and observing, ready for new conquests, and playing off their little arts with all the skill experience had taught them. Timid misses, just coming out, trembling for fear of some breach of etiquette, and flattered by the slightest attention. Old maids, sitting in by-corners, and watching, with eagle eye, every motion of everybody. Fat matrons, who dared not, for their lives, mingle with the crowd, but sat majestically one side, in all the state of wide-backed rocking chairs, good-natured, talkative, and quite oppressed by the heat. Substantial burghers, walking here and there among the younger throng, with gracious air, and smiling faces, that seemed to say, "enjoy yourselves, we love to see you—old age is cold and cheerless—laugh and enjoy yourselves now."

It was to this scene that Foster, by a bold lie, had introduced himself.

"What a noble-looking man!" "Who is he?" "Look, look there!" "How handsome," were the whispered exclamations, as he entered the room, unannounced and accompanied by the old colonel, who appeared to be upon the best possible footing in the world with him. Moving quietly through the throng, they passed up to the head of the room. Foster was introduced to the young hostess. "My daughter, sir, Captain Emmerson, Mary, of the navy. He came into the hall in quest of one of the officers, to whom he had important business despatches, and I have persuaded him to be our guest, at least for a few moments. Take this chair, sir, if you please."

Foster took his seat by the side of the beautiful lady and entered into conversation with her, with all the ease and grace of one who had been accustomed through life to the best society. Instead of being abashed by the presence of innocence, to which he had been so long unaccustomed, he seemed to have gained new life. He felt as one that wakes from a horrible dream to some pleasant reality. Tears of sin and dark trouble were forgotten; the lost wretch that had but yesterday fled upon the wind from an ignominious death, who had been pursued like a beast from sea to sea, who had shrunk from the sight of men, and quailed before the gaze of an honest eye, nor dared to turn within and commune with his own guilty soul, who looked into the future as a black and dreary void, with not one faint star to relieve the darkness, not one pure hope to rest a prayer upon, was a MAN again. The future was unheeded, and if visions of the past came up before his mind, they were of days long gone, visions mellowed by time, and rife with the pure associations of childhood, and they obtruded no cares upon the present. The present was now to him all in all, and he enjoyed it, as the criminal, long accustomed to the tainted breath of a prison, enjoys the free air of heaven. He conversed with a spirit and earnestness that drew a crowd of listeners about him; he described, in glowing colors, the wonders, and beauties, and perils of the ocean, the wild excitement of battle, and the pleasures of victory; introducing now and then some pleasant scene or laughable anecdote to render his descriptions the more interesting. His language was pure and flowing, and his bearing in the highest degree commanding and attractive. Curiosity was heightened by the air which accompanied his appearance. And this poor outcast, with scarce one friend on earth, became the theme of conversation, and to not a few a subject of envy. So little can we read from the countenance of the hearts of those who are accustomed to dissemble!

Time flew away, and he had no idea how long he had been in the house, but remembering to have told his host, on entering, that his business would prevent his staying for more than a few moments, he rose to depart. The old colonel accompanied him again to the hall and urged him warmly to repeat his visit. He thanked him politely, hastily threw on his cloak and hat and left the house. The door closed behind him, and with the sound the illusion fled; he was himself again;

the Ishmaelite, the world-hate. The light upon his path was gone, and the future gloomed before him, dark and hopeless as before.

Drawing his cloak tightly around him, he strode gloomily towards the wharf, not once thinking of his mate, or caring whether he followed him or not. But Shel had noticed his exit from the house, and was now trotting like a dog behind him, full of eagerness to know how the captain had escaped the toils of the "Syphax," yet not daring to speak to him in his present mood. They soon reached the wharf, and, with the tide in their favor, and the wind abeam, swept out of the creek and down the bay. They had almost reached the cove and not a word had yet been spoken, when the captain broke the silence by exclaiming angrily, "blame their souls, why don't they hail? Did you set the watch, eh, sir?" he continued, turning fiercely to the mate.

"Ay, sir, I did," answered Shel, quietly.

"Well, then, where is he? Why in the name of Sambo don't he hail?"

"Why, sir, I can't tell, perhaps he don't see us," replied the mate.

"Don't see us, you old villain! he's asleep, you know he is, and you sit there as quietly as though it were no offense. Who did you put there?" asked the captain.

"I set the nigger on watch up there," answered the mate, hesitatingly.

"The nigger!" exclaimed the captain, and his dark eye gleamed like a maniac's. "I'll make an example of him, I'll kill him, by hoky. Put around to the leeward of the island, sir."

The boat, obedient to the helm, rounded the point and luffed up into the wind under the lee of the island. The bow had scarcely touched the shore before the captain leaped out and ran swiftly up the rocks. He found the poor negro stretched upon the ground and sound asleep; he had not counted upon the return of the captain before daylight, and thinking that all was safe enough, had composed himself under the trees for a nap. Kicking him brutally upon the head, Foster bid him rise, with a blasphemous oath. The negro started to his feet, and in the confusion of first waking, and while smarting with pain, struck the captain a blow that nearly felled him, powerful as he was, to the earth. Maddened beyond all sense, Foster sprang upon him with a yell of rage, and with one hand clenched upon his belt, and the other on his throat, raised him, with the strength of a giant from the rock, and hurled him over the side. His back and head struck upon the flying-jib-boom of the brig, the light spar broke and he fell senseless into the water. On the following morning search was made for the body by the mate, but it could not be found; and, concluding that it had floated out with the tide, no more was thought of the circumstance.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

Now loud resounds the battle cry :  
 Swift as an eagle cleaves the sky,  
 Its sound is echoed through the land,  
 And myriads heed its stern demand.  
 The granite hills, from left and right,  
 Send forth their valiant sons to fight :  
 And every hamlet in the land,  
 Quickly yields a helping hand.  
 The rustic leaves his work undone,  
 And promptly takes the martial gun.  
 The rich man quits his precious hoard,  
 And quick girds on the victor's sword :  
 All hurry on to meet the foe,  
 And all with equal ardor glow.

The war cloud blackens o'er the earth ;  
 It now bursts forth in thunder peals :  
 Hushed is the voice of cheerful mirth,  
 And every breast its fire reveals.

Now hear the cannon's dismal roar  
 Along New England's winding shore ;  
 See the flame and blackened smoke,  
 As from the nether world had broke.  
 Hear the brave man's dying groan ;—  
 List the mother's doleful moan.  
 Ah ! fearful struggle to be free !  
 Fearful, the cause of Liberty !  
 But hope. There comes her noblest son,—  
 Her own beloved Washington.

\* \* \* \* \*

A varied fortune yet they meet,—  
 Now a triumph, now defeat.  
 But British foes ere long must quail ;  
 Their stout hearts yield,—their courage fail.  
 Heaven's watchful eye is o'er the free,  
 Truth bears them on to victory.  
 Rouse ! valiant sons ! one struggle more,  
 And freedom's foes are triumphed o'er.  
 The blow is struck,—the work is done ;—  
 The battle fought,—the victory won.  
 Wave your banners, oh ! ye Free !  
 Shout ! ye sons of Liberty !

## THE REFORMATION UNDER LUTHER.

SINCE the days of Christ, there has probably been no event in the annals of the Christian Church, so replete with interest and so glorious in its results, as the Reformation of the sixteenth century. That spiritual light, which, by the labors of the Apostles, was once so generally diffused throughout the eastern continent, had become nearly extinguished. The great doctrines of "free grace," and "justification by faith," constituting the very basis of the gospel system, were for the most part rejected.

Those who were appointed to minister in holy things sought only personal distinction and aggrandizement. Their power became concentrated at Rome, and instead of being defenders of "the faith once delivered to the saints," they protected—aye, encouraged the most flagrant crimes. The Pope not only claimed the power to forgive sin, but also the right of granting licenses for free indulgence, in all the hidden iniquities and unspeakable admonitions that ever entered the depraved heart of man. Nay, more. Not limited to the living, he could even expiate the sins of the dead, and deliver the tortured soul from the flames of purgatory.

The great body of the Church had become most basely corrupted. Ignorance, superstition, and error, reigned triumphant in the hearts of the people. A moral darkness that might be felt, brooded over the world. Princes, apprehensive of danger, attempted to check the growing power, but in vain. Learning and genius raised their voices in behalf of liberty and right with no better success. The Church herself, by her councils, sought to restrain her ungovernable leaders; she too, was powerless.

In the mean time corruption continued to increase. The world, with Rome as its centre, had become one great sink of pollution. So universal and complete was the triumph of Satan, that it seemed as though nothing short of a second deluge from the hand of the Almighty, could purify the earth of its wickedness and reestablish the reign of the Redeemer.

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A Monk was sitting in his solitary cell, with a Bible in his hand. He had before caught occasional glimpses of its sacred pages, but now the treasure was his own. As he read and pondered upon the truth, his eyes by degrees were opened, and he saw something of the discrepancy between that truth and the prevailing forms of the Catholic religion. Yet he was strongly attached to the mother Church. He looked up to her with feelings of filial reverence. He honored her authority and feared her frowns. And no wonder he paused for a moment, before raising his voice in her condemnation. But he was not the man to shrink from duty. He was rich in moral courage, and when once decided in his course he never faltered nor fainted. And though young and comparatively unknown to the world, we see here the man who



was destined to shake that power before which kings and princes trembled ; and in his hand he holds the weapon with which he is to gain the victory.

Huss, of the previous century, had penetrated deeper into divine truth than any of his predecessors ; but his attacks were aimed more directly at the faults of the clergy than of the Church at large. And with the flames of his martyrdom, was extinguished the little light he had succeeded in kindling ; and the darkness of night hung over the persecution that followed his death.

But it was reserved for Luther to light up the gospel lamp, which was to expel the gloomy clouds of error then enshrouding the world. In him were united the power and courage of the lion, with the wisdom of the serpent. Mark the cautious step with which the Reformer proceeds to his work. He at first commences with expounding upon the doctrines of the Bible. Thus he gains the confidence of the people, and lays a secure foundation. Unlike most Reformers, he began with the heart, leaving hollow forms and imposing ceremonies to fall by their own weight. Had he made open attack at once upon long cherished customs, he would have incurred the indignation of the good, and brought upon himself speedy destruction. But he reserved the bolder steps until public opinion was in a state to receive them.

As the work advanced, he was not backward in attacking error, wherever found and under whatever forms. "He wrestled against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In doing this he was called to bear the reproach of his foes, and even to hazard life at every step. Yet he was not moved, for his confidence was in God. When arraigned to answer for his conduct, like his Saviour he could say : "If I have spoken evil bear witness of that evil." His path was beset with snares, and his enemies hunted him from place to place, yet "the angel of the Lord encamped round about him and delivered him."

Though this Reformation, like all great moral revolutions, was gradual in its progress, its successive steps followed hard upon each other. From the time Luther published his famous *theses*, condemning the sale of indulgencies, each passing day witnessed some advancement in the work. His numerous publications, which spread rapidly over the continent, like so many soldiers, were silently fighting the battles of truth. And though rulers maliciously committed them to the flames, they left an influence on the heart which fire could not consume or monarchs efface.

The more formidable the opposition, the greater was his success. When called to defend his principles at Leipsic, it was but holding up the truth that its rays might the more effectually penetrate the surrounding darkness. The terrific bull of Leo X., designed to deprive him of all hope of protection, falling harmlessly upon the Reformer, recoiled upon the heads of his enemies. And especially when summoned before the Diet at Worms, where they thought to overcome his self-possession by a formal array of earthly greatness, he was raised to an elevation from which every truth that he uttered, by his commanding elo-

quence and unyielding firmness, was destined to penetrate the remotest parts of Europe, reëchoing among the hills of Catholic Rome.

The effects of the Reformation, when viewed in all its bearings, are too numerous and extensive for us to enter far into particulars at the present time. As it continued to advance, it gave a new aspect to the *civil, literary, and religious* character of the world.

The earth had been groaning for ages under the rude hand of oppression. When the gospel sun penetrated the thick clouds of ignorance and error, it brought to light the hidden springs of iniquity. The ministers of sin quailed before its searching beams, and relaxing their ruthless grasp upon their fellow men, yielded to its benign influence, or retired to some dark corner of the land to riot unmolested in their wickedness. Thus the way was prepared for civil liberty. The principles of free government sprung up after those of the gospel, and they mutually strengthened and assisted each other. Freedom of opinion also grew from the same parent stock. And though these several principles did not at once gain maturity, a soil was there prepared alike genial to each. Then and there they had their birth; and under those influences they received an impulse by which their progress has ever since been onward, until transplantation in our own favored soil has brought them to a degree of perfection before unknown.

The Reformation gave a new impulse to *sacred literature*. The study of the Scriptures had been confined to the obscurity of the cloister. The Bible was not entrusted to the hands of the people, but left for the Priests to deal out, in such portions and at such times as they deemed proper. But the Reformation broke up this monopolizing spirit, and extended to all the privilege of reading God's word. A change of such infinite importance could not fail to produce the happiest results. All were ready to study the sacred pages with an eagerness, that nothing but long denial could have created.

The effect on *popular literature* was no less salutary. Learning was no longer confined to the priesthood. At the commencement of the Reformation few books were published, but as it advanced they were greatly multiplied. And these being many of them the productions of Luther and his associates, were admirably adapted to the existing state of society.

Wittenburg, itself a fountain of light and knowledge, was constantly sending forth its radiating beams into all parts of the kingdom. Nor was this influence confined to Germany alone. The writings of the Reformers were soon translated into other languages, and disseminated throughout the neighboring nations. By the Reformation the avenues of learning were opened to every class. This laid broad and deep the foundation for the astonishing developments of subsequent generations.

But it is in a *religious* point of view that this subject presents the most interesting aspect. Here its effects have been most clearly and gloriously seen in its regenerating and purifying influence upon the heart. In respect to Germany, it might truly be said: "Old things have passed away, behold all things have become new."

Nothing but the truth, attended by the divine energies of the spirit,

could have wrought such speedy and effectual changes as resulted from the labors of the celebrated Dr. of Wittenburg. During his incarceration at Wartburg, the work was continually on the advance. A spirit was abroad that could not rest, till like leaven it had become diffused through the land. His enemies vainly supposed even then, that if they could imbrue their hands in his blood, the Reformation would cease. They were ill aware of the character of the adversary with which they were contending. As well might they attempt to stop the clouds of heaven in their course, or the raging winds on which they are borne; as check the progress of truth upon the hearts of men.

The glorious sun of the Gospel had arisen in Germany, and as it ascended its rays penetrated deeper and extended farther on every side. And as Luther saw the work spreading from heart to heart, and from village to village, with irresistible energy; it is not surprising that he was led to exclaim: "We stand upon the threshold of a wonderful dispensation."

The amount of good effected by this Reformation is literally beyond human comprehension. When we reflect upon the streams of light and benevolence that flowed from Wittenburg into the various kingdoms of the world—when we consider that these continuing to flow until the present time have become mighty rivers watering the whole earth; and that they shall yet flow on and increase until the end of time, who will presume to limit the amount of happiness that has been and will be the result of the "Reformation under Luther!" "He who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," can alone compute the vast amount. Never can its value be fully appreciated, till the last sinner saved by grace shall have been redeemed from off the earth, and the countless host rescued through its influence, collected in one mighty company around the throne of God.

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"THINK OF ME."

Think of me! When?

Just at the gentle twilight hour,  
When the dews are falling on tree and flower;  
When birds to their quiet nests are gone,  
And the summer night comes softly on:  
Think of me then—think of me then.

Think of me! Where?

In that lone spot where on bended knee,  
Thou breathest thy prayer to the Deity;  
That all whom *thou lovest* He may defend,—  
Oh! crave some boon for thy absent friend.  
Think of me there—think of me there.

Io.

## UNCAS.

To every true son of America, her early history is a matter of the deepest interest. Every mark of civilization around him has a newness in appearance, so plainly indicative of its recent introduction, that he is led successively to inquire into the condition of the original white settlers of his country, the reasons for its rapid improvement, and the history of its former inhabitants, so rapidly disappearing before the onward march of civilization. With the former two we are doubtless as familiar as with our own being; it is to the history of the red man we would devote our present consideration, and our selection has been that particular portion which relates to the life and times of Uncas, the chief of the Mohegans.

On the arrival of the first English settlers in Connecticut, two centuries and a quarter ago, they found this chieftain in a state of open rebellion with the tyrant Sassacus, sachem of the Pequods. His lands ranged from the sea-shore of Connecticut along the banks of the Pequod river, now the Thames. Success attended the revolt of him who was destined to act so conspicuously in the annals of our early history; and he soon formed, by his superior bravery and address, an independent sachemdom, ever after distinguished by the title Mohegan. Withdrawing himself and his followers from the lands of Sassacus, he settled upon the beautiful banks of the river, hoping there to wear unmolested the proper insignia of his royalty. Through motives of affection rather than interest, he established an alliance with the English on their first entrance into the country, to which reference is made to this day, with feelings of gratitude and kindness. Their lot, cast in the defenseless wilds of an American forest, surrounded by enemies as rapacious as the wild beasts they hunted down, Uncas bared his breast in the defense of their cause, nor ceased to labor, with Indian assiduity, till civilization had planted itself on an unshaken foundation. Such an instance of friendship is rare and unexampled. The ambition that might successfully have claimed every foot of the eastern forest, and the most beautiful hills and plains the "sun visits in his course," seemed providentially adapted to the succor of our ancestors. His pride was in deserving the title, "friend of the white man,"—the extent of his bravery lay in affording their helplessness a strong defense. This at least qualifies him for a place in our memory. It was only through his timely intervention, the whole English colony were at one time preserved from total extirpation. The elements had long threatened them, an unexpected crisis was fast approaching, and another blow would have swept them all into a conflict with destruction itself. But the prudent sagacity of Uncas, equalled only by his unyielding courage, exhibited itself in a wonderful manner. With a small body of settlers, and a mere handful of warriors, he completed so sudden a march that the darkness of another night threw back the lurid gleams of burning wigwams on streams of the enemy's blood. Nor was presence of mind

in the least degree wanting to complete the noble proportions of his Indian character. The wiles of no mortal enemy could baffle his keen penetration, the peculiarity of no circumstance could unman him of his courageous endurance.

We may search the history of every Indian tribe, with which our people have had the least connection, and we can find no parallel to his. Of treachery to his own people none can justly charge him, for this we find invariably instigated by the powerful motives of interest or fear. But the course he followed was attended by none of these; with a kingly majesty, which he rather regained than usurped, he sheltered those from whom he could expect no adequate return; he labored in a field where the harvest to him, at least, would prove but scant. Nor did this division of his affection between two objects, in the least diminish it towards either. If he loved and sought for the English, he loved not less his own people. And in turn every heart seemed secretly bound to his, as well from having been engaged in the same dangers of a revolt, but lately consummated, as from a pure affection to him in whose hands were entrusted their destinies. To picture his love for his people, we need but instance a single example. One of his own tribe, in whose veins flowed the blood of sachems, in a sudden burst of rage, instigated by envy of the Mohegans, was barbarously murdered by Sequasson, a petty chieftain settled on the banks of the Connecticut. For this an immediate reparation must be made. Six of his tribe, of ordinary rank, were demanded by Uncas as an equivalent and honorable restitution; but, by the advice of the English, and the obstinate unwillingness on the part of Sequasson, thus bountifully to compensate his loss, Uncas moderated his request to a single man. But even in this moderation was he refused; he who would willingly yield in one point must yield in all. The refusal of so reasonable and, according to the mode of Indian warfare, so necessary a request, furnished a long desired occasion for Uncas to prove himself truly worthy of the affection, so confidently reposed in him. He challenged Sequasson, and they fought; the contest was almost equal; in physical strength neither had any apparent advantage, but in the strength and ardor of the motives that urged each to the combat, the match proved fatally unequal. The tomahawk of Uncas drank the heart's blood of Sequasson, and his scalp added yet another ornament to his trophies of past victories.

But to whatever extent he was borne by pure love for his tribe, we find an instance in the course of his life, that forever acquits him of any charge of partiality in administering justice, and gives him (in our eyes) a character for true magnanimity. His own son, Mahomet, had been guilty of a crime, that by the laws of all nations can be atoned for only by death. Like the noble Roman, who sheds a lustre over a page of his country's history, he led forth his own son to die a death of violence: nor was his sense of justice so warped by affection for his own kin, as to incite him to attempt his ransom, either by force or intrigue. Mahomet was sacrificed, a victim to his unbridled passion and hereditary pride, and Uncas mourned that he should so soon be bereft of one so promising and brave. But he received consolation from the

belief that the great and good Spirit Kitchtan would yet again unite them in more glorious hunting fields, where the war-whoop of the enemy never startled the ear, where enjoyment was complete and undisturbed. But ere this time might arrive, the tragedy of the Pequod war was to be enacted, in which the part allotted Uncas was peculiar.

Two centuries ago this Pequod war, so famous in our early history, was raging at the height of its violence. The other Indian tribes, headed by the Narragansetts, already grown too jealous of the fortunate successes of Uncas and the English, for a quiet endurance, were forming an immense concert for the destruction of both English and Mohegans. The mantle of Sassacus, the former Narragansett chief, had fallen on the proud and ambitious Miantonomoh, who, at their head, wanted no strong incentive to urge him to an immediate issue. Against Uncas in particular he harbored feelings of the direst revenge, to satisfy which was the desire now uppermost in his mind. At one time he hired one of his warriors to put him to death, but this attempt proved futile. Exasperated beyond endurance with witnessing the constantly increasing power of Uncas, and the great attention paid him by the whites, Miantonomoh resolved himself to accomplish that which he had so long desired. With a powerful army he crossed over from the east towards the territory of Uncas, intending to fall upon him suddenly and destroy his entire forces. But the vigilance of Uncas could compass the wiles of Miantonomoh; his approaching army was spied about three miles' distant; with a chosen band of warriors, almost entirely uninstructed in their movements, and incited only by the unyielding bravery of their chieftain, he hastily went out to meet them. The morning sun of October gilded the autumnal leaves of the forest, and clothed in gorgeous colors those most beautiful retreats of nature, through which they silently passed. As they trailed onward, now in close array, as they opened on a plain, and now in complete disorder, as they again entered the covert of a wood, not a sound was heard, save the pressure of the leaf under foot, and the echo of the distant waterfall. Still onward they moved, and still nearer were those rival sachems approaching their coming fate. Every eye was fixed. Every nerve was strung with the continual expectation of instantly meeting their foe, while they waited with painful anxiety the least sign from their chieftain. But he spake not; his features were fixed as firmly as in death; his trial was yet to come. As the sun of October came streaming through the trees upon his uncovered temples, and showed his muscles so firmly set, it shone upon a countenance where courage and spirit were stamped indelibly.

Suddenly they emerged from the wood on an open plain, and with their gaze still fixed forward, their eyes were first met by their enemy's ranks. They approached, and for awhile stood like the beasts of the forest intently eyeing each other; all was silence—every warrior awaited now only the words of his chief. There stood those "lords of the forest," that had so long devised each the other's destruction, and longed only for an opportunity to complete it, facing each other, their eyes glaring with savage ferocity. Deep moved the feelings

within; it was not the overheated excitement of a moment, which consideration would gradually abate, but the absorbing current of revengeful malice and jealousy, widened still more by the passage of time. The death of one could alone satisfy the revenge of the other.

Though Miantonomoh might have been as fully aware of this as Uncas, yet none but the open-hearted courage of Uncas could make such a declaration, as he afterwards made in the presence of his enemies. The ambition of Miantonomoh was to gain the complete dominion of the Mohegans; to slay an enemy whom so many feared, was the only wish of Uncas. With a spirit of honorable forbearance, that would well become the course of civilized warfare, he boldly stepped forward between the armies, and thus addressed his enemy:—

"You have a number of stout men with you, and so have I with me. It is a great pity that such brave warriors should be killed in a private quarrel between us only. Come, then, *like a man*, as you profess to be, and let us fight it out. If you kill me, my men shall be yours; but if I kill you, your men shall be mine."

Such an expression of bravery it may well be imagined instantly sent a thrill of courageous joy through the hearts of Uncas' men; should the contest in this way be settled, they were willing to abide by its results; but, if they were yet to mingle in battle with their enraged foe, they felt willing to wield the deadly tomahawk, till the voice of their Uncas should be silenced in death. To this manly proposal of his rival, Miantonomoh made instant and rash reply: at the top of his voice he answered—"My men came to fight and they *shall* fight." This display of passionate insult was pretext sufficient for Uncas; by previous concert, he fell prostrate, and while astonishment seized the minds of his enemy, his own men, joining in the fierce war-whoop, rushed upon them with an ardor that predicted a sure and speedy victory. Hand to hand they fought for life; the fierce grappling of powerful frames, and glistening of savage eyes, the brandishing of tomahawks, the dying groan, and extended corse alone marked the action and event of that hour of battle. Now, high above all is heard the voice of Uncas; loudly he calls them on to victory, and every call meets a response throughout his entire ranks. The struggle grows fiercer, and their shrill whoops bear certain testimony that the fated crisis has come. With renewed vigor rush on Uncas' men, determined on a speedy victory or a speedy death. Onsets so numerous and unexpected, the army of Miantonomoh was unable long to withstand; a yell is made for a retreat, and they fly. At such sudden success the warriors of Uncas were fired with new and invincible courage; onward still they rushed with impetuous haste, while their enemy were hunted and driven down the rocks and ledges like wild game. Nor was the courage of Uncas and his men in battle in the least superior to their ardor in the pursuit of their enemy. They soon overtook them and claimed them as prisoners of war. The flight of Miantonomoh was most effectually retarded by the unwieldy armor a treacherous white had presented him; but though he might so easily have been captured by others, it was a true Indian spirit that left the glory of his capture to Uncas. Each

one, as he passed him, in the pursuit, seizing him by the shoulder turned him back to the reach of his victor. Soon Uncas came up with him and laid his hand upon him; then it was that Miantonomoh knew he was in the power of him whom he hated, and from that time wore a countenance of sullen gloom, refusing even to speak with his captor. Again the shrill whoop echoed along the vale of Shetucket, and, in the realization of one day's glory, they led back their conquered to the Mohegan camp. After due consideration on the part of Uncas, he guides his prisoner in triumph to the council of the English, determined to abide by whatever decree they might make with regard to his fate. Though the Narragansetts had made repeated threats if their captive chief were not immediately restored, and the English plainly foresaw the dangers of another Indian combination in case of a non-compliance with their requests; yet the greater fear of Miantonomoh's future depredations, prompted an immediate and peremptory refusal. He is remanded to Uncas, with instruction to take his life, but in the most merciful manner possible.

According to the customs of Indian warfare, he is taken back to the very spot where he witnessed the disgrace of his capture, unconscious entirely of his coming fate. An Indian from behind him raises his tomahawk and buries it in his skull. There he fell, ignorant of the hand or weapon that slew him. In haste Uncas advances, cleaves from his shoulder a slice of flesh and ferociously devours it; at the same time remarking, with the triumph of a savage, "It is the best meat I ever tasted—it makes my heart strong." He was buried where he fell, and for a period of two centuries nought but a rude heap of stones has served to mark the resting place of Miantonomoh.

Thus died the great enemy of Uncas and terror of whites, and with his death must end our enumeration of any events of interest that occurred during the remainder of Uncas' life. In the enjoyment of peace and prosperity he ruled his own people, ever exhibiting the same affection and undaunted courage for them and their interests. Of his last days, history and tradition are almost silent. It is only known that he lived to a patriarchal age, happy in his dominion, and beloved in all his relations. The last command he was ever known to make was "concerning his bones." For himself and his royal progeny he selected a new burying place, far removed from the nation from which he revolted, and but little distant from the grave of his great enemy, Miantonomoh. On a rising ground, that overlooks the beautiful scenery of the old Pequod river, hidden in the midst of a clump of the bending ash trees and elm, sleeps the last of the Mohegan kings. The spot is at all times enchanting; but to one, who visits it at moonlight, the scene and the associations are singularly romantic and melancholy. The roar of the waterfall, that seems on approaching it like the angry yells of the wretches that perished on its rocky bed, is softened by distance, into the soothing melody of a murmur; the scream of the night bird echoes along the glen below, while the pale beams of the moon struggle through the interwoven boughs to catch, as it were, a glimpse of his grave, or silver the river's bosom beneath. Here may



the white man come and pride himself on standing at the grave of an early and faithful ally; here the curious antiquarian may find all that can satisfy his inquisitiveness, and bind his heart to the spot forever; and here may the patriot see all that remains of an example of astonishing courage and coolness, of great pride and benevolence *united*; an example altogether without a parallel in the annals of American history.

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#### PLEASANT, THOUGH MOURNFUL.

THERE are sweet thoughts that on us mildly beam,  
When solemn stillness reigns within the breast;  
When Care's wild gusts and Passion's troubled stream,  
Ruled by some unseen power, are hushed to rest.  
Like evening shadows, silently they fly;  
Like evening dews, they pierce as silently.

As some sweet breeze, they fill our eager sails,  
And waft us to the past, that flowery grove;  
Where, nursed by summers' suns and spring-tide gales,  
Bloom clustering roses, Hope, and Joy, and Love.  
But while we gaze, we see the blasted fruit,  
The drooping blossom, and the withered root.

We weep!—behold! where fell our gushing tears,  
Perennial buds and fadeless blossoms spring.  
The waving amaranth in bloom appears,  
And groves of asphodel their odors fling.  
Celestial music fills the enchanted air,  
And streams of endless life are flowing there.

Who has not felt this inward, perfect bliss,  
Pure as the holiness to sorrow given,  
When dreaming of the endless happiness  
Of those who, lost to earth, are won to heaven?  
How sweet the thoughts 'round buried pleasures shed!  
How beautiful the memory of the dead!

## LEGEND OF PILOT MOUNTAIN.

THE sun's last rays were lighting the southwestern slopes of the lofty Saluda, kindling to a purple glory the dull, tawny hue of its distant and weather-beaten summit, as at the gate of a comfortable looking stone house stood a couple, whose introduction to the reader must form the foreground of our story. Within the little wicket stood a being, of whom it were hard to say whether she were girl or woman, so easy and unaffected in every act, as to convince the spectator whom we have brought to spy out the scene, that *consciousness*, that great fetterer of woman's conduct, had not yet wrapped her whole nature in that obvious but indefinable restraint, which marks maturity of mind and heart; while her calm air of decision, and even of pride, proved at once the absence of all girlish timidity, produced by years of peril and crisis. Her position and manner sufficiently intimated her character as inmate and mistress of the mansion already mentioned, while the dusty dress and worn features of the stalwart youth without the gate, showed him a stranger and traveler; his *uncouthness*, (if we may venture such a word,) joined to a peculiar sharpness of eye and vigilance of demeanor, pointed him out as one of those backwoodsmen, who thrive as hunters of man or beast, upon the outskirts of civilization.

And now, if any of my readers hope to revel in a description of the blue eyes and sunny hair of one sex, or the fine proportions and raven locks of the other, they may count certainly upon disappointment, as an Irishman would say—*imprimis*, because as a literary bachelor, we are not expected to be a connoisseur in such matters, however *amateur* we may be—item, because it suits our indolence better, that each one should fancy such beauty as best pleaseth his own imagination; but we must pause to notice the cold pride of the lady, and the ruddy indignation of the hunter, as she said,

"Well, sir, to change the subject, my father has bid me ask you to stay as his guest to-night, as you well know there's no house within ten miles of here."

"Miss Susan Young," replied her visitor, bitterly, "I did expect to stay all night when I come, but I'd sooner try to rest with an Indian whoop in my ears, than lay down my head under your roof, after the scornful words ye've spoken to-night."

"Of course, sir, you'll do as you please—I only delivered his message. Good night, sir." The hunter turned without reply and strode rapidly towards the woods. He had advanced but a few steps, however, when he paused to say,

"Miss Susan, if ye'd said one kind word to-night, when I said I loved ye," (and his voice trembled not a little as he spoke,) "ye might have changed my whole natur', an' made a farmer of me; but yer pride has cured me, an' I'm free now to go an' help the Cherokees—but jist remember, if I die a fightin', I died when ye might ha' saved me;" and before she had thought how to reply, he had disappeared in the

darkling forest, while the evening star dropped its first ray through the whispering air.

Slowly and sadly she sought the hall, where her father's family was gathered around a roaring fire, evidently awaiting her return to enjoy their evening meal; of all ages, sexes, and sizes, like frontier families generally, a clamor arose on her entrance, that would have astounded any sober parent in the land of steady habits; but alas! the circle was not complete; a visitor would have looked in vain for that crown of household happiness, a mother's face.

"I say, Sue," shouted a merry boy, ensconced in the ample chimney corner, and busied in roasting sweet potatoes, "did George offer to 'scoop' with you, and give himself and his rifle for you and your cow?"

"Why didn't Mr. Edmonds stay all night, Susan?" asked her father, more gravely, though the anxious inquisitiveness of his eye showed that some other subject was nearer to his heart than even the slight put upon his hospitality.

"Do, sister Susan, give me my *bread-n-milk*, I want to go to bed;" whimpered a little rosy-cheeked child, exhausted by his sport through the day.

Susan cast a half angry glance at the first, and hastened to supply the wants of the last, while she answered her father's question, as the least difficult of the two.

"He is hurrying on to join the Cherokees, and help drive back the Catawbas, sir, and couldn't very well stay;" but even while she spoke the deepening color on her cheek answered his silent questioning more satisfactorily than her words.

"Then I hope brother Ned will give him a thrashing when the fight begins, to pay Sue for looking so cross at me," broke in "hasty Jack," as his rashness had long named him.

"Silence, sir, this matter's serious enough without your meddling," retorted his father, "though his impudence deserves some reward. I could have pardoned his poverty, if it were not darkened by vice; but as it is, he must never cross my threshold otherwise than as a guest, and I am glad to see that your sister agrees with me."

Susan's heart assented, it is true, but her delicacy was wounded by this conversation, and she hastened from the room to hide her confusion.

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Amid the network of mountains which occupies the corner of the four southeastern states, Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, tossed into such inextricable, labyrinth-like confusion, that egress, ingress, and progress seem alike impossible to all but the Indian or the equally skillful borderer; amid this aforesaid mountain puzzle, courteous reader, lies a peak which it would be difficult to "locate" without a map, so as to put your finger on it; but which, nevertheless, stands there, or rather did stand there, not many years ago, to our certain knowledge. Pilot Mountain (for such is its designation) has acquired its title from its great height, and more especially from its remarkable appearance. Exactly upon the apex of its towering cone, stands a

pyramidal rock, rising hundreds of feet in the air ; appearing, at a distance, so symmetrical and smooth as to forbid all hope of reaching its summit ; while a nearer view showed a narrow ledge clambering gradually upwards, till it was lost to the eye in bewildering loftiness. This projecting ledge, as my tale will abundantly prove, reaches in fact the very top of the mighty pyramid ; but so precarious is the foothold it affords, that at this day none but the most hair-brained and hot-blooded, even of the venturous hunters, will attempt to mount its giddy windings, for there is no turning place for ordinary skill, till the very summit be gained ; one or two spots there are, where muscles of brass and nerves of steel might make good their return, but even the hardest courage would prefer to complete the ascent rather than to retrace its steps. This natural tower, situated as it is on the highest table land in the Atlantic States, four thousand feet above the sea, can be easily seen from each of the four States already named, and serves as a landmark through the craggy wildernesses of their adjacent corners, whence its soubriquet of Pilot Mountain.

But besides the wild grandeur already remarked, Nature has cut off all connection with the surrounding country, except by a narrow gorge running up from the northeast, and terminating at the base of the mountain, so deep that any hunter will tell you, even now, that the sun shines there only five hours in the day in midsummer ; its stony surface almost covered by a stream that dashes furiously downwards—a veritable mountain torrent, and one of the head waters of the French Broad River.

Sixty years ago, a circle of a hundred miles' radius, with Pilot Mountain as a centre, would not have included a single highway, or even a by-road for vehicles of any kind ; no paths penetrated the silent wild, but the track by which the thirsty bear or panther passed from his lair to a favorite stream, and returned to his hiding-place again ; for even the Indian cared not to dwell where he could hardly find smooth ground sufficient to support his wigwam. But on the day on which we write, about a month from the incidents first related on our rambling page, a party of Indians might be seen glancing like deer through the forest, towards the yawning ravine already named ; wounded and worn out as they were, their shrill whoop and furious gestures denoted their determination to gain the defile, and maintain it against their victorious enemy, who was rapidly appearing over the ridge the former had just passed. Far in advance of the other fugitives, and straining upwards toward a laurel thicket, which, once gained, would afford an excellent shelter and free scope for his rifle, was the gigantic borderer already introduced. Onward he writhed rather than ran, among the rocks ; bullet after bullet from the rapidly approaching foe flattening against tree and stone around him ; still he flew recklessly on, and had almost gained the protecting thicket, when a yell of disappointment announced that the Catawbias had outstripped the flying Cherokees. He paused and looked up ; the sight might well have quelled his courage ; tomahawk and rifle gleamed everywhere above and behind him ; the entire

hill side was reddened by the scattered Indians, both friend and foe, leaping in rapid pursuit and flight.

"To the peak! to the peak!" shouted Edmonds, in the Cherokee tongue, and drawing a heavy breath, as if to brace himself for the tremendous task, he slung his rifle over his shoulder and bounded forward with the speed of wind, followed by his allies, while the Catawbas, baffled by this new movement, ignorant of the ground,\* and poorly understanding the language in which the suggestion had been made, halted a moment to deliberate. No sooner had the leaders assembled, however, than a white man, violating the usual decorum of Indian councils, cried aloud, "On with ye at wonst! they can't get out here, an' we'll soon kill the varmints or starve 'em!"

It might have appeared rather amusing to a spectator to hear such a threat from the meagre and almost insignificant figure that had uttered it; but a second glance would have shown him to be one of those bundles of bone, and muscle almost as rigid, that the toils and perils of mountain life sometimes "*stunt*" while they strengthen; to such a form, add a keen gray eye, and a ferocious gash over the brow, and you have the likeness of Tom Mathes, or "Short Tom," as he was oftener called, whose descendants, to this day, dwell among the same cliffs, and lead the same savage life, as their great ancestor. This advice was eagerly seconded by the only other white of any note in the band, whose neat dress and elegant rifle marked him as something more than a mere "squatter," and who was, in deed, no other than the Edward Young mentioned casually in our first scene, and who burned to avenge the supposed insult conveyed in the proposal of George Edmonds, the notoriously worthless borderer, to his sister, the belle of the Carolina frontier. With silent assent the Indians glided away in the pursuit, and ere many moments had elapsed the dark gorge was deserted, while high up the mountain the last straggling beams of an autumn sun glanced from tomahawk and rifle, and then ceased to shine over the darkling forest, though they glistened a moment longer in purple and gold on the towering peak and its mighty brethren.

In the dim twilight that succeeded, one might have seen the handful of Cherokees that had survived, gathered in exhaustion at the base of the pyramid, around Edmonds, who leaned gloomily upon his rifle, and listened to the growing noise of the pursuit; for though the Indians themselves were as silent as spectres, they seldom found means to teach their white allies the same valuable lesson. He had not listened long, however, before he raised his head, and with flashing eyes and glowing cheeks, as one who makes atonement for wrong, said hastily to his dusky companions, in their native tongue,

"I say, brothers, I've been partly to blame, for getting you into this scrape, especially as there ain't any good way of getting out; but I've been so mad about that girl's scorning me so, that I ain't had my wits

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\* It will be remembered that the Catawbas are entirely a South Carolina tribe, and were now invading the more northern territories of their Cherokee rivals and hereditary foes.

about me. However, my head's clear now, and as I ain't in the notion of starving up there, (pointing to the dizzy cliff over their heads,) like a fox in a trap, let's stay here and try the old scamps again. You couldn't find a better place, if you tried—walls all round, except this little gap here, and we can take it turn about to keep that, and then if the red rascals should drive us further, I'll engage to keep 'em back, till you get round the corner of that ledge."

Inspired by his bold language, the Cherokees prepared to meet their foes, who must come directly upwards, trusting to the uncertain light to baffle the aim of the besieged, or clamber up the craggy mound, by the side of their foes, then sheltered by the same walls that protected. Apparently adopting the former plan, a part of their body maintained a sharp fire in front, while a chosen band, led by the fearless Mathes, stole round to the more dangerous but effective expedient.

The sharp shooting had lasted but a few moments, when the foremost of the Cherokee guard fell by a tremendous blow from the tomahawk; but almost at the same instant Edmonds, with the butt-end of his rifle, struck down the successful savage. Undaunted by this ill omen, the besiegers pressed their advantage to the utmost: and then ensued that most horrible of all massacres, a night conflict between Indians hand to hand. Nought was heard through the threatening gloom but the sharp clang of the blood-thirsty hatchet, buried in the brain—the dying yell of the crushed and mangled, or an occasional execration from Edmonds, as some herculean effort failed to destroy his foe; until at last, with a mighty blow of his shortened weapon he struck Mathes, stunned but not killed through the opening down the mountain, followed by the few surviving assailants, who raised a yell of disappointment, that fully announced their failure to their anxious comrades below.

A whisper from the giant borderer now urged the despairing and panic-struck savages up the rock by its steep and slippery ledge: it was their only chance for life, and few were there in that band, who would not have preferred its dizzy, treacherous risk, to a second battle in the den they were leaving. He himself paused sullenly till he heard the footsteps of the second assailing party close at hand. Then, stooping to the earth, he raised from its bed a fragment of the rock—one powerful heave, and it stood trembling on the very verge of the dark declivity—and the next instant, it flew like an angry thunderbolt on its deadly errand: the terrified Catawbas, not knowing where to expect the blow, stood shivering with fear till, with a fell bound, it split their ranks asunder, and left their chosen braves lifeless and shapeless, half buried in the soil. A whistle from above now warned him that all his comrades had passed the first corner of the pyramid, and were out of rifle shot: his time had now come, and he passed upwards as recklessly as he had fought the livelong night. But Mathes, who by a singular chance had escaped all previous dangers, hastened to the ledge to take his huge foe at a disadvantage—he came an instant too late. A desperate scramble placed Edmonds also beyond the turning point, and then, with a grim and savage satisfaction, he clutched his rifle and awaited his infatuated enemy, who continued to approach.

Anxiously did he count the footsteps that were placing his last personal foe securely within his reach, (for an old deed of fraud and violence had taught both parties hate,) then raising resolutely his trusty rifle, he struck loose the hold of Mathes on the rock, and with a single scream the unhappy wretch breathed his last gasp on the pointed and unyielding stones, full fifty feet below.

"Edward Young!" shouted the murderer, with a mocking laugh, "you've lost your game! you came here to do deadly work, and by the powers, you've done it, but not as you wanted; you came to help slay the weak and punish the poor, and you've seen your chosen friends fall as thick as rye in harvest; and now go home to your sister (and he spoke with intense bitterness) and tell her George Edmonds spared your life to let her know what her pride has done; tell her I *hate* her now and her whole race; (ay, cock your rifle, and fire it if you will, you can't hurt the old cliff or me either;) *she* has made me what I am, and I'll haunt her, if spirit ever haunted man."

More than one of the white men below sought to terminate this tirade with their rifles, but secure in his position he finished it, regardless of them, and then followed his red comrades to their last retreat. Onward slowly and silently they clambered, save when one, more timorous or less cautious than the rest, lost his hold and was heard tumbling down the precipice, and rebounding from whatever projections he struck with horrible and fatal violence. Daylight was touching, with solema gray, the numerous peaks around, when the little remnant of that fated band gathered on the summit of Pilot Rock; and as the rays of morning lighted up in quick succession the valleys and hills, and they beheld their foes kindling fires and building tents just out of the reach of rifle shot, despair filled their hearts, and they raved madly at Edmonds for conducting them to such sure destruction, forgetting that if he had been traitorous, he would scarcely have caught himself in his own trap. At last one, the most savage of the band, sprang fiercely towards him, determined at least to be revenged; the floodgates of Indian wrath once opened, one after another brandished his tomahawk or knife till the whole party, except a few of the noblest, were gathered scowlingly around him, their steel blades glistening in the light, and the silence of morning first broken by the warwhoop and the clash of weapons. His friends fell by his side, and despite his mad efforts, his foes were closing on him, when the thought of the torments their revenge would dictate, goaded him to a last struggle; the tall chief in his front, fell before his shortened rifle, and plunging through the gap his fall had made, he leaped wildly into the air and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

The rest of the sad story is soon told; those who survived that fearful morning, cooped up on a few feet of bare rock, and thinned by murderous strifes daily, either died by the hands of their former friends or starved on the chilly summit; while the Catawbas, having avenged the injuries of former years, and broken the strength of their dangerous enemy, returned to their home in triumph, bearing with them their trophies, and the account here given; and to this day, he must needs be an iron-hearted hunter who would "camp out" for a night on Pilot Mountain.

QUIVIS.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

THOUGH this department of the Magazine is usually dispensed with in the closing number, there are some few things that *must* be said, and they will come in under this form better than in any other way. And first, in regard to the engravings. You have doubtless discovered before this, kind reader, that we present you in this No. with an extra entertainment in the line of pictures; and perhaps you have already queried, whether this redundancy is to make up a corresponding deficiency in the "matter" department, or whether it really is our design to give you a kind of holiday feast at our departure, that "when we are removed from our stewardship, ye may receive us into your houses." You may regard us as having, to some extent, both objects in view. The portrait of Judge Daggett, we had already secured on our own private responsibility, and to gratify our own identical self, when some kind friends generously offered to pay the expenses necessary to insert a second engraving, and they very wisely selected the picture which occupies the place of a frontispiece in our Magazine. The impressions are from a fine steel plate, just engraved, and we can assure our friends that the picture looks like the buildings, for it has been our fortune to see them with our own eyes. Furthermore, the donors of the same assert, that they give it to adorn this No. out of regard to our own personal cleverness and good will. We acknowledge that we feel a little honest pride in being thus flattered; and we beg leave to make to said donors a very low bow, and to say in plain Yankee style, "*thankee*."

Oh! the horrors of sickness in college! Reader! have you ever tried it? If not, you are deficient in one item of college experience, which you never can gain after leaving this favored spot. How, on a sudden, every avenue leading either to the physical or financial revenues is closed up, and those leading from the same as suddenly thrown wide open! Then if you chance to have that modern leprosy—the scarlet fever—how every man, as he passes that way, will stand afar off and cry "unclean! unclean!" till his very shoutings have made his throat sore; then mistaking this artificial soreness for symptoms of the dreaded disease, to see him rush home, at the top of his speed, and lay a tax upon every cupboard, medicine-chest, and herb closet his house affords, is enough to make a sick man laugh, or a lame man dance.

Next to sickness for giving one the "blues," is the spending of a vacation in college. Those walks that had so long and so constantly been crowded with passers here and there, are all on a sudden deserted. The old doors, that had stood open night and day, for months, and given free passage to all the keenest winds and fiercest snows of winter, through which crowds had daily passed and re-passed, thick as honey bees laboring in the summer's sun, are mysteriously closed. The last window blind is shut and fastened so tight that the very bed bugs, (poor creatures, we pity them in these forty days of fasting, and we pity the poor Freshmen more when the days of recompense return,) as they wander in melancholy mood from room to room, must sometimes come to the sage conclusion, that the light of the sun is blotted out, (we take it for granted, from their long residence in college, that they are adepts in Astronomy,) or that some huge body has taken its station between us and it, thereby causing a perpetual eclipse.

It has been hinted to us that certain students annoy subscribers by borrowing their Magazines. In some of our solitary hours, we have labored long and hard to try to picture to ourselves the dimensions of that student's soul, who can screw himself down to the littleness of reading a borrowed Magazine. But all our efforts thus far have been fruitless. We feel perfectly safe in saying that Newton, with all his mathematics, could never measure such a soul; that all the geniuses of invention combined, could not contrive a microscope that would discover it to mortals.

We have been favored with a letter of rare character, from some friend, and we will give it below for the instruction of the public generally. As to correspondents farther than this, we are inclined to think they must have all gone to Texas, or some other favored retreat. At least, we have been unable to scare up any in these diggings. Even our "brother chips" have deserted us and fled.



MEASRS. EDITORS.—Knowing you one and all to be men of science and lovers of the mysterious works of Nature, and having been myself honored at one time with a Freshman's seat in that wonderful big college of yours, I take this opportunity of addressing you, and through you the world at large, at least so much of it as receives the rich blessings which your Magazine affords.

It so happened the other day, while puffing a rich Havana, and musing on the vicissitude of human life in the attic story of the Aleghanian Hotel, in the flourishing village of Yankelania, that I received a beautiful folded note, directed to me, Solomon Owiquill, Esq., and signed by the President and Faculty of Inglemus College, inviting my attendance at the annual examination of the Senior Class. Accepting the special honor conferred upon me, I proceeded immediately to the aforesaid institution, and was forthwith ushered into the presence of its illustrious dignitaries, consisting of nineteen Professors and three Tutors. The quick-timed strokes of their apology for a hall was hastening the steps of many a Freshman, trembling in the agony of *suspense* lest they should be *suspended*, while Sophomores and Juniors, having been through the mill, declared they were not afraid, and Seniors, with dignified air, pronounced it *sham*.

Conducted to the oratorical chamber, of seven by nine dimensions, I seated myself in the committee-box and was handed a catalogue by the learned professor. In a few moments this distinguished personage drew from his pocket a variegated snuff-box and emptied the contents upon the desk before him, which I found, on close inspection, to be nothing less than fine little tickets, beautifully inscribed with the names of the graduating class. Selecting one from the number the examination commenced.

*Prof. Wiseman*.—"Timothy Sproutwit! you will please answer the questions propounded, with clearness and precision. What is Political Chemistry?"

*Tim*.—"It is that science, sir, which treats of the combination and decomposition of political bodies; and as chemists are chiefly confined in their operations to heat and mixture, this science is frequently termed the science of heat and mixture."

*Prof*.—"Very well, sir. How are political bodies divided?"

*Tim*.—"They are divided, sir, into two great classes—imponderable and ponderable. The former includes smoke, heat, gas, and a small touch of electricity; the latter all other varieties of matter. Besides these, there are numerous other subordinate, classes, which though not as extensive, produce, under certain combinations, extraordinary results. Two, for example, are remarkable good supporters of combustion if not themselves combustible, possessing in common with others, an explosive property to a high degree. Political bodies are farther divided into simple and compound. It has been of late a matter of dispute among the learned faculty whether there are at present existing any simple political bodies, for while it is agreed that all are simple in a certain sense, none can be found whose particles are all of the same kind."

*Prof*.—"That is sufficient. You are entitled to a four and may retire. Peter Brown, can you give me the definition of Analysis and Synthesis, as employed by political chemists?"

*Peter*.—"Analysis is the method used to separate the parts of a compound body. Experiments of this kind are by no means unfrequent. Now democracy, which in a state of purity is an elementary political body, capable of enduring the most powerful heat that man can apply, and which presents in the crucible but little dross after it has passed the fiery ordeal, is found of late to have a small portion of foreign matter in its combination, and hence we see that even in the goodly city of Noviportus, not far off, Old Hunkerism and Young Democracy has been the result of political analysis. The compound blowpipe was here brought into action at the great laboratory in Washington, and so great was the heat generated in the process, that the fingers of the chief operator and his assistants were considerably burnt, singeing even the whiskers of one of the bystanders. It is thought, however, that by means of the conceding pump, the bodies which are now in a gaseous state may be so far condensed as to unite. Strong pressure will sometimes force a union in bodies of little affinity. In analyzing many of the political compound bodies of the present day, we find the ingredients to be extremely numerous and diversified. It is, in fact, difficult to find any which have not a large proportion of brass in their composition, rendering them far more tenacious and better conductors of caloric. Ductility is likewise an extensive property of these bodies, so much so indeed that the drawing of political pipe as a communication between neighboring states, has become quite an employment of late. Gold, too, has been found to increase the volume of political bodies by its strong power of attracting foreign matter;

and so far even has human cupidity been excited, that rags are extensively employed as a substitute by the adjunct professors of this noble science. Gold indeed entered for a time as one of the prime elements in the combination of a certain political body, and in numerous experiments, at the political furnace, shining mint drops, of a yellow hue, were discovered hanging to the *retort*. Rags, moreover, though strictly vegetable in their origin, are changed in their properties by a peculiarly intricate process of political refinement, sending forth bright scintillations, which are collected in a clay receiver for future use."

*Prof.*—"That will answer, Mr. Brown. You should have mentioned, however, the difficulty experienced in confining the last mentioned bodies, and how easily they are absorbed by surrounding objects. Mr. Fitzmade, will you give us some idea of Political Synthesis?"

*Mr. Fitz.*—"The methods used by political chemists to combine the ingredients and form a compound is various, and highly instructive. By Synthesis we unite Federalism, Antimasonry, Conservatism, a little Clay, &c. to form Whiggery; we unite Demagoguism, Bigotry, &c. to form Native Americanism, and so on through the list; by Analysis we expose the compounds either to violent heat, the appointing battery, or the action of various acids, and while some portions go off in steam, frequently with explosion, others are left in mechanical union."

*Prof.*—"Very good, Mr. Fitzmade, that is sufficient. Mr. Fizzle, can you tell us the specific gravity of different political bodies?"

*Fiz.*—"Don't know that I can, sir. There's a remarkable difference of opinion on that point. Some of 'em pretend to a monstrous deal of gravity, sir; but I've happened to see 'em in their little rooms, sir, their private apartments. Some are weighty enough, I suppose, but I hain't the proper scales, sir, and it would be necessary to take into consideration the drams and scruples, sir. I would like to be excused, sir, from farther examination in this matter."

*Prof.*—"You have recited very poorly, sir, and I am sorry to be under the painful necessity of having you call at my room this afternoon. Mr. Flunk, will you proceed with the subject on which Mr. Fizzle failed?"

*Flunk.*—"Don't understand the question, sir."

*Prof.*—"What is Political Specific Gravity?"

*Flunk.*—"That is not in my book, sir."

*Prof.*—"I think it must be, sir; but can you tell us anything of the subject, at all?"

*Flunk.*—"Don't know, sir."

Here the dinner-bell interrupted the exercises, and the remainder was postponed until half past three P. M. Your old schoolmate, SOLOMON OWLQUILL.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received the WILLIAMS' MONTHLY MISCELLANY for March and April. Their character, as a whole, we think superior to any numbers we have had the pleasure of examining before. We were particularly interested in the productions of "Scio." We also think "Bob Easy" could not well be spared from his department. We regard the piece entitled "A Chapter in Life," as *excellent* of the kind.

The LOWELL OFFERING for April is also before us. Coming from the source it does, how could it be otherwise than interesting? We can trace on its pages the same merriness, playful, bewitching features, that we have so often gazed at and admired in the female countenance. We only add, go on and prosper.

We know not as the Albany Rose has blossomed during the last month. If not, we presume it is owing to the cold spring. We trust the young ladies will never suffer it to droop for want of proper attention.

It is hoped that the protracted indisposition of the Editor, through the whole labor of preparing this No. for press, will be sufficient apology for any deficiencies that may characterize it, either in regard to matter or manner. It will be seen, by the signatures, that we have a choice little gem from a female hand. We hope our fair readers, if any we have, will take the hint and profit by this example.

*Errata.*—P. 270, line 18, for Tears, read Years. P. 273, line 16, for admonitions, read abominations.

## EDITORS' FAREWELL.

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With feelings not unlike those that exist in the breast of a parent, when about to yield a beloved child to the care and protection of another, do we come to this last task of our editorial labors; rejoicing that we are henceforth to be relieved from the anxiety and toil consequent upon past duties, yet indulging in a momentary sadness at seeing thus unceremoniously sundered, the ties that unite us to our fondly cherished Maga. For who but an Editor knows an Editor's attachment to the object on which, for a year, he has bestowed his thoughts by day and his dreams by night, and care for whose prosperity has too often robbed him alike of the hours of recreation and of rest?

We would say to our successors, you assume no trifling task in taking charge of the Magazine. But you start from high vantage ground, to which years of toil have raised it. Let it henceforth be worthy of its past history, and that of the Institution it represents. Strive to make it a casket in which every student will carry away the choicest jewels of his college existence. And if there be one sunny spot in all your future lives, it will be when you have leisure to take up its carefully treasured volumes, and through them commune with spirits of the past, and companions of early days.

To our Classmates, for their kind sympathies and generous support, we tender our hearty thanks. Wishing them and all our readers success in life, and heaven's choicest blessing to rest upon them, we would say, in the sincerity of our hearts, FARE YE WELL.

|                                                                                  |   |                                          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|------------------------------------------|
| WM. BINNEY,<br>GUY B. DAY,<br>JNO. W. HARDING,<br>GEO. C. HILL,<br>THO. KENNEDY, | } | <i>Editors of<br/>the Class of 1845.</i> |
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YALE COLLEGE, April 22d, 1845.

VOL. X.

No. VII.

FOR

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



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NEW HAVEN.

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|                                                                 |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| To our Readers,                                                 | 1  |
| Legal Practice,                                                 | 2  |
| Ames's Political Writings,                                      | 3  |
| The Dying Soldier,                                              | 4  |
| Appearance versus Worth,                                        | 5  |
| Rousseau's Theory of Natural Rights,                            | 6  |
| Respect,                                                        | 7  |
| The Cherokee,                                                   | 8  |
| Biography,                                                      | 9  |
| Lines, suggested by an engraving of the Cemetery at Mt. Auburn, | 10 |
| Literary Notices,                                               | 11 |
| Editors' Table,                                                 | 12 |

## TO OUR READERS.

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WITH no fear, yet without boldness, we would greet you. Confident that you will freely extend to us all the indulgence you have shown our predecessors, we have no reason to feel abashed, as we enter your presence. Setting aside, therefore, the formalities of an introduction, we simply say—a moment ago we were strangers to you; such are we no longer. Your interests and ours, henceforth for a season, will be, in part, the same. So have the Fates decreed. Let us, then, be friends.

The YALE LITERARY will soon have completed its tenth year. When first it started into existence, its limbs were feeble. It was content to balance itself as well as it could, on the narrow and slippery foothold of what was then—the Present. Now, whether its intellect has become more fully developed or not, its frame, at least, has grown strong. Age has added to it, perhaps, wisdom, but, at all events, firmness of muscle; while its ground has widened into a larger circle, including with the Present somewhat of the Past, and somewhat of the Future. How large that Future shall prove to be, will depend partly upon you; partly upon us.

Having denied fear, we would fain call by the milder name of modesty, certain misgivings which we cannot but acknowledge that we feel. These arise from a sentiment of profound respect towards you, mingled with the consciousness of our own wants both of talent and experience. The task which we have assumed is difficult; more so, probably than you imagine, certainly

more arduous than most people suppose. We must, therefore, propitiate your favor as far as we can do it without sacrificing propriety.

We will begin by making two promises. More might be given, for promising is easy. But two will answer our purpose. First—we shall not always and in every respect please you. Next—we will please you whenever we can, and as well as we can. These pledges are all that you will expect or demand. They are all that we can give or fulfill. By these we shall stand or fall. Be generous—and we will cheerfully “bide the issue.”

Classmates! we appreciate the distinction you have conferred upon us. But, while we express our gratitude and acknowledge our duty toward you, we must ask you to lay us under one more obligation, by heartily helping us to sustain—your own honor.

We remain, Readers and

Classmates, respectfully,

YOUR EDITORS.

THE

# YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. X.

JUNE, 1845.

No. 7.

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## LEGAL PRACTICE.

“Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman and uncondemned?”

A LATE essayist, of considerable repute, has attempted to prove that “there is in the ordinary character of legal practice, much that is not reconcilable with rectitude.” If by this language the writer merely meant to say that unprincipled men are to be found in the ranks of the legal profession, men who scruple not to sacrifice all other considerations for the sake of gain, and who take advantage of the many opportunities which their position affords them, for extortion and cruelty—if this were the sum and substance of the charge; we should no more think of denying its truth than of ascribing an unusual degree of profundity to its author. For the same thing may be truly said of every profession. The knaveries of Trade, for instance, are proverbial. All along the range of mercantile transactions, from the petty dealings of the huckster’s table to the grand operations of the broker’s board, secret fraud and open robbery are things of not unfrequent occurrence. The quack carries his gold-headed cane, while too often the hypocrite and the libertine, clad in sacerdotal robes, preach the pure doctrines of our religion, and minister at the altar in God’s holy temple.

But the proposition laid down by the author to whom we have alluded, and sustained by him with much plausibility, really means, as it afterwards appears, *that a lawyer, engaged in the regular practice of his calling, does necessarily and habitually disregard the precepts of morality*; that, by undertaking to defend the cause of his client, without regard to its justice or injustice, he prostitutes his learning and talents to the perversion of law and the injury of society. Broad and sweeping as this assertion is, it does not lack supporters. The same thing was recently maintained, with great bitterness, by a writer in the Democratic Review, who, not content with argument, thought proper to denounce those who differ from him in opinion, as either corrupt at heart or weak in understanding. Public opinion,



also, to a certain extent, regards the lawyer with a suspicious eye, while with singular inconsistency, it entrusts to his care some of the most important of the public interests.

It is not strange that thoughtless, or prejudiced, or morbidly conscientious persons, should err in judgment on this subject. When an atrocious deed has been committed, and the voice of a whole community is calling for retribution on the head of the offender; when suspicion has marked out its victim, and arraigned him before the tribunal of justice; when proof linked to proof seems to have fastened around him a chain of iron; when every mind is satisfied of his guilt, and every heart eager for his condemnation; when, under these circumstances, an advocate stands up in defense of the accused, and coolly proceeds to show that on account of some legal technicality, his client cannot be rightfully convicted; when crime is thus suffered to escape all punishment from the hands of man, and stalks boldly forth, freed from its fetters, it is perfectly natural that many should feel grieved and indignant at so unfortunate a result; and no less natural that superficial reasoners, or even sensible persons in the heat of excitement, should vent their reproaches on the man who, as it appears to them, has wilfully and wickedly "made the worse appear the better cause."

In most cases false conclusions on this subject may be traced to a single radical error,—that of reasoning as if the divine and human systems of governments were one and the same, by using in the same sense terms applicable (but only in different senses) to both. Thus it may be said, that the law of the land has been established for the administration of impartial justice, or, in other words, for the protection of the innocent and the punishment of the guilty. All this, properly understood, is true. But it is not true that human government is ordained, as many seem to think, *for the purpose of compelling men to do whatsoever God requires*. Divine government, extending its jurisdiction even to the secret thoughts and purposes of the mind, is based on the immutable principles of right and wrong; HUMAN GOVERNMENT SOLELY ON THE RIGHT OF SELF-DEFENSE, RESIDING IN THE INDIVIDUAL AND IN SOCIETY AT LARGE. You are amenable to the Judge of the universe for every violation of moral law, but to society only for encroachments on the rights of your neighbor. You may, if you please, make to yourself a graven image, bow down to it and worship it; you may daily break every one of the ten commandments, (to all intents and purposes,) but if you injure no man's person, property, or reputation, no human tribunal, though instituted, as we say, for the express purpose of dispensing justice, can rightfully molest you. Where the line is to be drawn between those immoral acts which are, and those which are not, so clearly hurtful to society as to justify the interference of government, it would be difficult to say; but it is certain that such a line must be drawn somewhere; and the only ground on which any interference can be allowable, even in cases of aggravated wickedness, must be, as we have here stated, not the *duty* of society to render unto every man the reward of his deeds, but its *right* of defending itself and its members against manifest injury;

that right which, in the absence of government, belongs to every individual. Attack this position, and you find yourself sustaining the most glaring absurdities. You put a literal and blasphemous interpretation on the motto, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," and assume it as your creed. For as law is only the expression of the public will, it follows that if it is the province of law to declare and enforce all moral obligation, the source from which that public will proceeds must be the Supreme Moral Governor of the world. But if it be granted that the law of the land stands on the basis where we have endeavored to show that it does stand, it must be allowed that there is not and cannot be among men any high court for the administration of abstract Justice. The chimerical idea of any such institution must be put entirely out of view; and it must be understood that courts of "justice" are appointed to dispense "justice" *exactly so far as the law of the land runs parallel with the law of God, and no farther*. Beyond that limit their functions are suspended.

Law and Justice are, and ought to be, in some respects, very different things. Take, for example, the statute of limitations, which bars the collection of a note after six years have passed, without any acknowledgment of indebtedness on the part of the giver. It is universally admitted that this law is highly judicious and useful to society. And yet it prevents the honest creditor from obtaining that which is justly his due, while it frees the dishonest debtor, on certain conditions, from all legal obligation to fulfill his duty as a moral being. On the face of it, this operation of the law appears to be unjust, and those who confound divine with human government, would no doubt maintain that it is so. But a little reflection shows that in this case the State does not, through her law, say to the debtor,—“You are not morally bound to perform your engagements;” the language in which she addresses him is rather this,—“You ought to pay your debts if you can, it is true, but for certain good and sufficient reasons *I will not compel you to do it*. If it were necessary for my own defense that I should enforce this moral obligation of yours, from which I have neither power nor disposition to release you, I should certainly do so. But my well-being requires that I should leave you to take your own course. Go, I advise you to be honest; but if you will persist in your roguery, I wash my hands; I have done with you.”

Now while we deny to the laws, beyond their proper sphere of influence, all authority over the consciences and conduct of men, it must be owned that within that sphere they are supreme. The legislator may, by way of municipal regulation, bid us “remember the Sabbath day,” so far as not to disturb others in their devotions, although he cannot require us to “keep it holy.” On the same ground, and on no other, he may say, “thou shalt not steal,” and “thou shalt do no murder.” He may also prescribe suitable forms and conditions, without observing which we shall not obtain at his hand redress for injury. Within his province he is absolute sovereign. There is on earth no higher. For the moment you assume that there is among men a judicial power superior to that which he appoints the moment you declare

that it is right for any one man, or set of men to exercise that power on their own responsibility—that moment you strike a blow at the very existence of society.

Why do we shudder when we hear that some guilty wretch has been torn in pieces by a mob? Is it because his punishment has been too severe? Suppose, then, his villainy to be so monstrous that no refinement of suffering would be a sufficient expiation. Do we feel on this account any the less indignant at the outrage to which he has been subjected? Do we not perceive that the great safeguard of the commonwealth has, in his person, been beaten down and trodden under foot, and that our own security, our property, our lives, are now held by a feebleness of tenure than they were before? Will it be a sufficient excuse for the perpetrators of the deed to say that their victim had committed a crime for which his punishment was not half a recompense? Who appointed *them* to be the conservators of the public morals? Who, by setting *them* above the laws of the land, put into their unsteady hands the prerogatives of the Almighty?

But suppose that instead of this mob, a judge and jury had doomed the wretched man to the gallows, his criminality being perfectly evident, while at the same time the *peculiar kind of proof required by law* had not been offered against him. This case differs from the other somewhat in outward show, perhaps, but, in the only essential point, none at all. In the act of uttering sentence of condemnation, the court threw off allegiance to the law, assumed powers which it had no right to exercise, and put itself in the position of the mob, acting on its own responsibility, with no sanction from any source whatever. If it be wrong for uncircumcised to pass the threshold of the temple, it cannot be right for high priests to defile the inner sanctuary. If those who claim no authority under the law may not set it at defiance, those who are entrusted with its administration surely must not be suffered to disregard its demands.

THE LAW OF THE LAND, then, while binding on the community at large, OUGHT TO BE EMPHATICALLY THE SUPREME RULE OF ACTION IN ALL JUDICIAL PROCEEDINGS. If it be defective, the legislator should, if possible, correct its errors. But the judge must take it as it is, dispense it as it is, and if its awards fall short of perfect justice, he is not to blame for the result. To him it must be a rule as rigorous and inflexible as the laws of his own physical and intellectual nature; a word from which he must not take, and to which he must not add, one jot or tittle. From the necessity of the case, a rigid application of this principle must leave much wrong unrighted, and suffer many a villain to escape unwhipped; and it is impossible for human wisdom to devise a plan by which these evils may be prevented. But it is better that they should exist—better that injury should sometimes go unredressed and crime unpunished—better that the thief and the murderer should be occasionally left to a final and certain retribution, than that the law, beneficent as it is in its general operation, should fail to be thoroughly enforced. All that can be said of such cases is, that society, having done its utmost for self-protection, not being omnipotent, must be content to bear those minor

evils which it cannot escape, while clinging to the greater good on which its whole security depends.

Having now, as we think, shown that the law ought to be at all hazards maintained, and having settled a few general truths necessary to be kept in mind, we may proceed to examine the grave charge so often urged against the lawyer, that he willingly advocates either side of a legal dispute, whether it be right or wrong. And in order to test the principle involved, we will put a strong case, by affirming that he may justly defend a criminal, whom he knows to be guilty. We shall not of course be understood to say that he may assume the duty of defense if, before he has had any professional connexion with the case, he possess that knowledge concerning it which would qualify him to appear as a witness. For the law would, in such circumstances, require him to offer his testimony. What we assert is, that if, after he has been retained as counsel, he should discover the guilt of his client, either by the culprit's own confession or in any other way, he is, notwithstanding, bound to proceed in the defense. We do not say that he may use all means to effect his object. He may neither suborn a witness, nor bribe a juror, nor utter a wilful falsehood. If the act of defending his client necessarily implied the commission of either of these wrongs, nothing could justify his course for a moment. Now it has been said by some that the lawyer, by appearing on behalf of the prisoner at all, tacitly professes to believe him innocent and is therefore chargeable with falsehood whenever he does this, with full knowledge of his guilt. This is not true. All that he professes is, that there are, in his opinion, grounds of defence which the court ought to consider before passing sentence of conviction. If there is any one maxim of law more admirable than any other, it is that which presumes every man innocent, until his guilt has been clearly and legally established. In order to secure the full application of this principle, it becomes necessary for the prisoner's counsel to scrutinize every particle of testimony and put upon it the best construction that it will bear; to suggest every reasonable doubt; to point out every flaw in the indictment; and, in short, to take advantage of every favorable circumstance, setting forth distinctly whatever may in his judgment form a legal impediment in the way of conviction. All this he may do, because the great ends of public justice cannot be answered unless it *be* done; for unless every avenue of escape left open by the law, be kept free for the passage of every prisoner, unless the bright side of his case be fairly brought out in contrast with the dark—the name of an impartial trial becomes a mockery; the thing signified, a solemn farce. In thus presenting the claims of his client, the lawyer practices no deception. He does not pretend to act in the capacity of a judge, but avows himself an interested advocate. His position is well understood, and his appearance for the accused cannot be construed into a profession of belief in his innocence. In fact, he has nothing to do with the question whether the man is guilty or not, except so far as the attention of the court is directed to the inquiry, whether that guilt can or cannot be *legally proved*.

Will it be said that the lawyer is bound to argue both sides of the case? It is necessary that both sides be fully represented, but the manner in which this is to be done, whether by one person, or two, or ten, is a mere question of expediency. We may conceive of a state of things in which the duties of legislator, judge, jury, advocate, and executioner might all be performed by the same person. It would be an improvement on a system so cumbrous and despotic, to withdraw the law-making power and place it in the hands of another individual. The next step would be to separate the judicial from the other functions, and in due process of time we should arrive at our present arrangement, declared by good sense and experience to be on the whole wisest and best, under which the several offices of legislation, judgment, accusation, defense, and execution are kept distinct from each other and respectively assigned to different individuals. If the accuser does his part, the defender his, the judge his, or the hangman his, he is not called upon to assume any other duty, but may leave that to be performed by the appointed person. If by the corruption or mistakes of judge or jury a man has been illegally condemned to imprisonment, the officer whose business it is to carry sentence into execution, must not step out of his proper place to revise the decision of the court, but proceed to obey its mandate. He has no discretion in the premises. He has no right to take upon himself the obligations of others, and is not chargeable with the wrong which they may do. In the same way the lawyer, whether employed for prosecution or defense, ought to confine himself to his peculiar duty, throwing off upon the shoulders of others all responsibility for their own errors.

If these views are correct, the advocate does nothing wrong in the simple act of defending a criminal with full knowledge of his guilt; and nothing can make his conduct improper except the use of unjustifiable means to effect his object. His course is clear. He is to present only those aspects of the cause which are favorable to his client. If the law does not reach the case, if there is any irregularity of procedure on the part of the prosecution, if there is any doubt as to the sufficiency of the evidence, if there are any extenuating circumstances, his business it is to urge these points on the attention of the court with suitable zeal and energy. And that case must be very desperate, which does not admit of defense on one or all of these grounds—particularly the two last mentioned.

Viewed in his true relations, the lawyer, who, by fair means, confining himself entirely within his own sphere, labors to secure the strict execution of the laws, is a public benefactor. It is idle, nay wicked, to stigmatize such a man who fearlessly and uprightly performs the high duties of his profession, as an abettor of crime, a mercenary orator whose trade it is to quirk and quibble and "make the worse appear the better cause."

Among the great luminaries which have at different periods adorned the English bar, none ever shone with purer brilliancy than Thomas

Erskine. A profound lawyer, a polished scholar, an eloquent advocate, he was enabled by the variety of his accomplishments and the splendor of his genius to command universal admiration, when the star of the "mighty Mansfield" was in the zenith of its glory. But it was not by these powers alone that Erskine was distinguished among his contemporaries. As a Christian, who by the purity of his private life always illustrated the great principles of his religion, at a time when infidelity was popular, and the hellish cry, "Crush the Wretch!" was ringing throughout Europe, he won a bright and unfading renown. Yet Erskine did not hesitate to stand up in defense of Thomas Paine, in a case where the proofs of guilt were both numerous and convincing, although, as he stated in his plea, "in every place where business or pleasure collected the public together, day after day" his "name and character were made the topic of injurious reflection, for not shrinking from the discharge of a duty which no personal advantages recommended and a thousand difficulties repelled. For," said he, "from the moment that any advocate can be permitted to say that he will not stand between the crown and the subject arraigned in the court where he daily sits to practice—from that moment the liberties of England are at an end."

Such were the sentiments and such the practice of a Christian scholar, lawyer and gentleman. We envy not the clear perceptions of any one who, upon calm reflection, will venture to say that for these words and this conduct Erskine deserves to be called by any other than an honorable name. We repeat it, a lawyer may advocate the cause of a man whom he believes or knows to be guilty. It is a difficult, a painful, and sometimes a perilous task. But it is one from which the honest, high-spirited lawyer will never shrink. Whatever reproach he may incur, whatever vile epithets a mistaken view of right may lead unthinking men to heap upon him, he will fearlessly uphold the majesty of LAW, that broad shield of the Commonwealth which protects alike the rights of the innocent and the guilty.

Although, for the sake of clearness, we have fixed our attention on the single topic of criminal practice, it is obvious that the principles which we have laid down are, if sound, equally applicable to legal practice in general.

We have given those whose opinions are opposed to ours, every advantage to be derived from arguing on extreme cases. We have allowed to the law all that "glorious uncertainty" so often ascribed to it, which, however, might with far more justice be charged against the good sense of "intelligent juries" and the veracity of "incorruptible witnesses." We have gone farther, and, without qualifying our language, granted a wide difference to exist between Law and Justice. We have regarded the lawyer as always engaged in a cause not only bad, but known by himself to be so. On all these admissions, made for the sake of argument, and bearing strongly against that view of the subject which we hold to be correct, we have endeavored to defend against unjust charges the integrity of a useful profession. If we have been unsuccessful, the failure is due in part to our having granted too much and claimed too little. If the rules by which our courts are

controlled, and their proceedings directed, are wrong ; if in particular the plan of *dividing labor, by assigning to different persons different duties, and restricting each within his own limits*, is really so corrupt and corrupting as some pretend to say—then our legal institutions ought to be broken down and organized anew. But those who propose so great a change as this, should at least bring forward strong reasons to rebut the presumption against them. If, however, our present system is based on principles which approve themselves to the sound judgment of every candid inquirer ; if, while not intended as a substitute for Divine government it ensures to us the enjoyment of civil rights, as far as any civil institution can ; if, consecrated by time and improved by the wisdom of successive generations, it really is, as we would fain believe, the great bulwark of order and liberty in the State ; let the witting wag not against it his foolish tongue ; let the pseudo-philosopher and enthusiast lay not upon it his unhallowed hand.

If it were true that “there is in the ordinary character of legal practice much that is not reconcilable with rectitude,” we should expect to find the lawyer notoriously depraved in all the relations of life. If it were the sweat of his brow, and the bread of his mouth, to disregard the warnings of conscience, the precepts of religion and the obligations of honor, and that too, publicly and systematically ; we should look for his place among the most disreputable classes in every virtuous community. But so far from discovering these reasonable inferences to be correct, we see that wherever intelligence is greatest and morality most rigid, wherever the rights of men are best understood and best protected, wherever public peace is most firm while freedom is most free—there the character of the lawyer is most respected and his influence most extensive—there no duty is too high for him to perform, no station too exalted for the reach of his ambition.

There is no better way to estimate the good or evil nature of a given course of conduct, than by observing its effects upon the minds and characters of those who engage in it. Let this test be applied to the lawyer. We speak not now of the quack, the miserable demagogue who forsakes his legitimate pursuits for those of the party-wire-puller, and supernumerary-low-comedian of the political stage. Such a man sinks only to his true level when he abandons his business to crawl on the slimy bottom of “that great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.” With him we have nothing to do. We would turn our attention to that class of men, who, while they cannot, as good citizens, keep entirely aloof from politics, do not neglect their proper occupation for that of the office seeker, but devoting themselves to their profession, *spend their lives under those influences which it naturally brings to bear upon their minds*. If it shall appear that *they* are generally inferior to others in virtue, we may ascribe their faults in some measure to a bad tendency in their pursuits. But if the contrary is true ; if, as we venture to affirm, there is no body of men, in any community, more distinguished for high moral worth than those who alone deserve to be called Lawyers, what shall we infer as to the principles on which they habitually act ? It is a singular fact, which

those who consider legal practice as "peculiarly characterized by sacrifices of rectitude" may account for as they please—that the integrity of a Judge, in this country, is rarely if ever called in question. Our political contests are carried on with a reckless disregard of decency. Personal abuse is the weightiest argument with every party. No function seems so sacred, no character so pure, as to secure its possessor from the malignant attacks of partisan fury. But amid all this turmoil, this hatred, this violence, we see a body of public officers, whose position exposes them to constant observation, whose political opinions are generally well known and audibly expressed, elevated with one consent by the universal voice of the people, almost above the reach of suspicion—a tribute to the uprightness of the American Judge no less honorable to his countrymen than it is to himself.

Like other men, the Lawyer has his peculiar temptations. Like others, he may, if he please, cast off the restraints of virtue. But if he be honest, if he be strong, if he would protect the poor and the oppressed, support the Right and crush the Wrong, he will find in the "ordinary practice" of his profession a wide and noble field for benevolent exertion, in which he may labor "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*,"—through which he may pass with conscience untroubled, with courage undaunted, with honor unstained.

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#### AMES'S POLITICAL WRITINGS.

IN a previous number we ascribed the neglect in which Paine's political writings are held, in part to the infamy that enshrouds his name. Though there seems the same indifference to the productions before us, we can by no means account for it by the same reason. Not the slightest accusation can be brought against the public or private career of Fisher Ames. Even the polluting breath of slander has been unable to contaminate its purity, or dim its brightness. His character was adorned with almost every virtue to which man can lay claim. To a political course of perfect consistency—to a close observance of the holy ties of friendship—to unremitting exertions in all the great causes of benevolence and humanity—to the warmest and truest zeal of the patriot, was added a firm belief in Christianity, and his every action scrupulously regulated by its principles. Though a warm partisan in times of great political excitement and bitterness, his irreproachable life served as an umbrella to shield him from the scorching rays of party rancor.

But aside from this, these essays, though newspaper effusions, are by no means the productions of a mere scribbler. They need no other recommend to attention than their own merit. They contain the views and opinions of a ripe scholar and profound thinker upon subjects of no trivial consequence and interest, expressed in elegant



language, and every way portraying a cultivated intellect and a refined taste. Ames's pen was frequently employed during some of the most important events in our public history. His first article, written at the time of Shay's rebellion, endeavored to point out the causes of that event, the effects which it might produce, as well as the measures best to be adopted for its suppression. Young as he then was, his views were much noticed for the ability they displayed, and commended for the liberal and patriotic tone that pervaded them. He entered the first Congress under the Federal Constitution, and was a member of that body during the whole of Washington's administration. The laurels he there won as an eloquent speaker, and the universal respect in which he was held, are too well known to need repeating by us. We have not undertaken to discuss his oratorical powers—great as they were, and gaining him as they did a brilliant reputation—but to review, as we are able, his political essays. Compelled by ill health, after eight years of useful service to his country in her legislative halls, to retire to the more quiet and less laborious walks of private life, he yet was no unmoved spectator of the events transacting in the world around him. He sought not to raise himself to a stoical contemplation of his country's course, without action or interference, but from the high regions of calm and dignified retirement, he flung himself through the thick storm-cloud of party strife, to battle vigorously and manfully with his pen for what he conceived to be Justice and Right. The observations made from this elevated and commanding position upon the contending ranks beneath, and as occasion required, sent forth to instruct and assist the people in their rights and their duties, are what now more particularly claim our attention, and must ever stand monuments of our author's genius and worth.

Some of the ablest of these articles were written in support of the principles and measures of the old Federal party, of which he was an active and conscientious member. We say *old*, because many are inclined to make a distinction between its early and later tenets, and to praise the former while they utterly condemn the ground it took in the last war. And certainly, however much its after course may deserve censure, Time, "the great expounder of all doubtful problems," has confirmed the correctness and wisdom of the position it at first held, and of which Ames was the great champion and defender. His writings may have tended to produce those ultra acts for frustrating the will of the majority at the period in question—but we cannot blame him. He but acted the part of a true and faithful citizen, as he was privileged and bound to do, in opposing a policy that he disapproved; and though it was unavoidable but that impressions should have been left upon some, that caused them to continue their opposition after its adoption had made such opposition criminal, yet he was not answerable for the event. We have no reason to suppose but that, had he lived to have seen that policy made the policy of the country, by the power of the then existing administration, it would have received his hearty co-operation; and had his influence been flung into the waver-

ing scale, it might possibly have saved the escutcheon of his own party from that stain which so many lament as soiling what was otherwise pure and without blemish. At any rate it witnessed no permanent blot till he, having passed away from all earthly scenes, ceased to govern and control its movements. He himself has triumphantly refuted the stereotyped charge of British influence and bribery, which its great rival, the then Democratic party, with all its art and ingenuity, endeavored to bring upon it. Without questioning the purity of motives upon either side, we believe that now, when momentary passions and prejudices have subsided, the common sense of the country will bear us out in the assertion, that the principles and measures of the Old Federal Party were the only true ones to have been pursued under the then embarrassing circumstances; and that those of its opponent tended to entangle our government in the web of the French Revolution in which so many mighty kingdoms of Europe even then lay bound, struggling, though helpless.

At least such was the inevitable result, as Ames maintained; and more fully to make manifest how much danger there was in the designs of France, he also published from time to time many articles upon the state of its politics, and those of Europe in general. The opinions he has expressed in these, upon those novel events of which the most civilized portion of the Eastern continent was then the theatre, are no less creditable to his intellect and judgment, than his strictures upon affairs at home. Though not possessing the favorable position of the historian, who, removed at a distance, can now view the stature of the French Revolution from a vantage ground that enables him better to discover its due proportions, and point out its deformities, he yet was not blinded, by any outward show, as to its real character. He mistook not the mist, stained and reddened by the blood of ten thousand guillotined victims, for the dewy vapor of the morning, made gorgeous by reflection from the rising sun of Liberty; nor did its brilliancy dazzle his eye, or conceal from it the scenes of horror beneath. Living and writing at the very time when so many around him were deceived by the appearance of freedom for its reality, his name is found among those honored few whom nothing could make confound the echo in the ear with the image in the heart. He who thus, when the world in its convulsions has made all giddy—when the crash of falling systems and governments has turned the reason and blunted the judgments of the highest and best—yet keeps his head cool and his sight keen, to discover amid the general wreck its actual condition, is entitled, we think, to great praise for discernment, and deservedly ranks among the wise men of his age. The sagacity of Ames in this respect rivals that of Burke. As the latter in England, so the former here, must ever be considered as the representative of the Anti-Jacobin party on this side of the Atlantic.

"*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*," is the motto that his friends have prefixed to Ames's works, and though no doubt we must allow something to the indulgence of affection, there yet is much truth in the claim. The lively and pregnant issues of his brain bear marks of

a power, and seem to have been wrought to a degree of perfection that few writers on topics of a temporary nature have attained. His style was classic and pure, combining in part the profuseness and richness, the thought, imagery, and freshness of feeling of the Elizabethan era, with the chasteness and simplicity of the Addisonian school. He, in common with the other American essayists of that period, possessed all the advantage of the increased perfection and advanced state of European civilization and literature, while the less cultivated condition of society here gave them somewhat of the same freedom and want of restraint that adds so many charms to the productions of the early English writers.

Perhaps we cannot better develop the peculiarities of Ames, than by instituting a comparison between him and Paine. There is a striking resemblance in many particulars between their styles. Both have almost the same terseness of thought and expression—the same inter-spersion of general maxims and principles—the same fancy, though perhaps at times it is not regulated as well in Ames—he often piling metaphor on metaphor, and half smothering the subject beneath similes—the same wit and power of ridicule, and, with all, the same simplicity. But here the points of resemblance end. There is but little similarity between the political principles they inculcated. Though both were tried champions of the goddess Liberty, there was a wide difference between the opinions they entertained of her attributes. To Paine, she was a free and unrestrained maiden, whimsical as the people's notions, powerful as the people's mob—to Ames, she was a staid and becoming matron, controlled and checked by rule, co-sovereign and co-worker with law. Paine thought Democracy a supremely efficacious balm for all social evils—a fountain whose life-giving waters would wash out all the sins of society; but Ames feared it as a poison that would kill—a deluge that would devastate. Paine delighted to dwell on the abstract universal rights of man—their equal privileges and equal conditions by nature; Ames to exhibit the lawless tendency of humanity—the necessity of government, and principles of practical utility in conducting its every-day affairs. Paine trusted every thing in the people. His faith in them was one that hoped all things, believed all things—their will was law; they could commit no wrong. On the other hand, Ames distrusted their capacity, and feared their licentiousness. Paine anticipated no results from the brooding storm of their convulsions but the tinted beauties of the rainbow, and the refreshed appearance of the earth. Ames was rather dazzled by the flashes of lightning, stunned by the peals of thunder; and thought only of the sweeping whirlwind, by which cities and lands were made desolate. Though both were staunch and unflinching republicans, they were yet the embodiments of those opposite extremes of the same creed that often have as little sympathy with each other as the naturally more conflicting doctrines of different theories. According to the common acceptance of the terms, Paine's political sentiments were radical, while the ultraism of Ames upon

the other side, in a free confederacy like ours, may perhaps be considered the golden mean—the conservative view of things.

We have no difficulty in tracing this dissimilarity in their views to the respective influences of the times in which they lived. Paine had been nurtured among the arbitrary rules of aristocratic society, and from actual experience feeling keenly its injustice, he knew no bounds in his efforts to destroy it; but Ames, imbibing his political notions amid the turbulence of the Old Confederation, when our nation seemed verging to the very Niagara of anarchy, received such a shock from the contemplation of its giddy height, as made him ever after fear being drawn within reach of its resistless current. They were peculiarly adapted to benefit their own day and generation. The boldness of Paine was admirably calculated to break through the old landmarks of custom, and fill the people with those exalted opinions of their own power and importance, so necessary for a successful resistance to aggression. Their independence once gained, the writings of Ames must have been most salutary in counteracting the increasing spirit of a wild fanatic notion of freedom, which their previous success tended so much to promote. We would go to the former to imbue our hearts with an intense love of liberty, to raise in our minds high conceptions of man's unbounded rights, and a never faltering hope in his capability for self-government; but to the latter, for such caution in our operations, and such practical views as can alone give those hopes consistency, and render them permanent.

Taken as a whole, we would place much firmer reliance upon the political sentiments inculcated by Ames. He had both the advantage in early discipline, and a better acquaintance with the workings of our institutions. With equal discrimination, he had more caution and judgment. He shows an accurate knowledge of history, and ever endeavors to profit by its suggestions. He seems to have studied the workings of other governments, both ancient and modern, in all their minutest ramifications, and ever aims to make their experience bear upon our own. Few political essayists now abound so much in classical allusions, or examples drawn from the annals of the past. There seems to exist a sort of false delicacy, so to speak, which fears lest such references should be considered pedantic and tame. But it was not so with Ames. He knew that such illustrations were ever useful to fix attention—to please and to instruct. Aware that we were proceeding in an experiment of no small difficulty, with a readiness and an ingenuity truly surprising, he hunted up and brought forward parallel cases from all ages of the world. He has scarcely treated of an event or topic of his day, in which his own views are not strengthened and enforced by citing some similar occurrence from history. He was incited to this by his distrust in our popular institutions. The danger to them was the phantom that ever flitted before his imagination. It haunted him in his midnight dreams, and left him not in his daily occupation. It was the theme of his public discourse, and his almost constant subject of conversation in the social circle. He thought that by portraying the folly of trusting upon the passions and

vices of the multitude—that by frequent allusion to every example where such reliance had proved the destruction of states—in fine, that by keeping their danger constantly before them ; the people might be taught caution, and adopt such timely measures as would prevent the final ruin of their republic. Not, as he often says, that he considered our case to be really as bad as he generally represents it, but that it was the part of wisdom before a crisis to foresee it, and take such precautionary steps as might prevent its pernicious effects. At least, in one respect, from all appearances now, his suspicions were unfounded. We do not seem to have much to fear from his apprehension of the great States in our confederacy swallowing up the smaller ones.

In conclusion, we must confess that Ames's political writings, as they now appear, have, in common with all newspaper and magazine articles when collected into a book, some diffuseness and sameness in sentiment and expression. As new measures of his opponents called for a consideration, and new accusations for an answer, it was almost impossible not sometimes to repeat the substance of former articles, or was even absolutely necessary in order to be correctly understood. Though this may take somewhat from the interest of a continued reading, we must remember it was not so when some time intervened between their publication. And notwithstanding this, and the often superficial narration of events that have already become part and parcel of history—the apparent ease and evident truthfulness with which he shows cause and effect—the apt illustrations, and the imagery with which his opinions are set off and enforced, cannot but delight the thoughtful mind, enabling it to reach, through the dry husk of facts, the kernels of pleasure and profit.

D.

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### THE DYING SOLDIER.

RED lay the battle-field. For many an hour  
Had Death's dark, shadowy wing flapped o'er the plain,  
While, from his vengeful bow, sped quivering shafts,  
Which chased each other down their headlong way,  
Like broken chains of lightning from a cloud.  
For many an hour, the voice of raging strife  
Had woke tumultuous echoes, rolling back,  
In dying waves, the wildly-blended notes  
Of victory and repulse. But silence now,  
As dismal-deep as haunts a burial place,  
Ruled unopposed, save by the struggling groan,  
Or muttered prayer of some faint-breathing soul.

There lay the warrior proud, his lifeless hand  
 Fast-frozen to the bloody hilt ; and near,  
 The mighty steed, majestic over death.  
 There, spangling like the stars of night, were strewn  
 Bright-burnished arms, and trappings, rich with gold,  
 Neglected and confused.

The sun had fled  
 Behind the West ; yet still his crimson locks,  
 Unclasped and free, were streaming o'er the sky,  
 Entwining with the clouds, like cords of fire.

With pensive footstep walked the dew-clad wind,  
 Repeating tales of love to drooping leaves,  
 Which sighed and wept to hear ; then onward stole  
 And poured its sweet perfume, late from the flowers,  
 Upon the dying soldier's chilly brow.

Slowly, as when the wizard bonds of sleep  
 Are broke by mournful melody, came back  
 His deadened sense, to brief and troubled life.

" A swift, deceitful dream !  
 Methought upon the trembling field I rode,  
 Where War and Death, in fearful union, strode.  
 I saw the dazzling gleam  
 Of hosts, in frowning battle-line arrayed,  
 While banner-folds above them darkly swayed.

The signal of attack—  
 The clash of glittering weapons, hostile met—  
 The breaking ranks—the flying steeds, blood-wet—  
 The proud foe, driven back  
 Like forest trees, before a tempest bending—  
 Wild cries of joy and pain the thick air rending—

All met my ear, my eye :  
 All tossed on mingling waves my panting soul,  
 And chained each feeling to their mad control.  
 But dreams will ever fly :  
 And lo ! as on I hastened to the fight,  
 A darkness fell—it vanished from my sight.

Aha ! it must be so !  
 'Tis not with fancy's lying eye alone,  
 I see wild ruin thus around me strewn.  
 'Tis not a dream, I know ;  
 And yet, so like a dream !—a darkling spell,  
 Awaking troubled doubts I cannot quell.

A mist is o'er my eyes,  
Defeating all their gaze ; and through my brain  
There comes and goes a quick, bewildering pain.  
I have no power to rise ;  
Reluctant moves my heavy-laden breath—  
Oh, God ! have mercy Thou !—this must be death.

'Tis good to die for home,  
Yet I had hoped, by longer strife, to gain  
A shrine within the hero's hallowed fane.  
But no ! a voice has come,  
And whispers to my ear : ' Thy work is done,  
While thou didst deem it hardly yet begun.'

Farewell, kind friends and true !  
'Twere sweet to sink in this unending rest,  
My mother dear, upon thy pillowing breast ;  
Sweet that my dying view  
Should be the grief-filled eyes of her I love.—  
It may not be—God save us all above !

My native land, adieu !  
As to its pole, my heart turns back to thee,  
And prays thy weal with throbbing fervency.  
Oh, may thy sons be true !  
Unwavering-fixed to neither yield nor cower,  
Till they have crushed the tyrant's lawless power.

How fades the world away,  
Like a dark wave, receding from the shore !  
My soul goes not with it—I hear no more  
The tempest-drifted spray.—  
Thus am I left alone. Who, who will come,  
And guide a lost and weary wanderer home ?

Come, silver-mantled cloud !  
Descend ! descend ! and, by some spirit driven,  
Enfold my soul, and bear it up to heaven !  
The battle-storm is loud !  
Heaven help the right, and give it speedy reign !  
Back, bloody foe !—'tis Death !—I'm slain ! I'm slain !"

E—.

APPEARANCE *versus* WORTH.

## A TALE.

BY J. W. W.

## CHAPTER V.

WHICH RETURNETH TO THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

SEVERAL weeks, succeeding the events related in our last chapter, may be passed over at a glance. During this time the conduct of Foster had been such as to attract the attention of his whole crew. He paid frequent visits to Wilmington, and his actions on returning were always strange and suspicious. Several times he had reached the cove at midnight, and retiring silently to his cabin had locked himself in, and paced the floor with a heavy tread until morning, while groans and exclamations of sorrow and self-accusation, betrayed his mental anguish. Sometimes he indulged in such bursts of passion that no one but his mate dared approach him ; and again, his language would be mild and his bearing subdued, as though all spirit were crushed and broken.

This conduct, in one of his impetuous nature, can readily be accounted for. His accidental contact with that society from which he had so long been outlawed, had given him a longing to return again within its pale, and once more become one among his fellow-men. But when he thought of the pure and good who moved there, his own character appeared before him in such dark and revolting colors that he dared not hope to be reclaimed, and but one thing withheld him from rushing madly back into his former career. His first meeting with Mary Miller, so different from the females with whom he had for years associated, had called into life all those purer affections of his nature, which had so long lain dormant. He was forced to acknowledge to himself that he loved her with his whole soul, and that he was ready to make any sacrifice to win her love in return. He had been a constant visitor at Col. Miller's house, and the lady, of whose engagement to the young physician he had no suspicion, seemed to encourage his attentions. But then, the honorable old soldier had of late treated him with coldness, and he could assign no other cause for it than such as his guilty conscience suggested. Despair and remorse took possession of his soul, and almost drove him from his senses. His hands were stained with blood ' and, to his guilty eye, every man he met was reading from his countenance the dark calendar of his crimes. Anxiety of mind wore severely upon his body ; he became wan and haggard ; artificial stimulants were no longer resorted to for the purpose of sustaining his spirits ; and his eyes assumed so strange and fearful an expression, that even his hardened followers involuntarily shuddered and slunk away when he walked the deck.

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It was evening; Mary Miller sat in her room arrayed for a party; her attire was tasteful and becoming, and, like all ladies when in full dress, she looked much prettier than usual. She was bending in an easy attitude over her dressing table; one pretty little foot was thrust out upon a stool before her, and one white, round arm, which the long glove but half concealed, supported her head. She looked very handsome and bewitching, and very much as though she might captivate the first, ready, heart-in-hand fellow, that should fall within the influence of her charms. But her mind did not seem to be dwelling upon conquests, for she was gazing, in deep thought, upon a casket which lay open before her. "Whall *shall* I do?" said she, forgetting herself and murmuring her thoughts aloud, as she took a magnificent necklace of diamonds from the box, and drew the sparkling jewels over her fingers. "What shall I do? if I keep this Edward will notice it, and perhaps suspect that I received it from Captain Emmerson. Yes—he noticed his visits, and advised me to guard my conduct. He seems to me to have grown wonderfully precise and old-maidish lately;" and she twisted the necklace about her pretty hand, quite in a pet. "He always had such odd notions about a lady's receiving presents. I begin to believe that—that he is different from what he used to be. It can't be that I—love him less, and yet—he seems different. Now I know that Captain Emmerson cannot mean anything by this gift; he is open-hearted and generous, and only intends it as a token of his esteem; and if I return it, he is so sensitive that it will wound his feelings. But only to think! I have known him but a month—yes, just one month; I must not take it. I'll"—A knock at the door interrupted her reverie; she hastily closed the casket, and bade the applicant come in.

"If you please, maam," said her maid, entering, "the gentleman has come for you."

"What gentleman?" she exclaimed, with a sudden start.

"Why, maam," answered the girl, "Dr. Bissel. You told me that he was to come for you, maam."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, I remember; what was I thinking of?" she answered, wondering at her own forgetfulness. "Well, you need not wait," she continued, "you may go. But stay; clasp this necklace for me." And as she took out the jewels she bolstered up her indiscretion by thinking, that she would be independent, at least before she was married.

"Oh, charming! beautiful! what costly diamonds! and real, I know, for you would not wear any thing else,"—were the exclamations of the waiting woman as she did the bidding of her mistress. "May I ask you where you got them, Miss Mary?" she continued, passing round to admire the effect in front.

"No, no," answered the young lady, with an unwonted petulance in her tones. "You are always chattering when I most wish you to be silent; can you not keep that tongue of yours still for one moment?" and throwing her shawl over her arm, she assumed an air of carelessness and descended to the parlor.

The unpretending figure of her lover contrasted but illy with the noble form which had just been so vividly before her mind ; and as he rose and greeted her with his wonted cordiality and affection, her heart misgave her ; for she doubted for the first time the nature of her own sentiments, and asked herself whether she had not mistaken esteem for love.

" Ah," said Bissel, as he placed her cloak upon her shoulders, " you mean to dazzle our eyes to night, I see ; a birthday present from your father, I presume ?"

" Yes," she answered, catching eagerly at the pretence, " I did not put it on, the evening of the party, because I wished to wear your gift, Edward." And the ungenerous deceit called a blush upon her cheek, which perhaps the falsehood would not have done.

At the party she was unhappy and dissatisfied with herself ; her usual cheerfulness and vivacity entirely forsook her ; and after having been several times rallied upon her absence of mind, she complained of indisposition and begged to be escorted home. When she had reached the hall of her father's house, she noticed that the veil which she had worn upon her head was missing. It was valuable in as much as it had been in the possession of her mother, and knowing that it must have been dropped upon the walk, and fearful, lest the sleepy servant, if sent for it, might overlook it, she tripped down the steps to get it herself. The wind had blown it down the walk a short distance, and she had recovered it and was returning to the house, when a tall figure muffled in a cloak, started from a dark angle of the wall and placed himself directly before her. Terrified beyond measure she uttered a faint cry and caught the railing to prevent herself from falling. " Be not alarmed, I pray you," exclaimed the man, with a voice so strange and hollow that it only increased instead of diminishing her fears.

" I know you not," she gasped, " what would you with me ? Tell me what you wish."

" But one word, one word with you, sweet lady," he answered ; and his voice became so low and tremulous, that she recovered her courage and drawing herself proudly up, said with a wave of her hand, " how dare you insult me here ? make way for me sir ; I will alarm the house and have you placed in custody."

" Custody, custody," he muttered vaguely, as he mechanically moved away from before her. " Aye, a prison ; all the world deserts me, and you deny me. My God, has it come to this !" he continued ; " I shall yet see the day when the very beasts will shrink from my presence." Mary had fled swiftly past him and was ascending the steps, when something in the tone of his voice caught her attention, and turning she exclaimed, " Captain Emmerson ! can it be possible ? why are you here at this hour of the night ! For heaven's sake leave me."

" I cannot leave you yet," he answered, starting eagerly forward, " I must speak with you, to-night. My being depends upon it."

There was a wild energy in his manner that sent a thrill through her frame as he endeavored to clasp her hand in his. Slipping from him she fled terrified into the house, and closed the door behind her. But

a vague curiosity to see how he would act, led her to look through the window. He stood in the same position in which she had left him; he was motionless, his head was drooped, and he looked so lost and pitiful and friendless, that she was induced to open the door and speak to him again.

"I will see you to-morrow," said she. "If you have any regard for me, go, I pray you. But stay.—It is not well that you should come here, I will meet you to-morrow afternoon upon the bank of the Brandywine."

"Thank you, lady, thank you, from my heart," he answered with warmth. "Thank God!" he murmured, as the door closed and he moved away. "I am not utterly given over yet."

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## CHAPTER VI.

WHICH CONTINUETH TO DWELL UPON THE BEAUTIFUL LADY.

Reader, have you ever been in Wilmington? If you have, you must have visited "The Race," one of the most delightful walks the imagination can picture. As you pass out of the town from the southeast you cross a beautiful bridge, that spans the Brandywine and leads you to a grove, bounded on one side by the creek, which comes brawling and sparkling down over its rocky bed; and on the other by a rushing mill race, conducting the water from far up the stream to the neighboring factories. It is a sweet place; old gnarled oaks, spreading maples and tall elms stretch their limbs over head, and here and there a weeping willow may be seen, drooping over the bank and dipping its slender branches in the water, while the short grass, springing fresh and green beneath the shade, is soft to the tread and tempts the feet to wander over it. Farther up the stream, the wood deepens, and bright glades look pleasant to the eye, and cool shades are seen, but now and then reached by a straggling sunbeam, as the branches overhead are tossed aside by the breeze, and quiet dingles, where no noise reaches the ear, save the sound of the wind and the sleepy plashing of the water, mingling in that confused hum—the voice of Nature—that men hear everywhere and at all times.

Of all places in the world, this is the very one for lovers—where they can wander away from the rush and strife and haunts of men, and forgetting that they too must yet bear their burden in this "work-day existence," imagine nothing in store for them but quiet and happiness. What a strange thing is this Love! How it gilds the future, softens nature, excites hope! How it woos from vice, how it warms the heart to goodness! Reader, do you curl your lip with scorn? Are you young, and yet sneer at the word and say *your* heart can never acknowledge such influence? Cold heart, I ween, and strange to affection; one that never can be true to friend, or consistent with itself; that never melted into softness with a mother's love and will soon forget the

words she spake, the prayers she taught your infant lips to lisp. Your eaden spirit, content to plod along the beaten track, will never strive to rise above the dust and turmoil and low encounter of every-day life. Trouble not yourself to steel that heart against the affections of others ; its jarring strings will never find one chord to harmonize with its own. Have you passed the hey-day of life and reached the season of gray hairs and decline ? Then has yours been a cheerless path indeed, " a world without a sun ! " No smile of woman's love has soothed your cares ; no place has been your home, no household gods have clustered round your hearth—no tear for others' woes or others' joys has ever wet your cheek. Self, self, SELF ! has been your motto ; you have lived for yourself, you have thought only of yourself ; soon you will die ; no one will mourn ; no one will cherish your memory. A rotten branch, your fall will cause no loss to society. Well, go on, crowd, grumble and jostle your way through life ; you need compassion and are yet unworthy of pity ; we leave you to your own consolations.

The grove we have described, was the place which Mary Miller had designated for meeting Captain Foster, or, as she supposed his name to be, Emmerson. Her promise to do so, the evening before, was certainly thoughtless and indiscreet, but unhappily forethought formed no part of her composition ; and they who are devoid of principle seldom listen to the voice of discretion.

It was on one of those warm and bright days of the " Indian Summer," peculiar to our climate, that she left her father's house and crossed the bridge which led to the Race. Foster was there long before her, and as he espied her form upon the bank hastened forward to meet her.

" Ah, Miss Miller," said he, " I hardly dared hope for this happiness. My heart misgave me ; I feared that you would not come."

" I have done wrong, I am sure," she answered, " in coming here, Captain Emmerson, but I never forget a promise. Excuse me, for I must not stay, if I ask you to state without delay the object of the request which has brought me hither."

" The request ? lady, pardon me, you forget," he answered, " I would have met you at your father's house : I have come to this place by your own wish."

" Ah, yes," she answered, " excuse my forgetfulness, sir ; but it was necessary that we should meet here."

" How ! can it be that—that I must not—visit there ? " he stammered, as a thousand fears flashed across his mind. " Has anything occurred ? Your father ?—"

" Knows naught of you," she answered, " which would prejudice him against you."

" Then rests the cause with you ? " he asked eagerly ; " are you come here to-day but to tell me that I must see you no more ? "

" Indeed, sir," she answered, as her face reddened, " I cannot but be proud of your acquaintance and friendship, and yet you must be aware that, under existing circumstances, to countenance your too frequent visits would neither be honorable to you nor just to myself."

"And why?" he asked, with all the wildness that had marked his actions the evening before, "and why? I am not low born or ignorant; I have wealth, ay, great wealth. Why deem it presumptuous if I lay it at your feet, and, as I now do, ask this hand in return for the heart that is already your own?" and catching her hand in his he pressed it passionately to his lips.

Her cheek grew pale and she trembled so violently that her words were scarcely intelligible, as she answered, "I could have hoped, sir, that your own observation would have spared me the embarrassment of further explanation; you do but distress me while you deceive yourself. I"—

"What!" he exclaimed, interrupting her vehemently, "you are affianced to another! Tell me, can it be?"

"I am," she faltered.

"Then Heaven help me!" exclaimed the impetuous man, "I am a lost wretch. There was a hell before me, and you had almost saved me—but now it yawns again more dark and awful than before."

"You terrify me beyond measure by your manner," she answered; "why this wild conduct and these strange expressions? you will force me to leave you. Surely I cannot be so much to you; you have known me but a short time, and it were far better for our own peace that we should see each other no more."

There was something of compassion and encouragement in her tones that gave him hope, and he answered her earnestly, yet with more calmness, "So much to me? By my soul! you are all in all to me, dearest lady. Could you but know how I have wandered, night after night, about your dwelling, to catch one glimpse of that form; how earnestly I have prayed that the pure passion you had excited in my breast might not go unrequited, you could never have thought yourself indifferent to me. Can I be so deceived?" he continued, "do you *love* that other?"

"Desist, I pray you," she answered, "do not urge me to a dishonorable act; the question may not now be asked, the die is cast, I have promised to be his." She turned and walked away, yet with a faltering and want of resolution in her manner that encouraged him to press his suit, and springing to her side he exclaimed eagerly,

"Nay, but hear me, one word if you would save me. Something tells me that a false idea of honor and duty is urging you against your own inclinations. You have been bestowed against your will! Mind it not, burst the flimsy contract, it cannot, *shall* not bind you."

"You mistake," she answered in a low voice, "my father is kind and good, he is not one to force my will."

"Then, dearest lady," he urged, "you have been deceived; one has won your affections who has proved unworthy of your love. You have been deceived: flattery and art have been engaged to work your ruin. My life upon it, he is a villain! He"—

"Stop, stop, sir, for Heaven's sake!" she sobbed, as tears of shame and sorrow streamed down her cheeks. "To what have I come? Have I lived to hear that name reviled and yet endure the presence of the

slanderer? If you have any regard for me, speak not thus again of one who is far too noble and too devoted for aught that my poor heart can return."

"Forgive me then, dearest," he answered, with a forced tone of sorrow, "forgive me if in the ardor of my love I spoke unadvisedly of one who holds so high a place in your estimation. I knew him not and have erred through ignorance. But something must be wrong," he continued, "you have been deceived in yourself. Have you not mistaken regard for love, the esteem to which a gentle manner and kind words have given rise, for warm affection?"

That question was the very one which she had asked herself, and which her own heart had answered too truly. Her breast heaved with emotion and she could not answer him.

"It is so then," he continued, taking her hand in his, which was not again withdrawn. "It is so, and you would sacrifice yourself rather than disobey the dictates of misguided honor. Oh, consider, lady, before you decide. Ardently as I love you, I will not speak for myself; I speak only for you. Do not suppress the first buddings of your affection—blight them not by disappointment. Your promise, if it lead to ill, is far better broken than kept; nay, if it but tend to make you miserable, you owe it to yourself to disregard it. You may now be about to decide upon a course which will make you happy or miserable through life. Be true to yourself first, follow the promptings of your own pure heart—they cannot lead you amiss."

It was by such arguments as these, intermingled with flattery and tender appeals, such as he too well knew how to make, that he at length won from her the confession of her unholy love for him. It *was* unholy, because by every tie of moral obligation she was bound to another. True, the ceremony, which the order of society demands, was wanting, yet the word had passed and naught on earth but death or dishonor could recall it. Thus it was that this creature of impulse had allowed herself to be carried away by the first whirl of excited feeling. The dazzling hues of the bubble *APPEARANCE* had outglittered the milder light of *WORTH*, and the unfortunate girl, in her short-sighted admiration, had forsaken a heart that would have held true to her through weal and woe, and thrown herself away upon a homeless wanderer.

They remained long in the grove in deep conversation, until the increasing chill of the evening warned them to return. During the time Foster made a somewhat candid confession of his life, describing the manner of his leaving college and forsaking his home, but forbore to tell her of the way in which he had gained his livelihood; only saying that his inexperience and distress of mind had betrayed him into dissipation and excess, from which he had already broken away. It was agreed between them that he should return to his father, and throwing himself upon his generosity and affection ask his forgiveness; or if he were dead, claim his inheritance and return immediately to Wilmington. Thus they separated, Foster to return to his vessel with a light heart and bright hope, Mary Miller to reflect upon the error she had

committed and the consequences which must follow. At break of day on the following morning Foster summoned our old acquaintance, Shel, into the cabin and ordered him to assemble all the men on the forward deck to listen to something which he had to say to them. They were soon collected, a motely group as the sun ever shone upon ; there were Spaniards, and Americans, and Portuguese, and coarse featured Germans, with here and there a dark faced native of Africa ; some were fine looking men with noble forms and pleasant countenances, others were dark and morose, scowling savages that could not but be brutes if they would ; some were young, just in the spring time of life, others bore the marks of age, but the majority of them were near their prime. They were crowded together in the bow, and as the captain came up out of the cabin and took his station in the waist to address them, they uncovered their heads out of respect, and stood so mute and silent that a pinfall might have been heard upon the deck.

"My men," said he, looking around upon them, "have I, or have I not, always been true to you, preserved order, maintained discipline, and done my duty as a captain should?"

"Ay, ay, sir, you have," was answered by the men with a right good will that told they loved their leader.

"It is well, then," he continued, "listen to me ; I have called you together to address you upon a matter of no small importance : I am about to make a proposal which may at first sight seem strange to you. To accept it or not, as seems best, lies with yourselves ; I have never forced your will in such matters and shall not do so now, but will submit my plan to you, and as usual take the vote upon it. Some of you may think as I do ; perhaps the majority will not ; but for my part I have seen enough of this life. Be not surprised, men, when I say the word with me is, boom end, back the yard and fetch short up. I have sailed long enough with a death's head flying over me ; I have spilled already too much of human blood. Ten years is quite long enough for me to have been prowling about the dark corners of the ocean. I would be free again. I would live where the spirits of murdered men cannot come in the night and whisper to me in my sleep. I would earn my living by the sweat of my own brow, and eat bread that will not taste of blood. No one of you loves our gallant craft more than I. I have trod her deck for years, and she and you have proved my friends and borne me safely out of danger, when all the damned spirits of earth were leagued against us. My proposal is that we quit this bloody life, and before we go, consign the Sea Rift to a grave worthy of the swiftest bark that ever bore the free over the deep. Blow her into the air, scatter her spars upon the waves, that no tame hand shall ever stretch her canvas to the breeze. What port in another world will this course of life bring us to, my men ? Do not sneer, my men, I have not turned preacher yet. I have nothing to urge upon this subject, nor will I ask you how you think our reckoning will read before the great Admiral of all, when the last call summons all hands ahoy. But let me tell you with a certainty that it is for our interest in this life to stop short where we are ; justice will overhaul us sooner or later if we go on, as sure as

that sun will set in the west to day, and then——‘man the yards, and run them up’ is the word. Answer me, my men, have I not always led you to the fight? have I not always been first to board and first to strike the blow? have I not always been true to the hilt?”

“Ay, ay, sir,” came up in answer from a hundred deep toned voices.

“Then you know,” he continued, “that it is not cowardice that induces me to propose this course. I do it because I think it best for you and best for myself. I give you time to decide. Go and consider the matter among yourselves, and at two bells I will meet you here on deck again and have your answer. Remember, that whatever you do, I leave the vessel this day, forever.”

Foster then retired to his cabin and waited the decision of his men with no little anxiety; persuaded of the misery and danger of their situation, he had thought that he would not leave them without one effort, even though it were unsuccessful, to save them. And yet he had but little hope of succeeding; he could not command them to disperse; to persuade them was persuading men from vice that has ten times stronger arguments in its own allurements. During the time that he was waiting he packed his wardrobe and made all the necessary preparations for leaving, and just as he had finished his arrangements two bells struck.

“Well, my hearties,” said he, as he went on deck, “have you decided upon my proposal?”

“We have, sir,” answered Shel, who stepped forward and acted as spokesman for the rest.

“Which course have you chosen, then? Do you go with me?”

“Ten are for that, sir,” answered Shel, with one of his odd looks, “and eighty-seven against it.”

“Very well, my men,” answered Foster, “I shall leave you to yourselves. You know me too well to suspect that you will ever receive any injury from me hereafter. Your lurking places and resorts shall remain as secret as ever. After I am gone you may go on and choose your leader.” “Shel,” he continued to his mate, “lower away the gig, have my tacks got up from below and stowed in, and send two men to put me ashore.”

His orders were obeyed, and he went over the side without one word of adieu to his men. He knew that little affection dwelt in their hearts, and few even remained on deck to see him depart.

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The probable end of this vessel will perhaps interest the reader. A coaster sailing up the bay, on her way to Philadelphia, reported having met on the twentieth of November, a long, sharp brig, with low sides and raking masts, flying down before the wind with studding sails set, and every thing out that would draw, aloft and aloft. She dashed like a phantom ship by them and refused to answer their hail. One short old man stood at the wheel and several others lay drunk about the deck,



and a confused noise of quarreling, and dreadful oaths and imprecations reached their ears from below.

Another vessel reported that on the seventh of March, they boarded the wreck of a brig, apparently a very swift sailer, off the capes of the Chesapeake. She was dismasted and lay upon her beam ends; not a living soul was on board, but in the cabin were found several bodies, dreadfully mangled by sabre cuts, that had apparently been dead some time. The vessel was fast filling, so that they were obliged to leave her without making further search, and in a short time after, they saw her sink.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

### ROUSSEAU'S THEORY OF NATURAL RIGHTS.

EVERY age has some distinctive motto; some set form of words convenient, which it perpetually utters, through all the various mouths which nature has given or art invented. Not long since, the pulpit, the press, the forum, the barrel and eloquent lamp-post of philosophical France, all reëchoed the magical word—Right.

What are these rights of men, which ever since the beginning of authentic history have troubled the world as with a vain shadow? which flitted about among the subtleties of the old schools of Greece, and stirred up a notable confusion within the dim recesses of the Abbays, and the misty learned brains of cloistered monks?

Modern philosophy teaches that the natural rights of man are those liberties, privileges, immunities, which man in a state of unsubdued barbarism doth undoubtedly enjoy: which do consist, like the freedom of a herd of buffaloes, in an unlimited license to do whatsoever seemeth good in his eyes; and these abstract rights are as much a part and parcel of his goods and chattels, and as little to be molested or in any wise curtailed, as are the less spiritual portions thereof,—the axe with which he hews him wood, the pitcher with which he draws him water, or the coat he covers his nakedness withal.

The modern origin of these dogmas becomes them well. A vagabond hypochondriac, a jumble of dishonorable inconsistencies, who, by his own confession, lived and died in doubt whether he was more knave or fool, showing the one by an inveterate propensity to pilfer and lie, and the other by a prurient appetite for fallacies—under a sudden inspiration either from the fumes of insanity or the mischievous promptings of an evil spirit,—penned an essay to prove barbarism preferable to civilization. This was Jean Jacques Rousseau. His absurdities, engendered in an unsound mind by the actions of a diseased imagination, roused the wonder of a nation of petites maîtrés, and instantly up sprang a fashionable rage for the simplicity of nature. This frenzy culminated in the Reign of Terror. Philosophers raved and blasphemed from the tops of barrels; ecclesiastics, those children of an “artifi-

cial" age, dangled all arow along the streets, and Reason published to the world her "Natural Rights." They murdered their king for being the son of his father; they convicted Bishops of heterodoxy by hanging them on lamp-posts, and "regenerated" a vicious age, by sending its virtue into eternity. All the crimes which human depravity could commit, all the foul passions which animate wild beasts, infused a fearful life into the vilest refuse of diseased humanity; with the shouts of infidel illuminati mingling in the yell of an infuriated rabble, they trampled on the necks of kings; and over the ruins of ancient establishments built up a world of new and strange creations.

These metaphysical theories of the rights of man are all based upon the assumption, either latent or expressed, that man is not a social being. On no other foundation can this flimsy fabric of visionary and unsubstantial dogmas be reared. And with this false assumption the whole edifice tumbles to the ground. Some philosophers have thought that there was once "an actually existing unconnected state of nature;" others that men were sublimated monkeys, elevated by constant intercommunion of apish sympathies and functions, and by the loss of their tails, into the higher order of rational beings. The one doctrine is quite as false and absurd as the other. That there was ever a state of existence in which men were distinct individuals, not aggregated or in any wise united, but each living separately for and in himself, and that from some sudden and simultaneous impulse, (which could only arise from intercourse, and is therefore impossible on the supposition that men were unconnected,) they thought it not good to be alone, but "met in a large plain, entered into an original contract, and chose the tallest man present to be their ruler," is distinctly contradicted by the revealed accounts of society's formation.

It began in Edom, and was thence perpetuated through single families. For centuries there was no society other than that composed by the members of each clan, under the rule of its patriarch. All the forms of society now in existence had their origin in families, and their primitive bonds were simply the ties of relationship. Society, then, is not a mere convention of interest, having its beginning in the wants and fears of men. These, with the motives just mentioned, are among the forces which help to preserve it when formed. But no human power, no voluntary act of men had anything to do with its original formation. God created it, and by the laws of man's physical and mental constitution it descended to posterity entirely formed. In its primitive origin men were altogether passive. They were created with functions, faculties, and propensities all manifestly tending to bring them together into community, all intended for such a state, incapable of existing in any other, and from their nature inevitably destined to utter annihilation, if community should be dissolved. As particles of matter floating in the atmosphere are by the laws of attraction drawn and compressed together; as the grosser substances all implicitly obey those invariable laws which God impressed upon them at their creation: so does man without any exertion of will, or any disposition to rebel, involuntarily and of necessity enter into society. There never

was an "unconnected state of nature." There never could by any possibility be such a state. Men would degenerate into the apes, from which Monboddo thought they sprang. From this unnatural state of nature, then, since it never existed anywhere but in the heated imaginations of vapping theorists, men derive no previous rights. They did not enter society from any other mode of life, with rights which they had before possessed, and form a voluntary compact, built upon those anterior privileges. Men were no more active agents in the construction of society than are the "motes which people the sunbeam" in obeying the forces which impel them together and thereby congregating in masses. And consequently they have none of those rights over it, which the maker has over the thing made. In short, man being a social being, having never existed, and being incapable of existing in any unsocial state, all his rights are social rights.

But the origin of Government and that of society should not be confounded together. The latter is not formed in virtue of certain pre-existing rights. It is not formed in virtue of any rights whatever, but all just and undoubted rights spring from it. Government is an instrument intermediate between the sovereignty of society and its members, by means of which the end of society is accomplished. That end is advantage, and therefore Government is a pure convention of interest, and must be administered wholly by the standard of expediency. All voluntary forms of Government are therefore legitimate, though there be infinite variety in their relative goodness. There are only two modes by which these usurped rights can be proven: either by establishing the *fact*, that society had its origin in voluntary compact: or by showing that from the nature of things they do of necessity belong to man. The first is too wild an assumption to admit of doubt for a moment, and the second is based upon a manifest fallacy. This consists in the notion that there is in all men an absolute and inalienable right of sovereignty. The train of argument by which the advocates of this theory seek to establish it, is as follows:—All voluntary actions are moral—i. e. subject to responsibility—morality is founded in "Reason"—is the result of Reason. Reason implies free agency, and being equal in all, the right of free agency is equal in all. Therefore no man may subject the will of another to his own. Therefore no body of men may lawfully do this. This right is alienable: hence the only just Government is one formed by the free consent of *all* its members, "in which each member shall unite himself with all, and *yet obey himself alone*, remaining as free as he was before!" Now omitting the impossibility of compounding a government in which these contradictory relations shall be preserved, a moment's inspection will suffice to show that this sovereignty of the "general will," resulting from Reason, belongs not to any created beings, but exclusively to *Reason itself*: not in the imperfect and immature condition in which it is found among men, but in a state of perfect and unmixed purity, which is found nowhere but in the Omniscient Ruler of the universe. Since then this mischievous "right" is vested not in mankind but in an abstract faculty, mankind being destitute of the one cannot possess the other.

Pure Reason—not man—is “inalienably sovereign.” Is it equal among men? Its province is held to be—to pronounce on the agreement or disagreement of different ideas. From the simplicity of its operations it is inferred that there cannot be degrees (and must consequently be equality) in the faculty. But surely in the wide world of reason, there *are* degrees numberless as the series of ascending grades in the complex power mind: which reaches from the feeblest manifestations of animal instinct, up through the variously gifted races of men, and the mysterious orders of the invisible world, to the throne of Omniscience. There is an unequal distribution of this faculty in Heaven: for surely the disembodied soul of the cobbler last mentioned among the blessed, ranks not in reason with the great archangel Gabriel! The defenders of the system, by excluding women and children from public affairs, tacitly acknowledge that there *are* degrees in the partition of reason. Granting therefore that there does exist such an inherent sovereignty—still it cannot be *equal* among men, being proportioned to an unequal division of this faculty. But even if it be conceded that the “right” is equal and inalienable—yet nevertheless, the practical sophism is as great as though the reverse were true. Reason is active. But it cannot act by itself independently of a subject. There must be materials wherewithal to work. These are the mixed mass of facts and conceptions accumulated by the subordinate powers of the mind. Now though every atom of humanity were endowed with an equal share of reason; yet the amount of materials upon which it shall operate, varies infinitely with each man’s opportunities and capabilities of observation. “The wisdom of a learned man cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise. How shall he get wisdom that holdeth the plough; that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen; and is occupied in their labors; and whose talk is of bullocks?” The presumptive reason of a Dutch legislator from the middle states; with his original stupidity sublimated into sheer animal instinct by an utterly animal life—on what materials shall it act? and the reason of a Webster—on what may it *not* act? What practical equality is there betwixt these two poles of the world of mind?

Reason bears but a sorry part in the affairs of men: is subject to the absolute domination of the grosser elements of human nature: is buried beneath a chaos of passions, prejudices, and appetites which it cannot throw off: and through which it acts not at all; or at best but feebly. In short, far from being “sovereign” in any individual, it is the abject Slave of his propensities. The same is true of an aggregate of individuals—of the State.

The whole system, therefore, which would deduce the rights of men, and the authority of government, from Reason, evaporates into thin air. It has no foundation in nature, in reason, nor the will of God. But on the contrary is in vehement opposition to them all. The vanity on which it is based would fain supply the deficiencies of revelation by attributing to the omnipotent power of Human Reason, the origin of all those things whose beginning is not distinctly made known: a vile

philosophy that in the same breath raves about man's perfectibility, and asserts that fear is the only conservator of human institutions.

It is the hybrid offspring of selfishness which measures all things by the standard of sordid interest, and of infidel irreverence that riots in the desecration of things sacred and divine. Every true friend of liberty must desire to see the real rights of man, everywhere acknowledged and enjoyed. But man has not a right to every thing. Extremes meet; and the extreme of liberty is the most intolerable despotism. The least that can be said of the system is that it is utterly impracticable. It contains within it the elements of endless discord. It is contrary to nature. It is contrary to those prejudices that are stronger than nature. It is subversive of all established institutions. It is incapable of establishing others. If it could accomplish its object it would achieve its own destruction. Its very first act would be its death blow.

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#### RETROSPECT.

BLEST be your memory,  
Ye dead days of my early hopes and fears;  
Sweet to my rapt soul is your melody,  
Spirits of buried Years.

Your voices now I hear  
Breathing soft echoes from the distant Past,  
Pouring loved tones upon my listening ear,  
Too heavenly long to last.

Oh! wake again that strain,  
Ye unseen hoverers o'er the infinite Tomb  
Where Time hath laid his Ages—to remain  
Forever in its gloom.

Ah! not reality!  
No spirit-song is murmuring through the trees;  
Voice cannot come from Past Eternity,  
Borne on the fitful breeze;

'Tis but wild Fancy's power,  
Freed for a while from Reason's strong control;  
'Tis but the influence of this midnight hour  
Upon the o'erflowing soul.

I view old scenes once more;  
The merry band of school-mates, whose gay throng  
(Since scattered through all lands the wide world o'er)  
I once rejoiced among—

Again they're gathered here ;  
 Some from rich India's parched and fragrant strand,  
 Some from each sea and shore of Earth appear,  
 Some from the " silent land."

Beneath the bending boughs  
 Of yonder ancient, venerable trees,  
 The urchins sport, their moist uncovered brows  
 Fanned by the summer breeze.

And now the happy shout  
 Raised by familiar voices, greets my ear ;  
 Loudly the cheerful laugh is ringing out  
 Melodious and clear.

Faintly it dies away ;—  
 The group has vanished ; but the impetuous train  
 Of visions numberless in close array,  
 Still crowds upon my brain.

Again I tread the path  
 Through leafy woods and by the pebbly-shore,  
 Where I was wont to watch the sea-wave's wrath,  
 And listen to its roar.

I feel the same pulse-thrill,  
 Breathe the same rapturous sigh, as when I stood,  
 My young heart swelling with the thoughts that fill  
 Great Nature's solitude.

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Ah ! Time hath changed them now—  
 Those days that seem to retrospect so bright—  
 The fair round forehead for the dark-lined brow,  
 Life's Morning for its Night.

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#### THE CHEROKEES.

Among the latest information of the newspaper press, are some important statements concerning the Cherokees. It appears that the tide of fortune has again thrown them among rapacious and unrelenting white men. They seem, as certainly as if an oracle had pronounced their doom, to be constantly receiving among their household gods and in the bosom of their families the scourge of rapine and butchery. Already the fierce trapper, alike regardless of God and man, has seized in the name of his race the little hunting ground beyond the Mississippi. Already the white man's right of *keeping no faith* with

the red son of the wilderness, is beginning to be urged and put in practice anew. Already, ere the traces of the primeval forest have disappeared from their fields and plantations, a large party in Arkansas is clamoring for their removal still farther West. It seems as if in retiring beyond the Western States, they had only passed from one scene of the fatal drama to another. While, in the view of such things, we ardently hope that the oppressor's rod may be staid, and that no other blood of martyred Indians may cry from the ground to God against civilized rapacity, it seems to be a proper time to reflect upon the past and guard ourselves with penitence against the commission of new crimes. Like other young governments, our own has received a bloody baptism. It stands before high Heaven with stains upon its garments. If this was necessary in order that we might attain what we have aimed at—liberty of hand and conscience—we trust that enough has been encountered to secure these blessings without further visitations from such curses.

In speaking of the former treatment of the Cherokees, we shall endeavor to be impartial; we shall take sides no further than the facts which we state seem to array themselves in the eye of Truth and Justice upon one side or the other. We shall at least endeavor to be dispassionate, and neither allow our own judgment to be warped nor the sense of our readers to revolt on account of strongly apparent prejudices.

One of the points which it is necessary to settle in a fair examination of this subject is this:—were or were not the Indians capable of possessing lands in this country? With regard to this we shall say first, that *common sense* teaches us that the Indians, being human, had a right to all the lands necessary to their subsistence and comfort. The early settlers of this country acknowledged this by purchasing lands of the Indians. By this act, the whites virtually asserted that the Indians were absolute proprietors of all the lands which they actually occupied. It cannot be for an instant supposed that, in a country so immense as this, where so much land was waiting for a possessor, and which the native Indian visited only once or twice in a year in pursuit of some favorite game or to seek for the trial of his foe, those parts of it which were then unpossessed, could be claimed by the Aborigines against the European nations. But it is equally clear that the Indians, as men and as natives of the soil, had an indisputable right to all the ground necessary to support them in a savage or civilized life. It was not upon the ground that God would give to the Israelites the lands of the heathen, or that the superiority of the civilized man to the barbarian gave the former a right to wrest his possessions from the latter, that our forefathers assumed the ownership of this western soil.

It is a settled principle, that a law which is founded only on the law of nature or upon custom, however sufficient in itself, is abrogated by written law. Supposing, therefore, for the sake of argument, that the natural right of the Indian, above alluded to, did not exist, still if the white man has bound himself by *written compacts* to recognize certain rights of property in the Indian, *these are forever good against himself*. The question here arises—are the Indians a nation and capable of being

a party to a treaty? In accordance with the Constitution and the provisions of the law of nations, it has been the universal practice of the general government to obtain Indian lands by treaty. There have been sixteen treaties negotiated with the Cherokees, in every one of which they are considered as an independent *nation*. The Father of his Country regarded them as a nation and treated with them as such. The Supreme Court has time and again pronounced them a nation. In short, the whole history of negotiations with the Cherokees, shows conclusively that they are considered as a separate community, having a national existence, and possessing a territory which they were to hold until they should voluntarily surrender it. These treaties were not a mere form of words, thrown together without meaning. They were composed with great care, executed with uncommon solemnity, and ratified with due consideration. President Washington, soon after the formation of our government, transmitted a special message to the Senate on the subject of our relations with the Cherokees, in which he insists upon the necessity of having the treaties with Indian tribes "faithfully performed." He reminds the Senate that the Cherokees had, by the treaty of Hopewell, placed themselves under the protection of the United States, and declares his determination to carry that treaty into "faithful execution." When the Constitution was formed, the treaty-making power was given expressly to the general government, and Congress was vested with power to "regulate commerce with foreign nations and with the Indian tribes." One would think that this would need no explanation. But those who have opposed the rights of the Indian have set up the claim that the general government had no right, under the article of the Constitution in question, to make a treaty with any nation within the territorial jurisdiction of an independent State. Now when the Constitution was adopted and solemnly signed by every State in the Union, it provided that all the treaties which had been made and should be made should be binding on the several States. Before this, treaties had been made with the Indian tribes by the general government, and all these tribes were within the territorial limits of some of the States. To this add the fact that the framers of the Constitution felt it necessary to *specify* in the article under consideration, *the Indian tribes*, instead of suffering them to be included in the general term of foreign nations, and we find that the Constitution bears on its face a positive refutation of this absurd claim on the part of the enemies of the Indians. One step farther. Treaties are the supreme law of the land, and the State that endeavors to nullify a treaty made by the general Government, is guilty of as broad treason to the Government, as if it avowedly passed laws in derogation of the *Constitution*, and endeavored to maintain them.

Having thus established the general principles of the case, it becomes us now to examine the particular relations between Georgia and the general Government upon the subject of the Cherokees. In the year 1802, the United States and Georgia entered into the following compact: Georgia ceded to the United States all claim which she had to lands within the chartered limits of the States of Alabama and



Mississippi, while the United States ceded to Georgia whatever claim they had to the lands within her limits, and promised to extinguish, for her use, "*as early as the same could be peaceably obtained upon reasonable terms*, the Indian title to all the lands within the State of Georgia." Now the Georgia politicians say that this stipulation bound the United States to obtain the lands within her limits, for her own use, *at all hazards*. The very instrument under which Georgia urged her claim shows its absurdity. All intercourse with the Cherokees was to be held by the United States, and Georgia was to have no agency whatever, either direct or indirect, in extinguishing the Indian title. The Indians, of course, had the power to retain their lands, and the inhabitants of Georgia had no ground of complaint either against them or against the general Government for their exercising this power. This title was to be extinguished by a consent of parties, and not an appeal to arms; it was to be done "*peaceably and upon reasonable terms*," and according to this stipulation the United States had, until 1827, been giving to Georgia the lands which the Cherokees had ceded to them by treaty from time to time. When, in connection with these positive rules which the United States and Georgia have established with regard to the Indian possessions, we refer to the fact that Georgia had herself treated with the Indians as a nation in the times of her early history; that her protest against the treaty of Hopewell had been overruled; that after this, even *she* had become a party to the federal Constitution which confirmed the past and provided for future treaties with the Indian tribes; that the Senators and Representatives of Georgia had, year after year, voted in the Congress of the nation for the various treaties made from time to time; and that the inhabitants of Georgia had been the actual negotiators of such treaties, we must confess that we are stunned on coming to that act, unparalleled in the history of legislation, which asserted that the Cherokees were tenants at the will of Georgia, that *she wanted and would have* the Indian lands within her territory and would not be interfered with in executing this law.'

The first act of the legislature of the State of Georgia, in relation to the Cherokees, was to abolish their government and extend her own laws and government over them. She next divided their territory into counties, and then surveyed their lands. Lastly, to complete the catalogue of wrongs, she proceeded to distribute their lands among her citizens by *lottery*, giving to every head of a family one ticket, and the prize in land that should be drawn corresponding to it. It is true, there were some small reservations to the heads of Indian families, but even to these the Indians "*had no fee simple title*." They were to hold this land as mere occupants at the will of Georgia, liable to be driven from her territory whenever she might think proper. By these harsh laws the Indian could hold no office under the State authority; he could not even testify to his wrongs, as a witness, in the courts of the State. In short, he was not permitted to exercise a single right of a freeman.

Affairs had come to this pass when an attempt was made by the agents of this rapacious scheme, to extort from the general govern-

ment a constructive sanction of the efforts of Georgia to obtain the Cherokee lands; in order that the dishonor which had before extended to our nation only so far as we did not arrest the high-handed robberies of Georgia, might now be indelibly fixed upon us, by a positive approval and support of these unrighteous measures. The result of this was the celebrated Indian Bill, which, however fair it may seem in its formula, was not honestly intended by those who introduced it or those who passed it, to be of any service to the claim of right set up by the Indians. It was in effect, consigning the Cherokees to the cupidity and tender mercies of their enemies. The rejection of Mr. Frelinghuysen's amendment, which required a pledge that nothing in the measures about to be taken should be construed as denying the obligation of existing treaties, is proof absolute of the selfish and brazen policy which the promulgators of the bill had adopted. When the passage of this bill providing for their removal was made known to the Cherokees, they thinking that it would be fatal to their interests, sent a memorial to Congress signed by almost every adult of the nation, deprecating the necessity of emigration, and asking that they might be permitted to remain in the quiet possession of their lands, which the United States had by a score of treaties, by honor, by all that dignified humanity, "*solemnly guaranteed to them FOREVER.*" But this memorial was disregarded. Goaded by the persecution of the whites until they could no longer endure it, they applied to their "father," the President of the United States, for protection; but, instead of preserving the plighted faith of the country, he too joined league with their oppressors; and thus their last hope was extinguished. Was it to be expected that the Cherokee, accustomed from his birth to feelings of equality and independence, would remain where he would be exposed at all times to public persecution and private indignity; that he could bear the idea of being an outlaw under his own roof; a stranger among his neighbors; an alien in the land that gave him birth? No; the Cherokees could not submit to such degradation as the laws of Georgia imposed upon them. In case of removal, "they saw nothing but ruin," but it was the only alternative. Thus, to our shame be it said, the owners of a soil, held by inheritance and immemorial occupancy, were compelled to leave their homes, the graves of their fathers, the scenes of their childhood, their cultivated fields, their orchards, their beautiful streams and luxuriant forests, by a *civilized* and *Christian* people, with whom they had lived in perfect peace for more than forty years, and for whom they had 'willingly bled in war.' The Cherokees sought a home beyond the western waters, not from their own choice, not because they thought it would be to their advantage, but because they could not endure to remain upon their lands excluded from the rights of freemen, and surrender themselves to be the victims of legalized robbery. Thus were the Cherokees forced to leave their *country*, where they had already made rapid advances in civilization, and encounter the sufferings of a pilgrimage of two thousand miles to the wilderness of the 'far West'—a pilgrimage in which one thousand, at the lowest estimate, perished. The removal of a number of families to a new country, even under the most favorable auspices, and

while the heart is cheered by pleasing visions of the future, is attended with much hardship. No one will deny that this is true, even when the change is voluntary. We ask then how painful must have been the circumstances of this case when a whole nation, embracing persons of all classes, from the infant to the aged man, were driven against their strongest remonstrances into a strange land? We would bear in mind that they began their journey under the most aggravated circumstances, being robbed of their country and rights in violation of the most solemn contracts which it is possible for communities to form with each other; that they were going to a territory of which they knew absolutely nothing, the most inviting parts of which were already occupied by Indian tribes who would regard them as intruders, who spoke a language different from theirs, and had always been at war with them.

The act of injustice on the part of the civilized white man was now completed. He had succeeded in driving from their proper home the natives of the soil; those whom he had imbued, in part, with his own civilization; those who in his contest with foreign nations had proved to be faithful allies; those with whom he had made solemn treaties; those whom the "Father of his Country" recommended as worthy of protection and national friendship; those who in the war of 1812, had supplied, in proportion to their numbers, *more forces to fight our battles than any State in the Union*; those among whom the missionary of the cross had preached the golden rule of the Christian religion; those whose chief had exchanged the endearing title of Brother with no less a man than Washington. In view of the conduct of the two parties in this unparalleled transaction, we cannot but feel an ardent sympathy with the eloquent expression of another: "I would rather receive the blessing of one poor Cherokee, as he casts his last look back upon his country, for having, though in vain, attempted to prevent his banishment, than sleep beneath the marble of all the Cæsars."

It was our lot to see the Indians on their march from Georgia to their new home in the wilderness. A certain number of men had, after the manner of mail contractors, entered into an agreement with Government to transport, for a stipulated price, the emigrants. The aged, sick and infirm were gathered into wagons, while behind them followed the able-bodied and strong-hearted with busy and mournful looks. We need not attempt to describe what feelings were depicted on their usually stoical countenances. It is enough to know that the place from which they were torn was their home, given them by the Great Spirit, and hallowed by the graves of their warlike fathers. It is enough to know that they were driven forth by those who had promised them protection, who had imparted to them the blessings of knowledge and civilization, and given them hopes that soon the promised brotherhood should be confirmed by a common refinement and religion. It is enough to know that the land, for which they were bound, was a strange country, consecrated by no recollections, endeared by no traditions. It was a funeral march to the grave of their former happiness. They felt the feelings of mourners. Pride was crushed, hope disappointed,

love weakened, confidence in their fellow-men destroyed. They did not leave bondage behind them, they were journeying to no land of promise. No wonder that their march was slow and silent. The fiery eye of the young warrior looked inquiringly upon the apathetic face of his aged father. The eye of that father looked with less pride than formerly upon the kindling manhood of his child. Woman shed no tear; but it was far more painful to think how awful must have been her grief, as her sympathizing nature was bowed down beneath the fallen fortunes of a husband or a lover. Beautiful Indian maidens, with a resignation that amounted almost to gaiety, passed along on their 'pacing ponies' with their dark plaited locks flowing gracefully about their shoulders. The men, young and old, in hunting attire and with rifles in their hands, journeyed along in dogged silence, or with busy air managing their trains. Thus the mournful band moved on, until the proud waters, of which tradition had often told them, flowing far in the west, separated them forever from their homes and native soil.

F.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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## BIOGRAPHY.

*Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.*

IT is a singular fact, that little or nothing has been written upon a department of literature so distinguished and important as Biography. Beside the passing notice of encyclopedias and the usual prefatory remarks of memoirs, we do not remember having seen any thing expressly upon this subject. Whilst every door is open to Poetry, History, and Philosophy, and fresh garlands are continually wreathed for them, Biography, as noble as they, and, were her claims well weighed, perhaps as worthy, is forced to go a begging. It is difficult to account for this apparent insensibility to her merits. The names of Nepos, Plutarch, and Johnson might confer dignity upon any branch of literature. Many beautiful models of biography in the Old Testament, and one illustrious example in the New, throw a glory around it equal, at least, to that conferred upon history or poetry in the Sacred Oracles. Great however as has been its influence from the earliest times, Biography has obtained within the last half century a degree of attention and importance it never before enjoyed. Lives of men eminent in art, distinguished for achievements, or notorious for misfortunes or wickedness, have, during this period, been more than quadrupled. The public look with impatience for the memorials of departed greatness; the press groans under the unusual burden; our libraries are filling up with amazing rapidity; in fact, Biography is the rage of the day. It cannot but be profitable

briefly to consider the object and character of a department which must necessarily exert a powerful influence at the present time.

Biography has been styled a branch of history ; but this, we think, is to deprive it of its just rank and dignity. Its province is peculiar : it is independent of every other department. Like philosophy and poetry, it stands or falls by its own merits. Its object is to supply the deficiencies of history. The latter records the lives of communities for the benefit of communities : biography selects the lives of individuals for the study and advantage of individuals. History teaches under what government, and by what policy, a people may become prosperous and happy : Biography exhibits the course of conduct by which a man may become wise and good. We would not be understood as thrusting this department into the place and office of morality. It is the province of Moral Science to lay down rules of conduct ; but it is for Biography to tell us whether they are good for anything or good for nothing. Morality says, act thus and thus, for such and such will be the results of this or an opposite course of action ; but we were sadly at a loss to know whether obedience to these hard rules would be repaid, did not Biography from her lofty place direct and cheer us by the blazing light of example. Infinite wisdom has taught us the dependence of morals upon Biography, and has thrown imperishable splendor around the latter by the beautiful examples which illustrate and enforce the precepts of Holy Writ.

In Biography entertainment is united with instruction in an eminent degree. It vies with fiction in this respect. Conversation with men wiser than ourselves is one of the great luxuries of life. We come in contact, however, with comparatively few distinguished for wisdom, and our intercourse with them is necessarily limited. By the aid of Biography we may enjoy familiar converse with the greatest minds of every age.

This species of writing is sometimes unjustly ridiculed. Some pretend that it is but trifling to search into the details of a man's everyday life. Say they, after he has accomplished his work for the world his personal history is of very little consequence. We believe, on the contrary, that this kind of knowledge is of great consequence, as we shall hereafter attempt to show ; but even were it not of absolute importance, we deprecate the utilitarianism that would rob us of the *entertainment* of Biography. Such a philosophy would soon leave literature barren enough. We deem the near and familiar intercourse with genius which these memorials afford, one of the purest sources of enjoyment to the literary man. What works of fiction have ever been awaited with more anxiety and read with greater avidity than Boswell's Life of Johnson, or Lockhart's Scott ? And who that has read them does not look back to the occasion as a bright epoch in his mind's history ? Biography is much more entertaining now than formerly. It is no longer a mere mass of dates or a catalogue of books or actions. We now care not so much to know when a man was born, and when he died, as to learn from his letters and diaries the workings and progress of his mind. There are dangers connected with Biography, it

must be confessed. Persons permitted to enjoy the society and confidence of distinguished men, are apt to form a blind partiality for their favorites, and to become man-worshipers, like Boswell. So there is danger lest we abuse this admirable department of literature by contracting unwarrantable partialities, and falling into slavish imitation—lest we be guilty of the gross absurdity of thinking, acting, living as our favorites have done, *merely because* they have thought or acted thus. When imitation prevails, then farewell to all power—all progress. Stupor and death take possession of the mind formed for life and activity. But the best gifts of Heaven may be ill used. Biography is none the less valuable because weak-minded men may abuse its privileges.

We come lastly to speak of the influences of Biography. We are influenced in some degree, for better or worse, by all that we see, hear, or read. From the cradle to the grave we are profiting or losing by example. From that of the living we are liable to err on account of the difficulty of separating what is good from what is bad. But in the pages of Biography we find the choice characters of the Past thoroughly sifted and prepared for our use and instruction. And there too we have the characters of vile men presented in such hideous deformity, by the action of ages, as to be invaluable as moral teachers. These two sets of characters are Time's best inheritance to us. The bad are beacons of danger. The good are stars of hope.

Thoughtless boys are coaxed into the pleasant fields of literature by the winning voice of Biography. By the same voice careless young men are aroused to action, and leaving the ranks of idleness and folly, take their places among the good and useful. By the lives of self-taught, self-elevated men, the labor of the mechanic is lightened, and by the same instrumentality the sooty gloom of the smith-shop has given place to the light of hope and knowledge. The sword and pebbles of Demosthenes have done as much for eloquence as his speeches. It is perhaps of more concern to orators to know *how* he gained his power, than to learn *what* he said when possessed of it. Biography is the life and soul of History. Without its aid this latter department is a mere shell of events and dates. It is the life of Luther, interwoven with the History of the Reformation, that has made D'Aubigné's name popular the world over.

But numerous as have been the benefits conferred by Biography, we believe that they are yet to be increased. Instead of being alarmed, therefore, by the immense issue of Diaries, Letters, and Table-talk, which threatens to overwhelm us, we rejoice at it. We, at the present day, are collecting facts which may hereafter, by philosophical induction, serve as the foundation of a more perfect science of human life. Over this chaos, we believe, will go forth the fiat, "let there be light;" and when we shall thus have made at least a great advance toward truth and happiness, then, if not before, will Biography be recognized as one of the great benefactors of our race.

QUIS.

## LINES,

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING OF THE CEMETERY AT MT. AUBURN.

WHAT chieftain erecteth his trophies here,  
Symbols of slaughter and tokens of fear?  
What victor in triumph returneth from far,  
Enriched with the spoils of many a war?

Where passeth the car of his glory and pride?  
What horsemen in pomp attend at his side?  
What banners are streaming unfurled to the sky?  
What multitudes shout as the train sweepeth by?

What captives by thousands the pageant adorn,  
From kindred and country by violence borne?  
I called to the brook—I asked of the trees—  
Yet nothing replied, save the murmuring breeze.

I turned to yon column of marble gray;  
As I silently gazed, it seemeth to say—  
'Mortal! Oh! wish not our king to behold;  
'All flee from his presence—the young, and the old.

'Light shineth before him—all nature is gay;  
'Night reigneth behind him—grief marketh his way;  
'He cometh in silence; no heralds are near;  
'Nor hosts with their banners terrific appear.

'He passeth the city—it walleth his stroke,  
'He toucheth the hamlet—its life's cord is broke,  
'Thou too at his summons must yield up thy breath;  
'Would'st thou know then the conqueror's name?—It is *Death*!

ANNALS

## LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE ENEMY CONQUERED; OR, LOVE TRIUMPHANT. By S. Watson Royston, Author of an 'Address' delivered at Cumming, Georgia, and member of the Yale Law School. New Haven: Published by T. H. Pease, 83 Chapel street—1845."

Would that we could convey to our readers half the delightful emotions we have experienced in perusing this elegant little volume. As conscientious critics, we cannot say that the work is, in all respects, faultless. But what book ever was, is, or will be? We will bet a hat (*white*) with any one, that, given the *Odyssey* on the one hand, and a good translation on the other, we will point out more than one place where Homer has written trash; and *without* a translation we could find many *highly objectionable* passages, especially on Examination day. Again, we will bet *two* hats, (*white*, of course,) that we can find *obscure expressions in Euclid*—the clearest-headed mathematician that ever wrote. Any Freshman can do it. Yet the works of these writers are universally admitted to be the purest models of style and sentiment. The immortal tendency of the fifth book of Euclid has, to be sure, sometimes created "great excitement" among the "lower classes" of the community; but that very fact strengthens our position and triumphantly bears us out in saying, that no writer ought to be condemned for venial errors, so long as the world shall continue to pass its verdict of approbation on the illustrious sinners to whom we have alluded.

We should be ungenerous, then, if, on account of a few slight defects, ("*fox passes*," as we say in France,) we should ink our editorial pen in the life-blood of the author of "The Enemy Conquered." We remember poor Keats too well for that. We know too well our duty toward American Literature, for that. We know our duty toward the *Law School*, and the intelligent young men who there do congregate, too well to attempt suppressing the faintest glimmering of genius from such a source. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we hail the *second* appearance of Mr. Royston, on the literary arena. He has won, this time, if possible, a greener laurel than before. When we call to mind the fact, that in many countries of Europe, America is known to the masses only through the medium of Cooper's writings, we congratulate the public—we might say the *re-public*—on the advent of a new novelist. We say *new*, because the epithet is just, in its highest sense. The book, notwithstanding the few blemishes by which it is disfigured, is evidently the work of one of the most original geniuses in the Law School. To a few Undergraduates, who are fond of poking fun at that branch of our honored University, this may seem faint praise; they may reply to it by tongue thrust in cheek; perhaps by digital circumvolutions on promontory; but we speak to the wise, and the reverent.

The fairest way to judge of an author's powers is to count his merits rather than his faults; not overlooking the latter, but chiefly attending to the former. Thus we measure the breadth of his wings from tip to tip; thus we tell *how high he can soar*; while it ought to be a secondary consideration with us, how low he can sink. We have been guided by this rule in examining the "Enemy Conquered," and we are prepared to say that we have rarely been better entertained than while engaged in that agreeable occupation. The work is based on a Great Idea; like "*Excelsior*," it portrays the supreme and lofty spirit, towering above circumstances, toward the empyrean of its own gorgeous dream-world. In that ethereal sky, *Woman* is the bright and beautiful star, whose glory lures, entrances, overpowers, and absorbs the whole being of the aspiring hero. After an eloquent rhapsody on the sex divine, commencing with the stanza—

"Sweet girl, thy smiles are full of charms,  
Thy voice is sweeter still,  
It fills the breast with fond alarms,  
*Echoed by every rill;*"

the author introduces his hero wandering in the Cherokee country in the neighborhood of an "Indian castle"—one of those ancient and stately edifices, we suppose, called in the Aboriginal tongue, "*wigwams*."

Near the romantic village of Cumming, he encounters a very good looking young man, an entire stranger, who thus accosts him: "Are you not Major Elfonzo, the great musician—the champion of a noble cause—the modern Achilles, who gained so



many victories in the Florida War?" "*I bear that name and those titles.*" modestly replies the Major, who presently proposes to make a "confidant" of his new acquaintance, seizes his hand, and exclaims, "O! thou exalted spirit of inspiration, thou flame of burning prosperity, *may the Heaven-directed blaze be the glare of thy soul, and battle down every rampart that seems to impede your progress!*"

The two eternal friends then part forever; at least we have no intimation that they ever meet again. This we call a master-stroke. This shows the author's knowledge of human nature and human vicissitudes. Two strangers meet: one of those mysterious operations of the mind by which we recognize the presence of a superior, and are forced, unwillingly perhaps, to bow the knee, reveals the Hero to the less lofty soul, and forthwith Major Elfonzo stands confessed; hands are clasped, the fond word of outbursting spontaneous sympathy is blended with the last good-bye, the indissoluble bonds that have entwined themselves around the hearts of Hero and hero-worshiper in the twinkling of an eye,—experience an *awful strain*,—and—but we cannot "paint a dying groan." Such, alas! is human *friendship*. *Love* is another thing; it lasts longer—sometimes. But in this world no two *male* routes long run parallel with each other, except the "People's" and the "Opposition." Friendship at best is but a point of intersection, a point—to use an apt quotation,—"*born and dying with the light breath that makes it.*"

Elfonzo's mind, unlike that of most heroes, is of a sombre cast. Like Bonaparte, he feels that his is a grand, mysterious, and "very peculiar" destiny. His father indulges similar sentiments. With unspeakable solemnity he bids his son "struggle with the civilized world," and with his "own heart," telling him that he "*cannot escape that lighted torch, which shall blot out from the remembrance of men a long train of prophecies which they have foretold against*" him, and winds up by passionately conjuring him, among other things, to "let the night-Owl send forth its scream from the stubborn oak." Elfonzo, like a dutiful son, makes no objection to this request, and the "night-Owl" of course continues to scream unmolested. Beautiful portrait of filial affection! The son, melted down by the entreaties of an affectionate father, gives up, without a murmur, any design he might have previously entertained against that Owl, which we may infer was located in the neighborhood, and had, by its nightly screams, become at once a pet of the gloomy old gentleman, and a perfect nuisance to the Major.

But the Seminoles are quiet; Big Tiger and Wild Cat have "come in." Military service is below par, and Elfonzo, heart-full with a lofty ambition, determines to rise in the world of letters at whatever cost. He is not afraid to "humble himself that he may be exalted." He is willing to subject himself to a terrible ordeal. Accordingly he, "the modern Achilles, the champion of a noble cause," boldly enters the Cumming academy, and hides his scarred and war-worn visage beneath the pure, white novice veil of a—Sub Freshman! To an ordinary man, a descent like this from the lofty pinnacle of martial renown, to the humble valley of incipient Freshmanhood,—this, we say, to an ordinary man, would be a sackcloth-and-ashes operation of the most mortifying description. But *he is not* an ordinary man. What to others appears to be humiliation, is to him honor. Martyrdom *may* be disgrace and infamy, but martyrdom *is* immortality. So, no doubt, thinks the Major, as he meekly sits down to study the Latin lessons, and looks wistfully at the birch suspended behind the instructor's desk. His mind, disciplined by military experience, and strengthened by struggling "with the civilized world," readily overcomes difficulties that appear to common subs, appalling. With Ligurian agility he climbs the precipitous path of science, and ere long, as might have been expected, is "*like to become the first in his class*"! Here Cupid steps in to turn the current of the Major's thoughts towards the fair "Ambulinia." We cannot dwell upon this part of the story, although to the general rabble of novel readers we may seem, by pausing here, to have overlooked the most important portion of the book. But our object is gained if we have seized upon and illustrated the *grand fundamental idea*, of which the narrative is only an outer shell and symbol; if we have, giant-like, held up a glorious Jack the Giant-killer, between our thumb and finger, and shown him bravely writhing and wrestling, to get free from the ferocious nippers of circumstances. We may say of the tale, however, that it is one of perplexed, thwarted, but finally triumphant Love. The incidents are natural, and the language, with a few exceptions, chaste and expressive. We give a passage or two, as specimens of the author's style.

" 'Return to yourself, Elfonzo,' said Ambulinia pleasantly, 'a dream of vision has disturbed your intellect, you are above the atmosphere, dwelling in the celestial regions; nothing is there that urges or hinders; nothing that brings discord into our present litigation.' \* \* 'Go, seek a nobler theme! we will seek it in the stream of time, as the sun sets in the Tigris.' As she spake these words she grasped the hand of Elfonzo, saying at the same time, 'peace and prosperity attend you, my hero; be up and doing.' Closing her remarks with this expression, she walked slowly away."

Again, how beautifully wrought up is the following climax:—"Though oft did I refuse to join my hand with thine, and as oft as did I cruelly mock thy entreaties with borrowed shapes; yes, I feared to answer thee by terms, in words sincere and undissembled. O! could I pursue, and you had leisure to hear the annals of my woes, the evening star would shut Heaven's gates upon the impending day before my tale would be finished, and this night would find me soliciting your forgiveness." 'Dismiss thy fears and thy doubts,' replied Elfonzo. 'Look, O! look, that angelic look of thine!—bathe not thy visage in tears; banish those floods that are gathering; let my confession and my presence bring thee some relief.' 'Then, indeed I will be cheerful,' said Ambulinia, 'and I think if we will go to the exhibition this evening, we will see something worthy of our attention'!! From these extracts our readers can form some judgment of the book. We cannot here speak at length of the trials, vicissitudes, and final success of the lovers. Our interest in their unhappy "fix," however, is kept up to the last, and our heart bounds with joy as we read the closing paragraph—"Happy is now their lot! Unmoved by misfortune, they live amid the fair beauties of the South. Heaven spreads their peace and fame on the arch of the rainbow, and smiles propitiously at their triumph, through the tears of the storm"!!

The chief merit of the work, as we have intimated, does not appear on the surface. Many would consider it an ordinary love-story. We do not. We regard it as vividly displaying that immortal Idea, at the incarnation of which men in all ages have bowed down and worshiped—Heroism. What adds to our interest in this book, is the assurance we have that is founded on fact. If so, the Major has been married just about a year. The honeymoon is over; the lethargy of wedded life will not do for Elfonzo. He must arouse. His country requires, his Destiny demands it! We call upon him to renew his "struggle with the civilized world." Let him resume his studies; let him aim at entering, if possible, the class of '49. He can do it. We stake our reputation on this declaration. Nay, more—we prophesy that he will be "like to be the first in his class." Yale would be proud of him. She professedly discountenances matrimony, to be sure, but she will gladly admit him into her halls, "under the rose." She has even now the happiness of seeing among her children at least one veteran of the Florida War; perhaps we might say *Mo(v)re*. Meantime, while Major Elfonzo is, as we ardently trust, plunging with renewed energy through the depths of his Latin Reader, we advise our friends to call on the good-natured publisher, Mr. Pease, and shovel off his edition of the "Enemy Conquered," as fast as possible.

"THE YOUNG SPEAKER; an Introduction to the United States Speaker: designed to furnish exercises in both Reading and Speaking, for pupils between the ages of six and fourteen, &c. &c. By John E. Lovell, formerly Instructor of Elocution in the Mount Pleasant Classical Institution, Amherst, Mass.; and author of the U. S. Speaker, Rhetorical Dialogues, the Young Pupil's First Book, and Young Pupil's Second Book in Reading. New Haven: published by Durrie & Peck, 1845."

We had prepared an extended notice of this valuable little book, but our limits would not permit us to insert it in this number. At present we can only say, that the design of the author appears to us to have been carried out by his work in an original and admirable manner. We shall refer to this subject at greater length in our next.

THE MONTHLY ROSE has come to us in the shape of two blossoms on one stalk; both beautiful as the fair hands that—put them in the Post Office! We should like to know that witch of a punstress who wrote—

THE LOWELL OFFERING, for June, was, as it always is, most welcome; a rich bouquet of flowers plucked in the rose-month of the year.

THE WILLIAMS MISCELLANY, for May, is a fine number. We do not like to particularize, comparisons being "odorous," but two articles especially attracted our notice, as being remarkably fine.

THE NAMAU MONTHLY comes out for June with a strong corps of new recruits in its editorial ranks. We like its appearance, and are sorry that we have been able to give it, this month, but a slight examination.

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

WE saw an ant, the other day, running round on a window-sill. So, having a natural disposition for teasing, we took out our penknife and placed the large blade upright before him. He tried to get round the difficulty, but somehow the difficulty kept getting round him. Whichever way he turned, there was the formidable wall of steel before him. There was but one alternative; to stand still, or "go ahead." He stopped, thought a moment, and then boldly advanced. He climbed, slipped back, went half way up, stopped to summon up his energies, made a desperate effort, reached the edge, scrambled over, and dropped on the other side. Brave fellow! brave fellow! said we. What a splendid editor that chap will make, when he is sufficiently "developed up!" We have been placed in circumstances like his, during the past month, but in trying to imitate him have cut a sorry figure. We are over the knife-edge of editorial perplexity at last, not without having many times felt like falling back in despair. But, "who's afraid?" Who will murmur at such a season as this, in such a world as this? Beautiful, abused, insulted world? We shall take up cudgels for thee. We hate all this cant against "the world." Who are you, grumbler, prating about the "vanity of the world?" A vain, arrogant part of that world; a part that impudently dares to utter libels against all the rest, and therefore should go hang itself. A vale of tears! Yes, a lovely vale, drenched in beautiful tears, every morning, at the folly of Seniors in sleeping over, and the misery of Juniors, Sophs, and Freshmen, in being obliged to go to recitation, instead of taking a walk. Very kind in the world, very polite and courteous, thus to sympathize with the foolish and the unfortunate. World! Salaam! accept our homage; may you live a thousand years!

We will allow to the croakers, however, that this is a very strange world, and among the strange things going on at present, strangest of all, as it appears to us, are the *ornithological* developments of the day. We know not how to account for the singular phenomena exhibited by Mr. Poe's "Raven." Certainly this is the most remarkable bird of the age. What a patriarch he is getting to be! Not a week passes unmarked by the flight of a new covey from his nest. In comparison with this venerable visitor from "Night's Plutonian shore," the famous hen that laid one egg every week-day and two on Sunday, dwindles down to a chicken. But if we are surprised at the number of the old fellow's offspring, what shall we say of their remarkable variety of form and plumage? We have seen, within a day or two, one "owl" and one "whippoor-

will," both affectionately claiming said "Raven" for their mutual dad. Nor is this the worst of it. We are now about to show you a *Tom-cat*! whose progenitor, we are confidently assured, is no other than the identical Raven! Well may you stare; but it is true. Now we do not wish to speak disrespectfully of "ominous birds" in general, much less of one possessing the high "Plutonian" claims of the individual referred to; we must say, however, that none but an "unclean bird" would suffer child of his to run about without a feather on its back. The quail, perhaps, forms an exception to this remark; he can plead a long running line of precedents, and the force of early education, to excuse his very shabby practice in this particular. It may possibly be allowable for him to send forth his callow young, clad in nothing but a ragged egg-shell "sack." But for a "Raven" of the "saintly days of yore," to hold out to us in his paternal claw a *black cat*, and ask us if it don't favor its father, is positively shocking. Feathers are the only legitimate costume for a Raven's progeny. Any other is a disgrace to the "cloth." This we dare to say, and "saying will maintain," though the grim wanderer should tap at our window, and perch upon our "bust of Pallas," and fling his black shadow over our soul, as soon as he uncovers that of Mr. Poe. A *Tom-cat*! What shall we have next? Probably an elephant. Of what use was Noah's ark to the animal creation? If he had caught this Raven, this universal genius, which, from its queer ways, was undoubtedly an antediluvian, he might have saved timber, and still the world would have been crawled upon, run over, and swam through, to its heart's content. But this *Tom-cat*—how did we catch him? We *didn't* catch him. He came to us, we are under the most awful obligations not to say how. But we know his lineage to be as we have stated. Degenerate branch of a strange vine, he is nevertheless authentic. Believe in him. Read, mark, and inwardly *digest* him, if you can. A scarlet edict!

#### THE TOM-CAT.

High o'er Heaven her dusky curtain Night had hung, and I am certain  
That serenest, softer, sweeter, lovelier night was never known.  
At my window I was sitting, past me fire-flies fleet were flitting,  
Watching them, I there was sitting, sad, and silent, and alone;  
Brilliantly the light of Luna flashed around her "silver throne,"  
As I sat there all alone.

On a mighty magic Ocean, moving with mysterious motion,  
Life's majestic, mystic, mournful, shoreless Ocean, I've been thrown;  
Sorrow-shadowed sky is o'er me, Hope's horizon dim before me;  
Weary is the way before me, through an Infinite Unknown.  
These the thoughts that filled my fancy—foolishly enough, I own—  
As I sat there all alone.

Slumber now was slowly stealing, with a soft delightful feeling,  
O'er my senses, when a sudden, mournful and mysterious moan,  
Thrilling through the silence round me, broke the balmy bands that bound me;  
And another moment found me listening for another groan,  
With my mouth and ears wide open, all awake to hear the groan—  
Fearful, too, to be alone.

"Surely," said I, (nothing hearing,) "what a fool was I for fearing!"  
'Twas the note of my own trumpet, too terrifically blown;  
For, of all the nasal noises,—by the blessed beard of Moses!  
*Mine*, as everybody knows, is nasalest that e'er was known;  
And I snore! it was my *snoring* that produced the ominous tone—  
For I surely am alone."

Curs'd I then each crook-beaked Roman that was ever born of Woman,  
 With the daring Duke whose dreadful Nose upholds Victoria's throne.  
 At that moment a surprising, awful, angry, agonizing  
 Howl, as if of damned demon down to deepest Hades thrown,  
 Rose upon that moonlit midnight, as by blast infernal blown  
 To me, through me, there alone.

Stock still stood I, shuddering, shivering, while my tympanum was quivering  
 With the wild and woful wailings on the winds of midnight strewn;  
 Jolly Jove, the cloud-compelling, high on hoar Olympus dwelling,  
 Had he heard such horrid yelling, would have tumbled from his throne;  
 Terror-stricken at the tumult, would have tumbled from his throne—  
 But I heard it all alone.

Soon the cry began to languish, melting into plaintive anguish;  
 Like the lyre Eolian, lulling to a tender, slender tone;  
 Then, as if some brute were boiling, or on red-hot gridirons broiling,  
 Or some fond mammas were spoiling (just because they were their own)  
 Half a hundred blubbering babies, (just because they were their own)—  
 Such the sounds I heard alone.

Then there came a spitting, sputt'ring, stifled stammering, and stuff'ring,  
 Then a shriek so shrill and piercing that it cut me to the bone,  
 Like the death-cry of a lonely, lost, and loveless being, only—  
 Like that awful death-cry only, sinking to a gasping groan;  
 Then the silence fell, as falleth floating feather downward prone,  
 And once more I seemed alone.

Sense and speech at length regaining, " 'Twas some Ghost," said I, "complaining;  
 Grim, gaunt ghost of midnight murd'rer mourning guilt he'll ne'er atone;  
 For no frenzied frantic fiddle—nay, no madman of South Middle,  
 Vampire-victim of South Middle, bleeding, bitten to the bone,  
 Ever in a mortal struggle gurgled such a ghastly groan  
 As I here have heard alone."

Hardly were these words well spoken, when my window-view was broken  
 By a big, black, burly *Tom-cat*, standing on the window stone;  
 Then unraveled was the riddle, for 'twas neither ghost nor fiddle,  
 Nor poor maniac of South Middle, that had raised that ghastly groan,  
 For the cat had "let the cat out;" *he* it was, and *he* alone—  
*He* the "amateur" alone.

The cat appears to be "out." Reader, don't think so; you labor under an optical illusion. There is more of him than you now see; more than you will ever see. For *cat* though he *seems* to be, and *bird* as by the laws of nature he *must* be, we make no *bull* in saying that there is so much of the *dog-gerel* in him, behind the ears, as to render him "out" of character, and put him "out" of our good graces; so we shall e'en cut off his *tail* and bag him up.

*The man in the black hat*—has drawn largely on our sympathies of late. "Grand, gloomy and peculiar," he stalks about the college grounds "wrapped in the solitude of his own originality." He is a faded rose-leaf, an emblem of other days, a type of the "old regime." Poor fellow! It is whispered that he is *insane*! We had thought of inditing a chapter on hate; indeed we had actually prepared the *heads* of our discourse. We had much to say, moreover, on various topics of interest, which our limits forbid our touching upon. The proceedings of the *Grand Conclave*, it was our duty to record. Our next number will reveal some of the mysteries connected with its transactions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—"C." is too long for insertion in this number. It is under consideration, but probably destined to an untimely grave. All others are rejected.

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THE

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CONDUCTED

BY

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"This engraving, which is a reproduction of a painting by the artist, is a fine example of the art of engraving." *— The New York Tribune.*

JULY, 1886.

NEW LIVES

EDITED BY L. C. MASTON.

CHAS. W. BENTLEY, NEW YORK.

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CONTENTS

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The Influence of Fame,  
Appearance versus Worth,  
Sonnet.  
The Study of Human Nature,  
An Epigram,  
The Chandkass,  
The Whippoorwill,  
Criticism à la Mode,  
The Choir of Rhinoceros in our College,  
Mathematical Love Song,  
On "Appointed Times,"  
Song of the Wind Spirit,  
Literary Nations,  
Nature's Table.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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THE INJUSTICE OF FAME. *Harriet*

OUR world is a world of wrong. Villany, sin, and crime, "things rank and gross in their nature," are native products of its soil. The weeds of iniquity are nowhere exotics on its surface. Injustice is found an indigenous plant in all its climes. Wherever we turn, abundant proofs in support of this assertion meet our eyes. The journey of life is beset on every side, with the robbers of property and character. Governments, old in sin and corruption, unpitifully continue to tread their subjects into the dust, with the iron heel of Despotism. Society, with its opposite extremes of high and low, rich and poor, in scarcely one particular, seems bound by Right and Justice. Trade has its petty and its monstrous cheats. Even the sanctity of Law is at times polluted with error, when caprice or ignorance of its spirit and the facts reigns triumphant in its halls. Fame, too, partakes of the same injustice, as it will be our object in this essay to show. Its decisions are seldom if ever in accordance with a correct and discriminating view of the individual's position and character.

That this is true of coterporaneous fame, few will deny. The applause gained by pampering the whims of the present day, or the passions of a multitude, all are ready to acknowledge as for the most part unmerited and unjust. But we mean not by fame mere mushroom popularity, which, as it is unfairly obtained, so it is easily lost; which is as transient in possession as it is undeserved; which begins with the vain utterance of the rabble, and evaporates with their idle breath, and like the lightning, you can scarcely say, see—behold—ere it is gone. We refer to a different and a more lasting fame. Not the letters traced in water, but those stamped indelibly upon brass—the fame that has withstood the cankering hand of Time, and rests on the judgment of many ages; the decrees of which are sanctioned by posterity—a tribunal whose passions and prejudices are supposed long since to have ceased. Most persons perhaps regard its decisions as infallible, and to differ from the united voice of mankind, will no doubt be thought madness. We grant that as this fame is more permanent,



so it is often conferred with more justice, but seldom wholly so; and the half right it contains but renders its wrong the more concealed, and the more difficult to discover.

It is a common remark, that really great men are apt to be unappreciated by the age in which they live. They are thought to be in advance of their time. The world is said to be unprepared for their reception. We are told it must be instructed and improved, before it will be able to understand and profit by their teachings. They themselves, perhaps, must create the taste by which they are to be judged. Mankind will not confer praise without some cause, good or bad. Though that cause exist, but they see it not, it is all the same with them as though there was none. Detraction goes hand in hand with existing worth. Difference in religious belief, in political creeds, and a thousand fortuitous circumstances, help to build up the Chinese wall of prejudice between it and other men. Envy becomes its base interpreter. Nothing is yielded more unwillingly than a free and hearty acknowledgment of a cotemporary's claim to honor and distinction. His praise is begrudged the moment it is given. Unlike those who, without merit, are borne forward on the swollen wave of popular applause, to be left high and dry at its ebb, truly deserving men must wait for the veering tide, before their bark floats at all. Common place mediocrity may be appreciated—inferiority even worshiped; but how seldom is this true of real genius, till consecrated by a removal from earth!

But if the tendency of human nature is to underrate great men while living, it also operates equally strong to overrate them when dead. The mystery and the sacredness of the grave blunt the shafts of calumny. We approach with awe "the portals of the cloud-capped temple with which the entablature of life closes," and would not, with the irreverent touch of censure, defile its sanctity. While the mouth of detraction is mute on the one hand, the trumpet of praise on the other swells with still louder notes. The bias to magnify is enhanced. Even trivial services and trivial accomplishments are made the basis of undue pretensions to esteem.

Men are in their dispositions radical. Whichever way their judgment turns, it has a down-hill course. Once started on the wheels of prejudice or favor, it seldom finds a resting place till it reaches the bottom. Conceit does every thing. It made Jacob's lambs peckled, and the child of the Ethiopian queen white. The sentiments of the mind are not above its influence. Borne on by it, men, in their estimation of others, seldom exercise moderation. Preconceived views color their minds and prevent an unbiased examination. They are often without requisite information. They dislike the trouble of examining for themselves. It is easier far to take their estimate of character at second hand. Their views are not usually founded in reasonings of their own. They have generally rather been caught from the dogmatic diction of some spiritual leader, or from the all powerful expression of public opinion. They follow the tinkle of Dame Fashion's bell, lead whithersoever it will. Credulous in belief, her thoughts and opinions are adopted as their own. If she but applauds, she awakes from her cave

airy Echo, and ten thousand tongues prolong the sound. It is thus human praise spreads by contagion. Each one catches he knows not how, and propagates he knows not wherefore. In this, as in other things, worldlings give their sum of more to that which already has too much. It is ever their practice

"New offerings to bear to the crowded shrine,  
A drop to the brimming cup."

There are two entirely different conditions that seem most favorable for this result; one of them an age of rude ignorance, the other of great enlightenment. In the one, man is worshiped as a hero; in the other, as a god. The one terminates in historic embellishment, and the other in fable and mythology.

There is something so commanding in the exercise of more than ordinary abilities of whatever description, that the mind almost unconsciously pays their possessor adoration. Among an unlettered people, the account of some martial or physical exploit is left to tradition. It passes from mouth to mouth; the more wonderful only is remembered. Enough is known to excite surprise. Each repetition increases its amount. Imagination fills up the picture. The exploit is associated with a being superhuman. An ordinary hero has become mythic, and passes to posterity a demi-god. What but this gave polytheistic Greece and Rome a full supply of gods? And what are Odin and Thor, but great men deified in the memory and imagination of worshipers?

Almost the same thing is effected in a highly civilized age in a diametrically opposite manner. By chance one possessed of power and influence becomes the patron of genius and learning. He collects about him men of letters. They receive from him support and encouragement and favor. In return, they are lavish of panegyric. The praise of Augustus is the theme of every song. The literature of the day is made the depository of their encomiums. Those who come after bow to the author's genius. Man, and events of which he treats, have a peculiar charm. What was otherwise of little interest is thus made the object of study and admiration. The historian collects the hitherto scattered and unconnected rays. His descriptions glow with their concentrated light. What would have been left in inglorious silence but for this, has become world renowned. A name is "fast fixed in the abyss of time," without half the claim that others have, which, from the want of such favoring circumstances, are sunk in the bottomless gulf of oblivion.

But this is not only true of the two extremes of life, but of all its stages. Though the cringing sycophancy of genius should not consecrate mediocrity; though stupidity and superstition should not endow frail mortal with Godlike excellence and power; yet the imagination and fancy have ample field. The inclination to exalt meets with every encouragement in the constitution of our nature. Its effects are neither confined to a rude age nor a highly cultivated people. Its principles and their operations are universal. At all times, those on whom Fame smiles, not only have their own faults concealed, but receive them-

selves the honor belonging to less successful worshipers. She keeps upon the earth a continued sunset. She throws a halo of glory only around those who reach the summit of her hill. Mist and darkness cover its sides, while perpetual sunshine, dancing and playing upon its top, renders it conspicuous from afar.

Let us consider the manner in which this is accomplished more in detail. One possessed of really ennobling qualities has produced a favorable impression. His conduct has been magnanimous and humane. His acts have tended to benefit his race. The world is better for his having lived in it. Admiration and gratitude dispose the mind to look only on the bright side of his character. The mellowing medium of love renders still more conspicuous his virtues, but softens down and lessens all his faults. He stands most prominent among the great men of his age. His name is used as a landmark on the turnpike of the past. It comes to designate the period of his existence. Minor men are forgotten. He alone is remembered. We naturally associate the events of the age with him. We unconsciously ascribe to him all its more remarkable traits. It has been an age of glorious deeds. We give him the honor of them all. It has been noted for changes great and beneficial to the world. We readily consider him their cause. Improvements have been made. We think he has made them. We consolidate the labor and experience of a long course of years into his life. We make his creative genius alone to have accomplished that for which the events of many ages had been preparing. Distance blends other's achievements with his own, and the microscopic lens of Time enormously magnifies their shadows on the spectrum of the present. It is thus that in all ages and in all conditions the few have usurped that "certain portion of uncertain paper" which rightfully belonged to the many.

Success often contributes to the same result. In every day life we see how much it influences the reputation of men. Like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. Wealth, office, power—what are they often but screens to many unwarrantable things done in their pursuit? Its effects upon posthumous fame are equally apparent. Actions appear but as the events to which they are joined. Failure is thought a sure indication of the want of worth. Those only who bring their undertakings to a prosperous termination, receive the praise due to their merits. When we reflect that this is often the result of chance; that the best laid plans fail from the merest accident; that things which could not have been foreseen by the highest earthly wisdom will thus rob men of deserved laurels; while, on the other hand, good luck consecrates the most hair-brained designs; and often we succeed as much by the "talents we want, as those that we have;" it must be acknowledged, we think, that success is no just criterion of worth. Yet it is almost the only passport to fame. It constitutes the distinction between the deepest policy and the highest folly. It makes one act rash—another judicious and wise. It renders one person infamous as a rebel—another immortal as a patriot. Who shall say it does not help to swell the fame

of a Washington? or that failure is not one main cause of the infamy heaped upon the memory of a Shay?

Nowhere, perhaps, is the partiality of fame in this respect more conspicuous, than in the provinces of science and invention. Here too those who succeed receive all the commendation. How great the injustice of this will be seen from the following considerations. The highest conceptions of the human mind seldom come by intuition as it were, and at once. They have never sprung Minerva-like into full growth and perfect proportion. They are not prodigies of miraculous creation; but are rather produced by the more natural laws of gradual growth. The most important truths in science are not thought out, even by a single mind. No intellect, unaided and unassisted, ever developed all the facts relating to any one of them. They were discovered by the united exertions of many minds. They were brought to light by successive and slowly following steps. Co-operators afford each other many profitable suggestions. The knowledge of those who have gone before is made available; the final result is but the union of all these.

The same is true of the most valuable improvements in machinery. They too are perfected by almost insensible gradations. They are progressive refinements upon and generalization of previously acquired facts. They are brought about by successive approximations. For years there has usually been an increased interest upon the subject. The unsuccessful attempts of some prevent those who come after from wasting their labors upon useless experiments. The half favorable results of others give hints, by uniting and combining which, the one favored by Heaven to pluck the flower of success is guided and assisted in his own investigations. What we complain of is, that he should monopolize most of the honor. Those who have gone before, serving as stepping-stones, hardly ever have their merits acknowledged. They are swallowed up by those they have helped on to their eminence, as inland brooks are lost in the main of waters—or lesser lights obscured by the sun's glory. The wren is fabled to have surpassed the eagle, in a contest to see which could reach the greater height, by keeping under his wing till he was at his utmost elevation, and then darting from her safe retreat just above him. It is thus that the successful discoverer and inventor is often borne aloft beneath the pinions of another's genius, to soar from thence but a span above him, and for this to receive the homage and reverence of all coming ages.

This is wrong, every way wrong. He who originates is surrounded with more perplexities; he encounters more obstacles. Those who follow but combine the experiments of others. They apply existing truths. They put previously discovered ideas into successful operation. They make little if any addition of their own. Hence they are deserving of less praise. Because it is more difficult to begin than continue, the first step is more meritorious than all the after strides.

These are some of the ways in which the injustice of fame is produced. Her violation of right is equally apparent in many other particulars. She confines the title great, the prize that all generous na-

tures strive after, to those whose nights were spent in planning and their days in working the misery and ruin of men. Whose are the names most prominent on the pages of history? whose the deeds most distinguished?—those most applauded? Are they not the deeds of warriors and conquerors—those whom pride and pomp have disguised? The magnitude of their guilt prevents our conceiving of its enormity. Had it been insignificant, what we now applaud as heroic we might then have stigmatized as crime. Or, granting that their acts were praiseworthy, what surety have we that they alone deserve all the honor! How do we know that an impartial examination will not show others entitled to some of it? Predecessors, perhaps, who cleared the ground on which they built, sowed the harvest that they gathered; or ministers and advisers it may be, but the recollection of whom is now lost.

This leads us to consider our subject in another point of view. How small the proportion of those to whom Fame has assigned a place in her temple! Can it be imagined that they are the only great and wise men who have ever existed? Have not others possessed talents or performed actions that equally entitle them to remembrance? How many on the waves of excitement and anarchy have risen to the highest pinnacle of renown! How few by quiet and unassuming usefulness have emerged from obscurity and neglect!

Our limits will not permit us to pursue farther this topic. Enough has been adduced to prove all that we intended—enough to show that the rewards of fame are made to depend on accidental coincidences. Did merit alone adjust her balance, we should find an altogether different result. Many who have built the structures of their own fame from the ruins of others, would see them vanish like castles of enchantment, when their borrowed materials were returned; while in very truth perhaps the noblest building of them all would be found amid the rubbish of time, when justice had cleared from around it the overshadowing masses, and disclosed to view its own natural symmetry and beauty.

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## APPEARANCE *versus* WORTH.

### A TALE.

BY J. W. W.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### CAPTAIN FOSTER REVISITS HIS HOME.

"GAME for me, I swanney! Now, I guess, I'll take another cup of tea, if you've no objections, Miss Hetty, a leetle,—just a drop of that ere out of the bottle in it too, if you please," said a portly, jolly-faced man of forty or thereabouts, to a sprightly, sharp-visaged dame, some

ten years his senior, as he declared his victory, and laid down the cards with which they had been beguiling the time. They were sitting in the kitchen of a large and handsome mansion in the town of S., in Massachusetts, and appeared to be enjoying the good things of this life after the most approved fashion. The fire burned brightly and cheerfully upon the hearth, a pot of tea was drawing upon the coals, and a black bottle, out of which they occasionally solaced themselves, sat upon the table. An old man, whose gray locks and bent form declared him in his dotage, sat dozing unnoticed by the fire.

The woman poured out the tea for her companion, and filled a cup for herself. "It is very nice now, ai'n't it, George?" said she, as she sipped from her saucer, and looked very lovingly across the table at the man.

"It is that," he answered, "and you're the one that knows how to make it, I guess. Now this way of doin' business is what I calls comfort, Miss Hetty, and my sayin' is, take it as you go along. Some folks is always a grumblin' and foreseein' trouble, but I say, time enough when it comes, take comfort while you can." And, as if to show how comfortable some people might make themselves on a bleak November day, he got up and added more fuel to the fire, and stirred it up into a bright blaze, so that it roared up the chimney and threw out a ruddy light that made all look pleasant within.

"Yes, Miss Hetty," said he, resuming his seat, and settling himself down into an easy position, "this is comfort, not excitin' to be sure, not dangerous, but quiet, safe, substantial comfort, such as always makes me feel kinder religious, without stoppin' to think nothin' about it."

"Yes, George," answered Miss Hetty, looking up to the ceiling, with Christian resignation depicted in her countenance, "we should be thankful for all these blessin's, and," she continued, bringing her eyes back with another loving look upon the face of her companion, "I hope you don't forget who got you this situation, George?"

"I guess not, I guess not," said he, with great solemnity of tone and manner, as he laid his hand upon his heart, "while this 'ere vital keeps a beatin', I can't forget you, no more than the American eagle can forget liberty. Miss Hetty," he continued, while the woman fixed her eyes again upon the ceiling, with an expression which seemed to say, 'Praise me, I am a poor, weak, erring creature, I know; but I *am* better than most mortals.' "Miss Hetty, we men would be poor creatures in this world without the other sex; a woman is—is a—a—a woman—is a woman, Miss Hetty, and there ain't nothin' else like her in this world:" and leaving Miss Hetty to decide, within her own breast, whether to say, that a woman is like no other of God's creatures, is praise or dispraise, he stirred the fire again, and sipped his tea for a long time with great good nature.

"How's the old gent, in there?" said he, at length, breaking the silence.

"Wal," she answered, "about the same, but rather failin'; he won't hold out long."

"Has he promised you yet?" asked the man.

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"Yes," she answered, "and it's all down in black and white; the lawyer was up here this morning; it's put in the will that I'm to have it, if the young one don't come back afore he dies. I couldn't get it any other way; very childish like, and he's afeard of me, I think, and I can do e'enamost any thing with him; but I couldn't get it out of his head but what the young scapegrace would come back yet."

"Wal, you don't believe he will, though?" asked the man, eagerly.

"No, no, in course not," she answered, "bless your soul, he's gone to t'other place afore this.—There, there, he's ringin' his bell agin; deary me, how much trouble he is." But, although she knew that the summons was for her, she did not move; and it was repeated several times, without any attention being paid to it. At length, with an exclamation of impatience, she got up, and, passing through a hall, opened the door which led into the parlor. An old man was sitting close before the fire, as if endeavoring to impart warmth to his cold blood from the artificial heat; his hair was white, and his forehead was wrinkled with care and age, for he had already passed the usual limit of human life, and entered beyond the boundary of threescore years and ten.

"Hetty," said he, in a subdued tone, as the woman entered.

"What do you wish, sir?" she asked, in a querulous manner.

"What time is it, Hetty?" said he, soothingly.

"Why, sir," she answered, "it's e'enamost four o'clock; you have made me come in three times to tell you this afternoon, and I wanted to wind the clock up."

"Well, well, Hetty," he answered, "never mind;—only four! dear me, how slowly the time passes! What shall I do, Hetty?"

"Deary me," she muttered to herself, without making him any answer, "he's all the while a askin' that, and sayin' he's lonely; one of these days he'll be for gettin' some young creetur here to palaver around him, and order me about; but I won't stay, that I won't."

"Won't stay?" said he, looking up, as his ear caught the last words, "you would not go and leave me, would you? What did I say? I did not mean to offend you, Hetty; don't be angry, there's a good woman."

"Well, never mind," she answered, in a tone that, under the circumstances, was wonderfully forgiving, "I ain't one to lay up any thing. Do you want any thing, sir?" she asked, as she held the door-knob in her hand.

"No, nothing, nothing," he answered, "you may go;" and, turning around again in his chair, he resumed his solitary watch. Poor old man! how pitiful and friendless he looked! In the melancholy days of his life, he was alone, and he *felt* lonely; the day was cold and dreary, and his spirit partook of all its influence. The sun broke through the clouds in the west, and shone into the room; but its rays were cold and dull, and they reminded him of his own cheerless decline. He rose from his chair, and walked feebly to the window, and gazed out for a while, but finally resumed his seat with a deep sigh, and the tears one after another trickled down his pale cheeks.

The opening of a door at length roused him again, and, without looking around, he asked, "Who's there? is that you, Hetty?"

"Thank Heaven, he lives yet!" answered a broken voice, and staggering, rather than walking across the floor, Foster fell upon his knees by the side of his father, and buried his face in his lap.

"My father, my father!" he sobbed, "forgive me, forgive me!"

"Who are you, man, and what would you have?" asked the old man, starting from his chair in alarm.

"Oh, my God!" he answered, "can sin and misery so change the form, as to make a father forget his own son? I am your son, your own son, father; do you not know me? will you not take me back?"

"My son, my son?" said the old man, in bewilderment, as he fixed his rayless eyes upon him, "no, no, that can't be: he will come; I shall see him before I die; but you are not he, oh, no."

"But I am, I am your son," answered Charles, with all the agony he felt in his heart evinced in his tones. "Look at me; see, sir. I know that I deserve to be discarded and thrust from your presence; but for the sake of mercy do not disown your own flesh and blood. Say that you know me."

"Oh, no, no," he answered, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "I shall know my son when I see him; you are not he: he is slight and young, and his cheek is red, and his eyes, they are like yours, to be sure; but you are not he: oh, no; I shall know him."

The poor old man had for long years dwelt upon the image of his boy as he had seen him last, and such, without any alteration, he imagined he would return to him.

"Oh, how could I have thought to see him thus!" sobbed Charles, in despair; "he will not, cannot know me. But my mother, sir, where is she? she will remember me; a mother *never* forgets her child."

"Your mother!" answered the father. "I know naught of her; but, alas! I can tell *him* a sorry tale when he comes, how his poor mother grieved and died, and how"—

"Did you call, sir?" interrupted Miss Hetty, who made her appearance in a rather more hasty manner than she had intended. She had been listening with the door ajar, and stretching eagerly forward to catch every word, lost her balance, and had to step into the room to recover herself.

"No, I did not call," he answered, "but come in, Hetty; here is a man that would call himself my son: he is crazy, I think, Hetty."

"Lack-a-day!" exclaimed the lady, holding up her hands in real or feigned astonishment, "did he dare to try to make you believe that? Bless your heart! I've seen Master Charles many a time; that feller isn't a bit like him, not a bit."

"Well, I told him not," he answered, "I told him not,—he had better go, Hetty; he thought to impose on me because I am old; he must go."

"Yes, I should think as much," said the termagant, turning fiercely around upon Charles, "young man, you'd better up duds and pack; we don't allow such as you here."



He did not hear her: his eyes were fixed upon his father, and he was lost in thought.

"Come, why don't you tramp?" said she, pushing him on the shoulder.

"What would you have, woman?" he asked, turning around in slight anger.

"What would I have?" she answered; "give me none of your crazy looks; I'll have you go, and that quicker too. Now go, will ye? *will ye go?*" she almost shrieked, as she brandished her fists in his face.

A month before, Foster would have pitched her out of the room for her pains; but now, he restrained his anger, and only answered, "No, old woman, I shall not leave my father's house, until at least he orders me: who are you, that take such airs upon yourself?"

"Who am I? Old woman! Oh dear, oh dear!" cried the shrew, skipping about, half crazed with anger, and hardly knowing whether to dash at her enemy and tear his eyes out, or hurl the tongs at his head; but there was something about his looks that awed and restrained her, and with a "Marry come up! you wretch, you villain, you—you—you feller you!" she dashed across the room, and opening the door, called to the man in the kitchen, as well as her choking voice would allow her, "Geo, Geo—George, come here, quick. Here's a imposture, a—abusin' us and threatenin' to kill us, and knockin' me about: come quick, or we will all be turned out of house and home."

"Hey-day, hey-day!" said the burly wight, as he entered, followed by the old man who had been sleeping before the kitchen fire, "what's in the wind now? what are you doing here, hey, sir?"

"I am here of my own right," answered Foster, drawing himself proudly up to his full height, "and I warn you not to interfere. Things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, if a son is to be thrust by hirelings from under his own father's roof."

"High-te-tity!" answered the man, in derision, "you can't come that game over us—catch old birds with chaff: come, prove that; where's your writin's? where's your docyments?"

Foster did not deign to make him any reply, and he continued, "Come, come, you can't stay here; you haven't fools to deal with; you'd better trudge without any more to do; if gentle means won't do, force must."

"Silence, sir!" answered Foster, angrily. "If my father discards me, and bids me leave his house, I go freely; but if not, you cannot force me from his side."

"Can't hey, can't?" said the man, advancing towards him.

"Stand back, sir, stand back!" answered Foster; "beware how you use any violence: I will not be tampered with."

"Don't talk that way to me," he retorted, "you'll not bully me off so. George Smith don't have the name of bein' the stoutest man in S., to be scared by a whipper snapper dandy like you," and stepping forward, he placed his hand upon his shoulder, to force him from the house; but scarcely had he touched him, when he received a blow

that would have felled a giant, and reeling back, he stumbled upon the old man, whom Foster then discovered for the first time, and bore him to the ground. "Poor fellow!" said Charles, springing forward and raising him in his arms, "are you hurt, Peter?"

"Ah, ah!" exclaimed the old man, without regarding the question, "I know that voice, it is—it is Master Charles: let me look at you, sir; come nearer to the light; my poor old eyes are dim, and I cannot see you well;" and leading him to the window, he gazed into his face for a long time in silence, and then, as a gleam of pleasure lit up his countenance, he stripped up the sleeve of his coat, and fixed his eyes eagerly upon his arm. "There, there!" he exclaimed in ecstasy; "I see it, I can see better than I've seen before for years. Look there, sir, look there!" he continued, drawing him back to his father's chair, "look, there is the name I pricked on his arm myself—C. F. He made me do it; blessed be the day, I remember it well. The F was larger than the C, and he laughed at me—he laughed at the old man," and the poor fellow cried for joy, as the proof, so indisputable to him, was brought to light.

It was some time before Charles could persuade his father of his identity; 'twas hard to bring his waning intellect to understand that the boy whose image he had so long cherished in his heart must in time have been transformed to the man, and the chattering old housekeeper increased the trouble, by continually suggesting new doubts. But, on the other hand, Peter was confident that the stranger was no other than the long-lost son, and his assurance did much to convince the father, for he had served long and faithfully in the family, and had gained the esteem and confidence of the old man. At length, little by little, the light dawned upon his reason; long-forgotten circumstances, that could be known to no one but Charles, were recalled, and with them the features and expressions of his son's countenance seemed once more to grow familiar. When at last convinced that the long-lost one, his only child, was really with him, it seemed as if he could not sufficiently enjoy his presence. Good old man! age, instead of having rendered him sour and morose, had mellowed his heart, and he forgot the pangs and bitter trouble his son had caused him, and thought only how dearly he loved him. He would sit for hours gazing upon his face, and listening to the little anecdotes suited to his childish mind, which he related. But his happiness was not of long continuance; his lamp of life was almost spent; and day by day he grew more and more weak in mind and body, and at last, one afternoon, as he sat with his son's hand clasped in his, telling of the happy days they would spend the coming summer, when the warm sun and pleasant air should have renewed his strength, the flickering flame went out. He breathed his last without a struggle, and when his body was consigned to the earth, the poor and the unfortunate and the fatherless were there, to testify with their tears how good and kind he had been in life.

After performing the last sad duties to his father's remains, Foster made haste to return to Wilmington, for his stay had already been protracted beyond his original intention; and then the old family mansion,

whose doors had been open to high and low for forty years, was closed, for the housekeeper and her companion had absconded several days before, with all the movables of value upon which they could lay their hands.

The first care of Foster after arriving at the city was to hasten to the house of Col. Miller. Vague apprehensions of coming trouble and disappointment had taken possession of his mind, and he was eager to satisfy his doubts. His fears proved groundless. Mary received him with every demonstration of love and joy at his return, and again he felt *happy*—happy as he had not been for years before, while they planned schemes for the future. He informed her of the incidents of his visit to his native place, and she, on the other hand, told him of the manner in which she had conducted, during his absence, to release herself from her previous engagement. In the first place, she had written a long letter to him, to whom she was affianced, informing him candidly of the state of her feelings, pleading her youth for her previous want of discrimination and foresight, and asking directly to be released from her engagement. Then, what she dreaded most, she had an interview with her father. The old soldier was the soul of honor, and for a long time he stood out stoutly against giving his consent to any conduct which he deemed so unfeeling and disgraceful; but her tears and entreaties at length persuaded him to yield to what she convinced him was her only means of happiness, and he reluctantly gave his consent to her, to act as she thought best in the matter.

As Foster was leaving, she placed in his hands the letter which she had received from Bissel in answer to hers. He imprinted a kiss upon her warm cheek as he bade her good night, with a promise to renew his visit on the morrow, and returning to his lodgings, locked the door, to prevent interruption, and sat down to read the letter. It was addressed to 'Miss Mary Miller,' and ran as follows:

'Your letter has been received, and I could never have believed that its contents were written in seriousness, had not your previous conduct led me to anticipate something of the kind. I sit down to answer your request in a few words, and with all calmness, for the passion is past. I am composed now, and can write as I think. *You are discharged from your engagement*; I will not say one word to urge you to retract your last step, for, were you willing, I could never take as the partner of my bosom one who has so tampered with my best affections, and proved herself so fickle and inconsistent. No one, I am sure, can love you more truly than I did. It is past; but, in that you were once dear to me, I grieve for the fatal course you have chosen, for with so unpropitious a commencement, yours, I fear, will prove a troubled voyage of life. The love that is kindled by every new object cannot be deep or lasting, and will never for a long time prove true to any. One year from your last birthday we were to have been united. May you at that time be no less happy than you are now. When we meet hereafter, I request that it may be as strangers. E. B.'

He had hardly finished reading the last line, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. He opened it, when a thick-set, coarse looking man walked into the room.

"What is your business with me, sir?" he asked, as the man closed the door, and, leaning with his back against it, took a deliberate survey of the room, and then of the occupant.

"This is Captain Emmerson?" said the man, nodding his head familiarly, and smiling with delight, as if he had stumbled upon an old and very dear acquaintance.

"Yes, that is my title," answered Foster, "be so good as to state your business."

"Well, now," said the man, settling himself in a very easy posture upon one leg, and thrusting out the other foot, while he drew out a huge plug of 'nail rod' from his pocket, and bit off something like two inches from the end, "well, now, I just want you to be very quiet, while I tell you the news, 'cause they's seven fellers outside a waitin' to pitch on ye, if you say *boo*. You ain't Captain Emmerson, nor Captain Emmerson's daughter, nor nothin' else but Captain Foster. I ain't one to palaver and break it soft to such a feller as you: so I just say, I come to arrest you in behalf of the people."

An innocent man would have laughed at such an announcement, thus given; but Foster started up in amazement, and stared wildly about, as if seeking some means of escape, as he exclaimed, "How? for what?"

"Oh, nothin'," answered the unfeeling officer with a sneer, "*only* piracy, that's all. I've got the warrant in my pocket, if you want to feast your eyes upon the docyment."

Foster's first thought was to make a desperate resistance, and die, rather than leave the house; but it then occurred to him that the arrest must be merely upon suspicion; his men were all far away, and there was not a soul who could testify against him.

"Well, my good friend," said he, "looking up, as his countenance brightened, "there is some mistake here, I perceive. I will willingly go with you before a magistrate, and settle this business at once."

But, notwithstanding his readiness, the officer seemed to think there was some danger of his making an effort to escape; for he sent two of his followers to walk a little way before them, while two other stout fellows brought up the rear, and thus they took up their line of march for the office of the magistrate, by whom the warrant had been issued. Arrived there, Foster entered with an air of assurance, and was about to demand a prompt examination, when, to his horror and amazement, his eye fell upon the negro whom he had thrown from the rocks of Kidd's island. He had thought his body long since buried in the deep, and here he had risen, as it were from the dead, to bear witness against him. Oh, Justice, how sure are thy ends! How piercing thy ken, how difficult to be escaped by guilt! Providence has not gathered men into communities without conferring upon them the means of safeguard, and here, as everywhere, we see his hand busy in its silent workings, to guide, to counsel, and protect. Did this guilty being imagine that he could escape altogether, and live the remainder of his life in peace and happiness?—that after scattering to the wind, he should reap his harvest in sunshine and calm?—that he might break away from every law of mercy and right, and run riot in sin, and yet wash away, with one tear of secret penitence, years of guilt? Vain hope! What al-

ways has been always must be. Truth must come to light ; iniquity must be requited ; and He who said, " The way of the transgressor is hard," has shown by all his acts that it cannot but apply to the punishment of this world.

Lest the reader should think there was something of the marvelous in the reappearance of the negro, we will go back and state, in a few words, the manner of his escape. When he fell, hurled from the cliff by the hand of his passionate master, his fall upon the flying jib-boom of the brig stunned him for a moment, but the water received him again, and swimming quietly around the side of the vessel and out of the cove, he passed around the island, and scrambled up the rocks upon the other side. Here he sat for awhile to recover himself, and then, searching about, found the dry branch of a tree, which he launched into the bay, and by its aid, the tide being favorable, in the course of a couple of hours, reached the shore of the main land, and on the following day went up to Wilmington in search of employment. Here he had noticed Foster, and in revenge for the ill treatment he had received from him, laid the information against him, which resulted in the arrest we have described.

The unexpected sight of the informer totally unmanned the criminal ; his face became of a livid hue, his lips twitched convulsively, the very muscles lost their power, and he sunk upon a chair, the very picture of conscious guilt. When the magistrate would have interrogated him, he started up and answered in despair, " Remand me, I am guilty ; to prison, to prison. The sea has sent its dead to curse me. Would to God I could die this moment !" No further testimony was required, and he was ordered away. The place of his confinement was in the city jail, and a gloomy place it was indeed ; down beneath the earth, in a dark cell, where the cold damp collected in drops upon the wall, and slimy earth-worms came out of the chinks and crept upon the floor ; and where the air smelt of the grave, and the light was like that of night, and fitly too, for, with the wretches who were confined here, all within was night and darkness. He was chained to the wall, and through the live-long night he crouched upon his miserable pallet in one corner, while all the furies of the passions preyed upon his mind. Towards morning he became more calm, and with the return of collected thought his resolution was taken—he would not live to glut the appetite of the law ; he would not be gibbeted between heaven and earth, a mockery for men to jeer and wag their heads upon. Aye, justice for once should be robbed of her due—he *will kill himself!* With him, to resolve was to do. He stopped breathing ; poor wretch ! he could not die so. Again and again the attempt was made, but with the throes of death nature would assert her right—life would return. Then, in an effort to strangle himself, he pressed the chain which bound his hands to his throat, and then he almost succeeded, but in the moment of success his strength failed again, and with the agony of departing life his arms fell to the ground. But he did not give over yet : panting, he again raised his arms, and thrusting his right hand behind his head, brought it with a convulsive effort in front upon the other side, and thus the chain was brought so tight that the links were almost buried in the flesh ; his tongue

protruded, black and swollen, from his mouth ; his eyes, all bloodshot, started from their sockets, and after an awful struggle the deed was finished ; the measure of his iniquity was full, and, unbidden, he stood before the judgment-seat of his Maker.

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We might here, perhaps, with great benefit to the young of both sexes, descant on the warning tones of age and experience, upon the folly of judging by appearances, and the dangers that continually surround those who live and act with no fixed rule of principle to guide their conduct. But do not start, kind reader : we will not trouble you now with our ideas of either ethics or religion ; let us but glance at the remaining characters of our tale, and we have done. The worthy young physician possessed too much good sense to grieve long for one, who, he was persuaded, was totally unworthy of his regard. He continued to mingle in company as usual, and in about a year after the events we have related, paid his addresses to another lady, and was accepted. She did not, perhaps, possess all the shining beauty of the first, but "virtue is beauty," and with her the charms of mind and heart were more than sufficient to win the admiration of the good, and render the love that was bestowed upon her lasting.

Mary Miller became the by-word of the town. The story of her inconstancy spread like wildfire through all classes, and its result was the subject of the most unfeeling ridicule. More from necessity perhaps than choice, she retired from society, and became a perfect man-hater. She is still living, a shrill, scolding old maid, surrounded by all the comforts of wealth, yet deriving no comfort from them. She takes no pleasure but in the rearing of cats, and is so disagreeable to every one around her, that a servant will seldom stay more than three days in her house. Success to her in her useful employment.

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SONNET.

"THE EVE OF ST. AGNES."

Oh, sweet St. Agnes' Eve! a harmony
 Is ringing from thy silver-throated lines,
 Which, like a net, around my spirit twines :
 A fairy net, whose threads are ecstasy.
 Where'er I turn, thy footsteps follow me ;
 Where'er I look, thy bright eye on me shines.
 What thoughts ! what words ! sweet fruit, on sweeter vines !
 Luxuriant—as the flowers of Arcady.
 Bright—as an oak upon the mountain side,
 Which wears the ice-gemm'd robes by Winter given ;
 O'er which the Moon keeps watch from arching heaven ;
 While countless stars adown their pathway glide,
 And rest upon its crown. Oh, Poet, riven
 Too soon from earth ! sweet Fancy was thy bride.

J.

THE STUDY OF HUMAN NATURE.

To know the world means, it has been said, to be able to escape its dupers, and practice upon its dupes. Now why should such an occupation be necessary? and why should it win from us, as it unquestionably does, a certain quality and measure of praise? Clearly for this reason: the requisite degree of knowledge upon the subject for enabling us to accomplish our purposes by wisdom, does not exist in society, and therefore, we are constrained to use cunning for knowledge, and craft for wisdom. We have not learned enough to enable us to convince, and therefore go about to cajole. Scarcely one in a hundred realizes the meaning of the phrase "man of the world;" the words are familiar, and are often uttered without a thought of their expressiveness. It describes one who has seen much of life in all its various aspects, who has mingled with men in all countries, and under all circumstances; who has watched with a vigilant eye all that has passed under his observation; who has carefully examined and thoroughly scrutinized the materials thus afforded him, and deducing general principles has stored them away in a retentive memory in readiness to come at his bidding, and do him good service. In common language, he understands human nature. Such a gift, even in the hands of the unprincipled and otherwise contemptible, confers upon its possessor a vast power, and secures for him a certain degree of respect and admiration.

If, under such circumstances, a knowledge of human nature appear to be an object worthy of desire, it will seem infinitely more so when seen in the noble, the high-minded, the virtuous. When wielded by the man of lofty aims and earnest purpose, it becomes an instrument of tremendous power, indeed the grand secret of success.

It teaches the statesman what laws are required by his countrymen, and how to adapt those laws to their peculiar character and habits. What motives to suggest, what feelings to appeal to in order to secure their approbation and support of his measures. In a word, it instructs him how to gain and maintain his ascendancy over the multitude. Without it, the warrior would be incapable of securing the affection of his soldiers, or of arousing their courage at the moment of battle. He would be ignorant of the best modes of availing himself of his own advantages and diminishing those of his enemy. He would be destitute of one of the fundamental qualities of a good general. Strip the poet of his knowledge of human nature, and his thoughts at once become too high even for his own comprehension, or too low for that of any one else, or too indifferent for either. Deprive Webster of his knowledge of man, and the magician is powerless. Rob Washington of the same quality, and the giant becomes a mere man. Take it from Wordsworth, and the harp of the sweet singer is broken. It is important to all—to the educated, thinking mind it is indispensable.

We are, then, naturally led to inquire how is it to be attained. We can conceive of but three ways in which such knowledge may be ac-

quired, by observation, by experience, and by the careful, diligent study of ourselves. It is often thought that the desired information can be obtained only, or at least principally by observation and experience. We shall attempt to show the fallacy of this supposition.

There are numerous arguments which might be adduced in proof that observation will not furnish us with a satisfactory or even more than a very meagre knowledge of human nature. A knowledge of any subject implies, and necessarily involves, an acquaintance with it in all its relations and bearings. The man who should attempt to trace out human nature through all its ramifications, who should presume to investigate the character of each and all the children of Adam—that “multitude whom no man can number”—would impose upon himself a task compared with which that of Sisyphus was mere child’s play. But, it will be answered, such labor is unnecessary, the student of human nature need not investigate every character; let him examine a few and he will obtain the characteristics of the whole race, for the “myriad-minded” declares that “one touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” In spite of such high authority, we believe that characters and natures are as numerous as the individuals of the race, that mind differs from mind as “clay and clay differs in dignity,” that one resembles another very nearly in the same manner that light resembles darkness. An acquaintance with the character of one person by no means involves an understanding of that of another. Nor indeed is the former of very great assistance in obtaining the latter. The principles derived from the study of one individual may be correct so far as they go, but unfortunately they apply only to that case. A moment’s reflection will convince any one that scarcely any two persons will act in the same manner under the same circumstances; or, if they should, they would not be actuated by the same motives. There are innumerable differences arising from nature, education, habits, and inclination. But even allowing a considerable degree of similarity to exist, there are almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of arriving at a just estimate of the few cases selected as representatives of the race. It is often, perhaps we might say generally, impossible to discover the motives which actually give rise to action. Appearances are often deceitful.

“It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking.”

Secret influences are frequently at work, and causes operate which are unknown even to the subject of them. But there is another and far greater obstacle—

“’Tis too much proved, that with devotion’s visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.”

All men are hypocrites. We are not so entirely destitute of all confidence in poor, weak, human nature as to be willing to assert that

all men are intentionally so. But we should rather say that it is a wise regulation of Providence, that every man is prompted almost unconsciously to conceal some of his thoughts and feelings, even from his dearest friends. It would seem almost impossible for the most accurate observer to derive a satisfactory knowledge of human nature from the study of those who act from motives, either unknown to themselves or carefully concealed from others, and often varying and complicated. Besides, those who make the conduct of others the chief object of attention and the chief subject of thought, are invariably triflers in mind and idlers in action.

Another mode of acquiring the desired knowledge is by experience or observation of ourselves,—a far better method, but attended by a considerable degree of uncertainty. For, as has already been remarked, we are often unconscious of our own motives. The principal objection is, that the process is slow and the information thus acquired comes too late. "Tis not a year or two shows us a man." At the very moment when it would seem that we have collected our materials, when we are prepared to reduce the theory to practice, we find we have played our parts and must leave the stage. The earnest, diligent, constant study of ourselves is the surest mode of attaining a knowledge of human nature in general, and in particular of that portion of it to us the most interesting and important. It may be objected that this is nothing more nor less than experience. But there is a vast difference between mere passive experience and careful study. The nature and operations of the mind are capable of being examined and understood almost as thoroughly and clearly as those of the body. But we presume no one would maintain that he could comprehend the latter as distinctly by comparing his bodily sensations as he could by investigating his physical structure, and ascertaining the laws which govern it.

Self-knowledge confers upon its possessor all, and more than all the power afforded by a knowledge of others. He who knows himself may exercise almost unlimited sway over those around him. He is thoroughly informed of what he is capable, and how he may best apply his abilities. No man ever became great who did not know himself. We attribute their distinction to genius, but it is a flimsy excuse, devised to quiet our consciences. Our advantages may be equal or even superior, but we allow them to pass unimproved, simply because we are unconscious of the powers which are slumbering within us. The human mind is undoubtedly capable of far higher flights than have ever yet been attempted or conceived. Nothing short of Deity is impossible to it. When once fully convinced that nothing is too high, too mighty for it, it will soon discover the means of gratifying its aspirations.

Innumerable instances might be cited in proof that self-knowledge has been the true secret of greatness in those whom men delight to honor. Shakspear's much-talked-of knowledge of human nature was a far nobler quality—an accurate acquaintance with his own myriad-mind. Lamb remarks, that "we talk of Shakspear's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into

those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind, which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Johnson's, the very 'sphere of humanity;' he fetched those images of virtue and knowledge, of which every one of us, recognizing a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only awaited the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same." It is indeed downright slander, "flat burglary as ever was committed," to charge the sweet swan of Avon with wasting his matchless powers in the study of characters such as those of the knaves and villains around him—"those harlotry players," as Dame Quickly calls them.

The recent death of Sydney Smith has called forth eulogies upon his character and writings from every quarter. The following assigns to him the trait to which we have alluded. "The great secret of Sydney Smith's success was that he knew his place. He had taken a just measure of his own powers, and did not aspire to be anything else than he was. He was quite aware that he could suggest to public men views which they might have overlooked—that he could express their views in a better and more taking manner than they could—that there was a charm in his compositions and conversation to make them run after. He felt that he could make himself necessary, and thus secure an agreeable position in society. And he did not fall into poor Swift's mistake, who, with pretty similar claims, imagined he could be master and dictator of those active spirits to whom he was only competent to be an indispensable auxiliary. Sydney Smith was aware that he could not become a Brougham, or even a Lord John Russell; but he felt that he knew them both thoroughly, and on their part they had a rather uneasy consciousness of the same kind. He was one of those awkward allies who are not always easily managed, and with whom men dare not break." Other and perhaps still more striking examples might be instanced, of men engaged in the more stirring scenes of "the world's broad field of battle," but these are sufficient to establish the principle.

The conclusion at which we arrive then, is that it becomes us to obtain a thorough knowledge of ourselves, and with this touchstone to try other natures. To make the study of ourselves the one great business of life, regarding the study of others as altogether secondary.

AN EPIGRAM.

JOHN railed at Dame Nature as quite unfair,
That she gave not him a musical ear;
But snatching a kiss, Sue gave it a blow,
That proved his ear *musical*, it *sung* so.

THE CHEROKEES.

Jackson.

[CONCLUDED.]

WE now come to a more pleasant part of our subject. We wish to speak briefly of the present condition of this nation, which must ever be to us an object of the deepest interest as patriots and as men.

In the first place, the *Cherokees are an anomaly among nations*—A RACE OF CIVILIZED INDIANS. It has been thought that it was impossible for the red sons of the forest to receive the slightest tinge of civilization. The inherent fierceness of their temper and ardent attachment to their native institutions have made the sentiment grow into a proverb, that an "Indian will be an Indian still." But time, the great confounder of the wise of every age, has proved the fallacy of this once plausible opinion. No less authorities than the Edinburgh Reviewers once laughed to scorn the idea of evangelizing the heathen nations by means of missionaries. So that henceforth, if any theory is to be formed with regard to the capabilities of human nature for improvement, it should be established on the broad principle that it is an insult to Deity to imagine that He has given to His creatures souls incapable of rising to a knowledge of Himself and His works. It is true that the Cherokees cannot be said to have reached the surface yet, so as to look upon the white man as equals look upon equals. But it is at least with heartfelt pleasure that we can behold the influence of the refinement which is our boast effectively applied to a rude and stubborn race. Were the work less advanced than it is, we could not but be gratified; as it is, we may be proud of it.

As for the political organization under which the Cherokees live, it is upon a Republican model, and is composed of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments. The Executive Department consists of a Principal Chief, elected once in every four years, an Assistant Principal Chief, and an Executive Council of five members. The Principal Chief possesses the *veto* and other powers usually vested in an Executive Head. The Legislative Department is divided into two branches: the senatorial branch, consisting of men of acknowledged experience and talents, called the National Committee; the representative branch, called the National Council. Laws are made by the joint action of these two bodies. The Judiciary consists of the Supreme, the Circuit, and the District Courts. All Judges are elected by a joint vote of the Committee and Council. Ministerial officers, corresponding to our sheriffs, are elected every two years to execute the commissions of the Judiciary. Impeachment for violation or neglect of duty may be brought by the Council against any public officer of the nation. The barbarous usages of former days are prohibited by positive statutes. Crimes are distinguished by their right names, and punished with proper penalties. Debts are recoverable by law. The property of the wife cannot be sold without her consent, to satisfy the debts of her husband, and *vice versa*. Trial by jury is guaranteed in two distinct arti-

cles of their Constitution, upon the most liberal terms of the Common Law. What could be more salutary than such a cession of right as this? "The accused shall have the right of a *speedy, public* trial by an *impartial jury* of the vicinage." Again, this is at once generous and conclusive. "The right of trial by jury shall remain inviolate; and every person, for injury sustained in person, property, or reputation, shall have remedy by due course of law." We might enumerate other liberal provisions of the Constitution, modeled in general after the Constitution of the United States and the several States; that no person shall be twice placed in jeopardy of life or limb; that private property shall not be applied to public use, without a just and fair compensation; that accused persons shall have the privilege of compulsory process to obtain witness in their favor; that offenses of a certain class shall be bailable; that persons shall not be compelled to give evidence against themselves; that all shall be secure from unreasonable searches and seizures. We will not say that this general system of government, when carried out into the particulars of practice, will answer in all respects the idea which we have learned to attach to republicanism. Undoubtedly to rule a people of strong and peculiar impulses, more power is vested in the head of the government and less emanates from the popular will, than is necessary to govern a highly educated nation. In the fierceness of political quarrels, life is not wholly secure, though murder is punished. Justice is often forced to strike a less measured blow to curb the violent passions of the forest-born, than among us. But that a government so good in its general outline, should ever have been established over a nation barbarous by birth, is sufficient cause for wonder and congratulation. We have alluded to political parties among the Cherokees. These have sprung from the fact that before the removal of the Cherokees as a nation from their eastern home, one party of them had already occupied the soil beyond the Mississippi. The newcomers outnumbered the old, and heartburnings arose, when the Chief of the newcomers was made Chief of the Nation. The bitterest animosity has been exercised by some classes of the different parties, and blood has even flowed from this cause. As for their Chief, John Ross, he is a man celebrated for the mildness of his character and decorum of his deportment. Many of the persons highest in rank in the nation have attained to the full stature of enlightened men. By the influence of these it is to be hoped that the national turbulence will be speedily quelled. Both parties are now referring their respective wrongs to our government; and it is desirable that what can be done by us towards reconciling these conflicting interests, should be done without delay. There is one point in their Constitution which merits particular attention. It embodies more practical wisdom than the thousand theories of government which have been invented by sagacious politicians and royal councils. Rousseau, with all his keen perception, never understood it, and consequently was a child in political knowledge. It recognizes the Supreme Being as the supporter and source of government. This is boldly and beautifully set forth in the preamble of the Constitution, and practically enforced in the first section of the sixth article.

"No person who denies the being of a God, or a future state of reward and punishment, shall hold any office in the civil department of this Nation." There is no religious proscription of a particular class in this. There is nothing inconsistent in the rule with freedom of conscience and belief. It is a just assertion of the truth that the man who does not recognize a Supreme Being has not sufficient motives for rectitude and integrity to occupy a station which demands responsibility above selfishness; and he who does not find in his Maker the source and supporter of power, is unfit to administer that power. Who can doubt the ultimate success of the Cherokees in self-government, when they have founded their supreme law on confidence in the Divine blessing, and acknowledge God to be the guide and aid of justice, tranquillity, and freedom? The person who, by giving an alphabet to his nation, opened at once a wide avenue for the admission of knowledge among them, deserves to be celebrated as one of the heroes of philanthropy. The name of this modern Cadmus is George Guess, recently deceased, who, at the time of this achievement, could neither read nor speak any other language than his own. By means of this alphabet, the Cherokee people are able to read the sacred Scriptures, religious publications, accounts of the events which are now happening in the world, and even books of certain branches of learning. Their orthography is said to be the most perfect in the world. The printing press, sustained by the government, is busy in scattering around the treasures of knowledge. About one hundred thousand volumes have been printed since 1828 in the Cherokee language. In the cause of education the Cherokees have shown great enterprise. A system of free schools has been established and is supported by the government, and many parents send their children to be educated in the best institutions in the United States. The number of their schools is constantly increasing, and the facilities of improvement are amplified. Many of them not only read, but also write the English language.

Religion is perfecting some of its noblest triumphs among the Cherokees. Churches have been erected, where the missionary and native preacher point their hearers to the Christian's God, who was a few years ago to them unknown. A Bible Society has been established by the natives, which raises funds for the circulation of the sacred volume and religious books. Their *Temperance Society* numbers nearly *three thousand* members. It is true that religion cannot be expected to wear the same pleasant exterior among a nation of strong passions and rude habits, as among a highly intelligent and enlightened community. It is a plant which thrives best where there is the richest soil. But that it should have gained any access into the Indian character, would have been considered a few years since, one of the wildest dreams of enthusiasm.

Thus have we endeavored to draw a passing sketch of this interesting people. We have seen that among them the printing-press is shedding abroad its vivifying influence. The school-house, that little white monument of the rising glory of a people, shines in the forest. Temperance is rapidly accomplishing its good work. The little Church, con-

secrated in the name of Christ, invites the small band of converts to come to the earthly courts of God. No longer subsisting on the wild game of the forest, the sturdy Indian cultivates his field, and eats in joy the bread of industry. Towns and cities are springing up. Rights are protected by the strong bulwark of wise and just laws. Mechanical and agricultural arts are proving to the world the power of civilization to turn the rudest human being into a man, actuated by high motives and aiming at noble ends. Leading minds among them are employing all the high energies of their nature to awaken their fellow-citizens to measures of improvement and progress. Nobly has a writer, in their national organ, said, in discoursing upon education, "The condition of the people, as it regards 'poverty and riches,' 'noble or ignoble,' should never interfere with the general arrangement of the system or operations of the plans for the diffusion of knowledge." Upon this high principle may the Cherokees act, and though comparatively a small nation, become, like Sparta of old, under Lycurgus, the master-piece of political establishment. They form the advance guard of the Western frontier, and their fate will be the fate of the whole Indian race. Interference on our part is not likely to speed the onward march of improvement among them. At present our Indian Agent acts in the multifarious capacity of soldier, governor, ambassador, and trader. Let this agency be abolished, and let the Indians govern themselves. Let men be sent among them to watch over and foster them, to guard the rights of the white man, and make communications between the Indians and the government of the United States. Let our Government afford them that protection which it has promised. Let them be treated as men, acquainted with their rights, and capable of appreciating acts of justice, if not disposed to redress wrongs. In short, let the Government of the United States apply the *Golden* rule in its dealings with the Cherokees, and we shall soon see that they make as good citizens, and are susceptible of as high cultivation, as any people, while the other Indian tribes—saved from the brink of extinction, which has almost seemed to be their appointed doom—will follow their example and partake of their glory and renown.

We shall conclude our essay by citing an elegant and beautiful passage from the *Prospectus* of the "*CHEROKEE ADVOCATE*," the national organ of this people, edited by a relative of the Chief. It is a fine specimen of the proficiency made by some of our Aboriginal friends in the use of language, and embodies ideas worthy of being impressed upon the mind of every American. "The history of the Indian tribes, but most especially that of the Cherokees, is replete with incidents at once striking and commanding. The mystery that shrouds their origin, their former warlike character, their manly freedom, their firm adherence to their natural and political rights, their fond attachment to their homes—the homes of their forefathers—their rude expulsion from those homes, their sudden transition from savage to civilized life, their rapid improvement in education, agriculture, and the domestic arts, their present condition, and the influence which, from their location, friendship, and intercourse, they must and will exert over the great Indian popula-

tion, extending north and south along the whole western border of the United States, and back to the Rocky Mountains, cannot fail to enkindle a lively interest in the breast of the philanthropist, awaken a general thirst for more familiarity with them, and arouse 'their protectors' to the important, but often apparently forgotten fact, that they have no trifling duty to perform towards this people." F.

THE WHIPPOWIL

Flamby

At summer eve, when the warm day
 Its sultry course has run,
 And the damp shades their mists display—
 Tears for the day that's done—
 I love to roam the grove near by,
 Its solitude to share,
 And hear the whippowil's sad cry,
 Burst on the desert air.

The robin may its cheerful song
 Sing at morn merrily,
 And the feathered tribes all day long
 Give sweetest melody ;
 But I, who am of sober mood,
 Will flee from things so gay,
 To listen from out yonder wood
 To the whippowil's lay.

All nature with all nature lives
 In perfect harmony ;
 There is a sadness that she gives,
 Which ill comports with glee ;
 Thus when the golden sun has set,
 And evening shades come on,—
 What music more appropriate,
 Than the whippowil's song ?

Earth, air, and sky a tribute pay—
 And sadly seem to mourn,
 That there has passed another day
 To the eternal bourn ;
 The whippowil from nature takes
 The mood she sees her in,
 And her plaintive strain lonely breaks—
 As 'twere day's requiem.

Kingsbury

CRITICISM A LA MODE.

PARADISE LOST, a Poem, by John Milton. Boston: 1845.

[It has become of late a fashionable method of criticism to analyze an author, taking his work in detached portions, and endeavoring to show its faults. The unfairness of this method is what is obviously aimed at in the following.—Ed.]

WE are not in the habit of noticing indiscriminately any and every new work which issues from the press, because it happens to attract a little attention. Our time is altogether too valuable to be frittered away in this useless and thankless employment: moreover, the vast number of works with which our venal press now teems, would preclude the possibility of mentioning even the title-page of any considerable number. A short-lived or local notoriety may be obtained by the often ill-judged praise of partial friends; and a high-sounding title, a handsome colored plate, or a highly gilt cover, is nothing more than value received for so much paid to the printer or binder. But where a work has passed through several editions,—has been extensively read,—or at least extensively sold, which in the eyes of the trade amounts to the same thing,—and seems to be rather increasing in popularity than otherwise among a *certain class* of people, it seems to us high time that the matter, or rather the book, should be looked into, that the reading public may not be led astray in their tastes, but may form their opinion on the judgment of those whose business it is to examine into the merits of books, and who are of course far better prepared than any body else to give a correct decision.

The work before us, we understand, has passed through quite a large number of editions in England, (for Mr. Milton is an Englishman,) and has already been several times reprinted in this country.

Of the author we can say nothing in particular, not being favored with a personal acquaintance; and our only inference as to his character and personal appearance being drawn from his work, and the accompanying portrait, from which we learn that Mr. M. is a cross-looking man, with a sharp nose, scowling eyebrows, and very long hair. From the latter, we infer that he favors the Quakers in his religion, and also from his bands that he has once been a minister of the established church, though as no "Rev." is at present prefixed to his name, we presume that the connection is dissolved; for what cause, the reader can judge as well as ourselves, when he sees the sentiments contained in the work.

Candor requires us to say, that we have not perused the book from beginning to end; but when, in addition to the samples we shall give, we remark that the Poem is comprised in *twelve* books! containing about *ten thousand five hundred* lines! we think we have said sufficient to excuse ourselves from the perusal, and to acquaint the reader with the task that is before him, if he is disposed to "dive into the depths profound," and expects to come out again alive.

The *great idea* of the poem is something as follows :—Satan, having endeavored to get up a rebellion, or, in vulgar parlance, to “raise a row” in the celestial regions, is incontinently kicked out, with all his crew, and being pitched beyond the sphere of attraction, he loses his gravity, (the reader is exhorted to maintain his,) but retains his velocity, and after a rather lengthy tumble through *infinite space*, he alights on the *bottom*!—another fact to prove that all things have a limit. Being somewhat stunned by the blow, he lies there for the matter of nine days, without ever so much as condescending to roll over. Another interesting fact is here disclosed, that the bottom of space is a lake of fire, though, like the tortoise in the Hindoo mythology, it is difficult to say what keeps the bottom of the aforesaid lake from falling out. Perhaps we can give the poet a lift here, which can be appended in a note to the next edition. The most popular theory is, that, wherever in space you find any solid body, it rests on the backs of four huge elephants; these stand likewise upon four tortoises; the tortoises rest on large rocks; and as for the rest of the matter, the general opinion is, that it is ‘rocks all the way down.’ All we can say of this view of the subject, is the same that some other geologists say of their curious theories: “it does not contradict the Mosaic account.”

We are not disposed to find fault; but really, after such a long fall, we think it would have been quite as well to have allowed them to sink a few thousand feet, for the sake of consistency. Baron Munchausen, if we recollect aright, in his celebrated tumble from the lower end of the rope by which he descended from the moon, fell nineteen fathoms into solid rock; and certainly liquid fire ought to be quite as yielding a material.

After the end of the nine days, Satan rises, and wakes up his first lieutenant, who is still sound asleep, and they, having aroused the rest, call a council, which is held in a big golden temple, mysteriously got up for the occasion; though there is a great deal of uncertainty how it was built and where it stood: we leave that question to the curious in matters of architecture.

We might mention, in passing, that Satan exhibits considerable profanity; but there is nothing peculiar about it, except that he swears in a very gentlemanly manner, using oaths which bear a remarkable resemblance to those that are current now-a-days, showing less advance in that department of science than one might suppose.

At the council it is resolved to resume operations of a belligerent nature forthwith; and not daring to trust any of his Subs, Satan himself starts out to reconnoitre.

But it would be extremely tedious to attempt any thing like an outline of all his operations, and indeed there are many parts of the book which modesty induces us to skip. Suffice it to say, then, that the writer makes his hero visit this earth, and the time he has fixed upon is just when Adam and Eve have first commenced housekeeping—so to speak—in their primitive abode. Satan pays them a visit, and gets very jealous, (we think jealousy would have been more justifiable in

Adam ;) having assumed the form of a toad, he likewise visits Eve in the night, and bothers her with strange dreams.

After having got Satan safely here, the author branches off, and gives a lengthy account of the creation, with theories on some points evidently quite original. Adam, it seems, was very anxious to go quite deep into astronomy; but Mr. Milton makes the angel repulse his advances in a very mysterious looking manner, showing evidently that he does not know anything about it himself, for all the world as a would-be sapient pedagogue replies to a child's question that he cannot answer.

We here skip a considerable space of no particular interest, and the next fact of any importance which he relates is the building of a bridge over chaos, an operation of considerable difficulty, we should judge, from the distance and want of supports, which must necessarily be somewhat inconvenient. Having finished the bridge, he very naturally goes over; though we must confess we are a little puzzled to see how he contrived to build it, without going over more or less during the progress of the work. The most probable theory is, that he began at one end, and built right straight along—something as Jack Downing says the Freemasons build chimneys, 'begin at the top and build down, to save scaffolding.'

But we must dismiss the *great plan*, of which we have given enough for an outline, and, descending to minutæ, give the poet an opportunity to speak for himself.

In the preface we see little worth mentioning,—certainly the *spelling* is not,—and the information which he gives concerning the verse and the metre is entirely superfluous to any man of sense. The very first word in the poem is one of the shortest and most insignificant prepositions in the English language—nothing more nor less than "*of*." He begins by calling on the Muse in no very diffident manner, intimating that he expects to do something a great deal more than common, which idea he expresses in the following beautiful language:

"That with no middle flight intends to soar," &c.

Rather modest, is it not? From this beginning we might expect considerable, and accordingly in the next paragraph we get it:—

"Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss
And made it pregnant"

Now, *sat'st* is an awkward word anywhere, and in poetry perfectly unbearable; but the language is good enough for the sentiment. The figure, to our mind, is that of an old black hen of prodigious dimensions, sitting on nothing, with remarkable assiduity; and viewing it in this light, the question of her ever hatching at all is extremely problematical.

Having failed to obtain from the Muse the desired information, he concludes to take the responsibility himself, and give his own opinion on the subject. We now get fairly into the work. We soon observe that our author's forte is description, he seems to have made *topography*

a particular study, and in describing localities he certainly excels. Hear the following :

“ As far remov’d, &c.

As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.”

Now what in the name of common sense does the man mean ? If he would tell us where the pole was, or where the centre was, or how far it might be from one to the other, perhaps we might form some notion of what he meant to mean. If he means from the earth’s centre to the pole, certainly it is not any such terrible distance, only about twelve thousand miles, even when multiplied by three ; and as for the *furthest* pole, we have yet to learn that it is any farther from the centre of the earth to one pole than it is to the other. But perhaps we don’t know—so we pass on.

We next have a speech of Satan’s on meeting an old friend of his. He makes the speech in blank verse, and does it tolerably well too, considering that he has never been addicted to literary pursuits. But the first half of the first line puzzles us. The blame lies somewhere between Satan, Mr. Milton, and the Printer’s Devil ; but according to the best explanation we can give of it, the spelling and punctuation are both wrong.

“ If thou beest he——But,” &c.

Now what is the use of spelling *beast* with two *ee*’s, we can’t see. Perhaps it is done by way of courtesy ; but we can hardly think it. It seems, too, that there ought to be a comma after *if* and after *beast*. It would then read, “ If, thou beast, he,” &c. But in either case it don’t make any sense with the rest of the line ; so, on the whole, we are inclined to think that it was put in by poetic license, to fill up the first half of the line, without being intended to have any particular meaning.

Here is another interesting locality defined :

“ —————all these upwhirl’d aloft,
Fly o’er the *backside* of the world, far off
Into a limbo large and broad, since call’d
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown,
Long after now unpeopled and untrod.”

Which particular side of a sphere can be properly called the backside, we are at a loss to determine ; so that, if we were anxious to find the spot, we should be obliged to make particular inquiry of the author, though we fear we should hardly find it in that deserted state which he represents.

Mr. M. has likewise a beautiful circumlocution for a telescope. Speaking of some place, he says :

“ —————a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the sun’s lucent orb
Through his *glossed* optic tube yet never saw.”

Now what does *glazed* qualify?—optic, or tube? Or, supposing it qualifies either, what does it mean? If a man were to gaze at the “sun’s lucent orb” through a telescope for any considerable length of time, there is no question but he would need to have his optics glazed; but if, on the other hand, it refers to the tube, we can’t see why a glazed tube should be any better than a painted one.

Here now is another beautiful passage—

“At one slight bound o’erleap’d all bound;”

and a beautiful comparison—

“As when a prowling wolf, &c.

Leaps o’er the fence with ease into the fold.”

That is to say, Satan jumped over the walls of Eden as easy as a wolf leaps over a fence. What was the particular use of his leaping at all, and why he didn’t light inside when he flew down, may be a question for the curious. Here is a line,

“So *clomb* this first great thief into the fold,”

which reminds us of one equally beautiful—“Oh, could I climb where Moses *clum*.”

Eve, Mr. Milton informs us, was “the fairest of her daughters,” and he might with equal propriety have added, the eldest, too.

Occasionally he gets classical. Hear him in the following:

“—————Nor that sweet grove
Of Daphne by Orontes and the inspired
Castalian Spring might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive! nor that Nyseian isle
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Lybian Jove,
Hid Amalthea and her florid son
Young Bacchus from his stepdame Rhea’s eyes.”

This reminds us of a youthful effusion of our own,—worked out by the aid of a rhyming and classical dictionary,—where rhythm and rhyme, rather than sense, was the object. We give the first stanza:—

“When Hercules, at Troy’s great siege, the immortal Homer slew,
And Jove dragged Bacchus round the field, till he was black and blue,
Cassandra wept the sight to see, Medusa wiped her eyes,
While Vulcan, forging bolts within, heeds not his Neptune’s cries.”

Some of Mr. Milton’s ideas about Adam and Eve are certainly quite original; but we have no room for them in detail. He however gives one very good specimen of a curtain lecture, wherein Eve upbraids Adam for being the cause of the fall, in true Mrs. Caudle style. She tells him, in substance, “It is a pretty story if she’s got to be tied up

to him night and day, and never stir without his watching after her, to see what she's about. She might as well be one of his ribs and done with it, if that is going to be the way. And how should she know that the Devil meant her any harm? She never hurt him, and sure he used very gentlemanly language, and made himself very agreeable in conversation, and she dared say that if Adam had been there she would have done just so, or Adam would himself." And then, finding that she does not succeed in this, she tries the other tack, and rates him soundly for letting her go off by herself alone. "What business had he to let her go off alone? He might have known well enough that the Devil would have been up to some of his capers. He wanted to get her into a scrape, and she believed he did it on purpose. Pretty way that was, for a man to let his wife go off all alone, without any body to see to her. Served him right if she did get tempted. *He told her she hadn't better go?* Nice way that was to creep off. He *didn't* tell her she hadn't better go, and if he did, he didn't act as if he was in earnest. He ought to have told her she shouldn't go, and then she should have stayed. He could have made her stay, if he had a mind to, and he knew it too—for shame of him!" And here Eve goes into the hysterics, and—we desist from further exposures.

And this is *Poetry*! worthy of being printed, bound, and read! sold and circulated! puffed, praised, and applauded—made the adornment of our Library and the companion of our fireside—the instructor of our childhood and the model of our youth!!

Criticism, thou art asleep! Literature, where is thy blush?

THE CHAIR OF RHETORIC IN OUR COLLEGES. *Caroli*

THE effort to separate effective writing and persuasive speaking from energetic thought, has always been abortive. An empty flippancy, possessing no higher claim to the excellence it professes, than the jingle of a child's tin coin to the known ring of the true currency, has sometimes succeeded, so far as to impose upon itself—not upon others.

It seems the besetting folly of mankind to waste exertion to get up worthless imitations, and to strive after an intangible shadow when the reality would not elude the embrace of well-directed effort. This, those will illustrate, who would divorce the cogency of true rhetoric from all that gives it value,—the pregnant thoughts of a strong and earnest mind.

The man of no thought, whose sluggish mind moves like the slow pulse of death, who has elaborated from the universe around him, or from the spiritual world within him, no fact,—who has no truth to communicate,—has no need of rhetoric, and if he had, he has no power to use it. But, suppose that he possessed such power, what would be the subject-matter upon which he would write or speak? Would not his

gift be manifestly nugatory, both as respects himself and others? An endowment, such as the Creator has carefully withheld from the most insignificant reptile! If, therefore, it be true that the thing which renders rhetoric efficient, nay, possible, is the disciplined energy of a vigorous mind, it would follow, that excellence therein would be proportioned to the development and cultivation of the mental faculties, were there not some defect in the instruction, or incompetence in the instructor.

Our colleges are free from the folly of striving to make eloquent speakers and writers, without *first* disciplining and storing the mind. It is *after* the student has made some proficiency in the appropriation of knowledge, after he has invigorated the faculties "by reason of use," that he goes into "the Rhetorical Chamber," that he makes his first essay with the pen. At this point his rhetorical education begins. It is the natural and only correct point from which to commence it,—that from which progress should be rapid, and success certain.

But the allegation is made, that all students cannot become eminent writers and eloquent speakers. To this it is replied, that any young man, who has made such proficiency in the mathematics and languages, in chemistry and philosophy, in history and political economy, as to take his degree, or in other words, has so much knowledge of the subject-matter about which rhetoric is employed, together with the discipline of mind which these acquisitions necessarily imply,—must have capabilities sufficient to render him a respectable writer and an effective speaker. Does he fail here? Does he graduate only to open his eyes to the burning shame, that those whom he left engaged in the world, now,—without a tinge of either his discipline or acquirements,—excel him in the use of the tongue or the pen? If so, we pity the young man, who, we fear, is not a creature of the fancy, but in many, too many instances, a character of sad reality. We pity him, but we blame his instruction.

This leads us to speak of some of the qualifications necessary to him who would fill the Rhetorical Chair of a college.

He must have a just perception of the thing which he is to teach. The student comes from the recitation in language or mathematics, from the lecture in natural philosophy or chemistry, from the instructor in history or political economy, from him whose calm and clear reasoning has laid open to his enraptured mind the deep truths of metaphysics,—he comes, and lays all his acquisitions at the feet of the Professor of Rhetoric, with this simple request,—“Teach me how to use them! I have appropriated the knowledge,—teach me how to communicate it!”

What should we think of that joiner, who, instead of putting tools into the hands of his apprentice, and teaching him their use, should take up the saw, tell when it was bought, and for how much;—should read a learned dissertation on saws,—specifying the time when they were invented, and by whom;—should in this manner pass from the saw to the axe, and from the axe to the plane; relating much which is interesting and curious, but studiously avoiding a word as to their use; prohibiting the learner from using them, and refusing to do so himself? If, after the years of apprenticeship had expired, he should send out

the young man, professing to have made him a joiner, should we not rightly say, that he had totally mistaken the thing he was to teach? And so if the professor should turn historian, or antiquarian, losing sight of the present, to collect the scraps and mould of the decayed past; if he should turn philosopher, or divine, he might teach much that is really valuable, but *not rhetoric*.

His pupils would leave him with more knowledge, if you please, but with no more power to use it. He has strayed from the appropriate duties of his profession, and the institution where he presides has a philosopher, a historian, a what-you-will, but in fact *no* Professor of Rhetoric! And for want thereof, it gets the name of rearing men of mere theory;—men who, after graduation, are necessitated to re-enter the school, which they left for the college, and to learn that application of knowledge which should have been taught them there, from the hard peltings of a deriding world.

He should be enthusiastic in his profession. It is not sufficient that he exhibit enthusiasm as a poet, a historian, or a philosopher; he must turn the current of excited feeling upon his profession, taking care that his manner and instruction do not beget suspicion that the chair he holds is of less importance than those whose object is more directly to communicate facts and inculcate knowledge. Let him show that he did not choose his profession only that his body might live *on* it, but that his mind might live *in* it!

There never was a sentence penned or pronounced, worthy of immortality, that did not emanate from a mind active and earnest. It were as well for the blind to teach painting, as for an indolent ease-loving mind to profess to teach the manner of communicating and enforcing thought. A man asleep *may* have transcendent genius and stupendous power; but what do they while he sleeps? What can *he* do, or rather what does he, whose round of duty is performed in that most pitiable of all slumbers, a waking sleep,—whose earnestness is keyed to a higher pitch when negotiating with his baker or butcher, than when employed on a theme which might task the maturest thoughts of the profoundest mind.

He should have opinions formed so as to speak from knowledge. As every man acquainted with human nature knows, and every philosopher will testify, the reason and emotions of the human soul are susceptible of being wrought upon to given results by determinate means. To show this, no argument is needed, for rhetoric takes it for granted, and is built upon the supposition, that there are certain methods of communicating fact and evidence, preferable to others, of which it professes to teach *the best*. That Professor of Rhetoric, therefore, who speaks doubtfully, who trembles at the echo of an opinion, and retracts to-day that of yesterday, proclaims himself negligent and incompetent. For, if competent, he has not informed himself,—he does not know the principles of his art as he ought, and as he might, and is, therefore, without excuse, careless; or if he has been laboriously industrious, the conclusion is inevitable, that he is out of place, having an intellectual capacity too shallow to fathom his profession.

His instructions must exhibit something better than the insipidity of common place. As the student peruses the classic page, he is conscious of communion with genius; as he sits under the instruction of other Chairs, the facts imparted, the knowledge gained, coming fresh and new to his mind, arouse the attention, and break the tedium of monotony.

Not so with the Chair of which we speak. Insipidity here is self-condemnation. It has no redeeming quality. It has a tendency to repel the mind, eager for truth, from the *mode* of communicating it, that is, to defeat its own end. That rhetoric, which is so torporific as to cause the hearer's "*collapsa membra*" to sleep, all save the painful consciousness of an intolerable "*bore*," is no rhetoric. Nor is this common place necessary. There may be the semblance of an excuse for insipidity in that man, who, limited to a narrow field, is necessitated to iterate facts and principles. Not so with the rhetorician. It is true the principles are fixed which he is to inculcate, but the medium through which they may be presented ever varies; for, having no subject-matter of its own, rhetoric is susceptible of an application co-extensive with the limitless range of human thought, and need not, therefore, be confined to the nauseating pabulum of repetition repeated!

This leads us to speak of another quality, which is, extensive and varied acquirement. The historian makes history an end, which with the rhetorician is only a means. So is it with other departments of knowledge; he may not teach them professedly, while at the same time they are invaluable, essential even, to his art. Did they not exist, what were the use and application of rhetoric? There being no ideas to impart, there could be no *best way* of imparting them, consequently nothing for rhetoric to do. If, therefore, the rhetorician be a man of limited acquirement, granting him to possess a deep knowledge of the principles of his art, he resembles the mechanic, who has skill and implements, but no material upon which to work.

He must also be a man of superior mental endowment. Mediocrity has its place, and in it does as well as any thing else; but it should never sit in the Rhetorical Chair. The experiment has been tried repeatedly, and failed. The reason is obvious. No one supposes that a man, maimed of a leg or arm, can perform what a man perfect in his members can do. It is just as preposterous to think, that a mind defective can fill the functions of a mind wanting nothing. There are, indeed, peculiar reasons why he who professes to teach the best way of moving the passions and swaying the judgment, should be a man of universal sympathies. How can he, whom nature has made a dull apathetic, teach to move passions which he has never felt, or he, to whom has been denied the capability of logical thought, teach to control the reason of a stronger than himself?

He should, moreover, be imbued with a sound philosophy; not that he should become a teacher of it, but he should possess those powers of analysis and abstraction, that philosophical acumen, which would enable him to reproduce the rules and maxims of his art; that con-

sciousness of power, which, while it scorns the drudgery of collecting mere "dried specimens" in his profession, begets a conviction of truth, such as volumes of authorities never gave. Having this, his words would be weighty,—he would speak as one having authority, and the student would no more dispute his precepts, than the demonstrations of mathematics; for they would appeal to, and take fast hold of, the consciousness of the soul, finding in the breast of the learner an authoritative witness of their truth. Such a man would find no difficulty in sustaining himself,—would not be tortured with the conviction, that *his instructions* were not appreciated, or himself respected. When this is the case, the presumption is, either that something is wrong in them, or wanting in him. Take the languages, for instance, concerning which, the question is often asked by men who have studied them, "What beneficial bearing have they upon success in practical life?" But who asks, what young man, looking forward to public life, questions the radical importance of good writing and good speaking? The student, therefore, comes to the Professor of Rhetoric, prepossessed in favor of the utility and importance of his art. It is only after the torpidity of incompetence has congealed his ardor, that he turns away, indifferent to instruction that does no good. If, then, the Chair of Rhetoric be not sustained in any institution by the popular feeling, there is good reason to believe that investigation will find deficiency in the incumbent thereof.

It is almost unnecessary to add, that he must be an exemplification of excellence in his profession, wielding a graceful and vigorous pen, possessing a strong and persuasive oratory. Should he fail here, though blessed with a profusion of every other gift, his usefulness will be impaired, and himself exposed to the annoying taunt, "Physician, heal thyself!"

We have omitted in the enumeration any mention of personal qualities, in distinction from those belonging to the mind; not because they are unimportant, but because, if the latter abound, the want of the former will not work a disqualification. In the world, we admit, externals are too highly prized,—a facile superficiality, like chaff upon the water, takes the upper place; but in Literary Institutions it is not so. There the scale is reversed, and every thing is estimated by its specific gravity, and the man of mind, though "weak in bodily presence," lives honored and admired.

It will be perceived, that we concede that the Professorship of which we speak is a laborious and difficult one. In it, the first talent finds full employment for every power, nor may genius fold her wing, nor industry relax exertion, nor thought keep holyday, if perfection is desired, or proficiency reached. There are places where mediocrity has obtained respectability;—it never did it here;—and instances of men, honored in other professions, who have been transferred to this, disappointing themselves and the expectations of friends, have added the testimony of their failure to the unalterable truth, which attests the difficulty of the place, and imperiously demands talent of the first order to fill it.

Of the importance of the object which the Rhetorical Chair aims to

secure for the student, it is needless to speak ; but it may not be amiss to notice the relation which this Chair holds to the college on the one hand, and the community on the other.

Without this Professorship, the course of instruction would be imperfect. Every literary institution of any pretensions has something corresponding to it, which is an admission of the fact. But an inspection of the part it sustains in the internal economy of the college, begets a stronger conviction of its necessity. The object of the other professors is to develop the mind and communicate knowledge, and this with reference to an ulterior purpose, viz: its use—the application of it to the good of mankind. We make “money-boxes” for our children, not with a view that their contents should be forever beyond the reach, (that would be to abstract so much from the currency of the world,) but that, at some fit time, they should be broken open, and the treasure used for the benefit of man. So we send our sons to these institutions, not that they may be always the passive recipients of knowledge, but in process of time become seminal points,—fountains, whence shall flow streams of fertilizing influence. Therefore, that they may have an education fitting this intention, the Professorship of Rhetoric is everywhere established. The professors of the other departments labor in the belief that the facts and principles they impart, like seed committed to the ground, will one day reappear, not as *chance* may happen to develop them, but as elicited by the lucid pen and the ready tongue. Rhetoric professes to provide for this. Were it not so, as far as the instruction is concerned, to place a son in college would be like dropping coins into the ocean,—a chance wave might roll them ashore, or sweep them down to the gulfs below ! Our sons might graduate useful men, or mere sepulchres of knowledge ! It is therefore in the highest degree important,—essential to the attainment of the end for which literary institutions exist,—that there should be a Professorship of Rhetoric, and, moreover, that it should be competently filled. Otherwise, the whole machinery is deranged, education is not completed, the graduates go forth with a palsy on their hands, and a paralysis on their tongues ! Thus it appears that this professorship holds no insignificant place in the economy of the college. The incumbent thereof is, so to speak, the helmsman of the institution. Other men generate power ; he gives direction and application. Should he want talent, want skill, and therefore success, those whose labors are neutralized by his incompetence have just cause of complaint.

The Rhetorical Chair, too, is the communicating medium between the tide of life without an institution, and that within it. From the nature of the case, the public cannot judge of proficiency in the learned languages. The abstruse investigations of science are a dead letter to the popular eye. The student cloistered within college walls, having no sympathizing medium with outer life, other than these, is more isolated than was ever monk or nun. The college would appear to the multitude the prison-house of youth, the profitless receptacle of indolence. To right public sentiment, and to establish between the student and the man of practical life an intercourse profitable to both,

our colleges, from time to time, throw open their doors to the public. Hence our exhibitions : hence our annual commencements.

These also form the criterions from which the public judge of an institution. Other college exercises being unintelligible, the public rush to these, and if they hear a manly exhibition of eloquence, if good thoughts be elegantly and strongly expressed, if the earnestness of the orator and the perspicuity of the writer appear, the student is commended, and the institution of which he is a member taken into popular favor. But, on the other hand, if there be nothing more than a vapid exhibition of puerilities, or nothing better than a clumsy and uncouth expression of thought ; if the college orator be exceeded in beauty of diction, and in the true rhetoric of expression, by the men from the farm or the anvil, by the apprentice and the clerk, or be outdone by the wretch who lately crawled from the inebriate's gutter, with all the defilement of lust upon him ; the public bears such a speaker only to deride him, and speaks of such an institution only to condemn it. Nor let this judgment be despised, as of no importance. There is fault somewhere. Grant that the Rhetorical Chair is well filled ; then is the course of discipline and instruction defective,—the material from which to form the writer and the speaker is wanting. If the defect is not here, then impotence sits in the Chair of Rhetoric, and, like Pharaoh's midwives, strangles the man-child at the birth ! In either case, the popular judgment is right,—the end of education is defeated,—young men are defrauded of time and money, their own aspirations and the hopes of their friends cruelly disappointed, and the claims which country, and duty, and God, have upon the right use and direction of all talent, and most of all, upon *educated* talent, is tampered with. It is, therefore, a dangerous experiment, and as wrong as dangerous, for any institution, through inadvertence, or through reliance upon its ancient popularity, or confidence in the efficiency of its other Chairs, to endure inefficiency in this. For to do this, is to tolerate weakness, where strength is needed,—to put arguments into the mouths of those who cry out against collegiate education, as “theoretical, unpractical, visionary !”—to disregard the wants of our country,—to prejudice the public mind, and to forfeit the popular favor.

MATHEMATICAL LOVE SONG.

Keating

THE cone of my affections, Love,
Hath found a base in thee ;
The square of joy if thou'dst complete,
Add but thy smiles to me.

If I were skilled in *figures*, Love,
 Or could use *symbols* well,
 I'd raise a *Pyramid* of praise,
 Where all thy charms should dwell.
 The *total sum* of happiness
 Is *equal*, dear, to thee ;
 But if I'm *minus* thy sweet smiles,
 The world is *nought* to me.
 Let not the *line* of all my life
 Run *parallel* to thine ;
 But in that blissful *angle* meet,
 Where Hymen is the *sine*.
 Let *endless circles* represent
 My constancy to you,
 And *series infinite* of years
 Shall prove my love is true.
 The *cube* of happiness, whose *root*
 I see in *thee* alone,
 Equals the *highest power* of Love
 Divided among *one*.^{*}
 Oh, I am that *divisor*, Love,
 The *quotient* is for thee ;
 And we'll, together *multiplied*,
 Love to *infinity*.
 Would! would that I of *boundless* Love
 The *Logarithm* knew !
 For *natural numbers* can't express
 The *half* I feel for you.
 If thou'lt *approximate* to me,
 I'll leap not to despair,
 Describing a *parabola*
 Through *boundless fields* of air.
 But troubles shall in *tangents* fly
 Beyond the farthest *pole* ;
 Oh thou *perimeter* of hope,
 And *segment* of my soul !

N. B. Should'st thou my *proposition* scorn,
 With hempen *line* I'll dangle ;
 And howling winds shall waft the sighs
 Of thine own

GEORGE TRIANGLE—Q. E. D.

$$* (\text{Happiness})^3 = \frac{(\text{Love})^2}{1}$$

ON "APPOINTED TIMES."

H. M. L.

"Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

POETS sing of the influence of chance, and call men mere feathers borne hither and thither by the winds of accident; but more are affected, far more, we believe, by the decrees of the inexorable Goddess whose name constitutes the title of our article. Chance is not the universal and inflexible arbitress of their destinies. All their more important transactions are cast in prospect upon some fixed and certain periods; all their thoughts are mostly intent upon the anticipation or remembrance of incidents that happen at "*appointed times*." To illustrate this point, we propose to narrate the adventures of a day, which we think all must admit contains nothing very incredible or uncommon.

One bright summer morning, I went out for a stroll, without knowing where I should go or whom I should meet, though I started, as I always do, at an "*appointed time*." Passing by the mansion of Mrs. C——, I dropped in for a call. Taking the liberty of a friend, I stepped to the family parlor, where I found her busily engaged on sundry dresses and articles of female attire too numerous to mention; her daughter, the young and beautiful Lucy, sitting restless and uneasy upon a sofa, and casting frequent looks at the glass-covered clock that "clicked" upon the mantel-piece, soon explained the mystery of all this preparation, by complaining about the slow moving hours that must elapse before eight at night—the "*appointed time*" of Mrs. Folly's cotillion party.

Bidding Mrs. C—— good morning, I stopped in at the next door, to see my wild young friend P. I found him exceedingly out of humor. A fortune having been left him by his father, to be his when he should become of age, like many others in his circumstances, he had run into extravagance and dissipation, till he found that his old uncle, who had all his property in his own hands, had actually refused to advance money even to pay the debts he had previously contracted, and which crowded upon him for payment. He railed bitterly about the "fix" he was in, but his countenance brightened, as with an impulsive energy he remarked, "in six months more, thank God, the '*appointed time*' will come, when my own age will release me from the strict watch of this old miser of a guardian."

I left him to cure the blues and arrange matters as best he could. I was scarcely out of the door, when I met an office-seeking politician, who held me by the sleeve a full half hour, while he informed me of the particulars of his canvassing the district, and the many labors he had performed, with purely patriotic motives no doubt, in preparing for next Monday, the "*appointed time*" of election.

In passing on, I met my friend John O——, whose eye lighted up with joy, and a placid smile of satisfaction overspread his countenance, as he said, "to-morrow at ten is the '*appointed time*' at which the

charming Julia H—— is to be mine forever," and closing the remark with a kind invitation to witness the ceremony, he hurried on, to be punctual at the "*appointed time*" of an engagement he had made to pass the day previous to their final union in an excursion with his intended bride. I will leave it for others to portray how such a lover, when absent, longs and sighs for the "*appointed time*" which brings him to the side of his mistress, and how she, if his affections are reciprocated, is no less pleased at its recurrence.

The lately ordained minister, W——, was to preach his first sermon the following Sunday. I dropped in to give him my best wishes for his success. He told me that he bided the "*appointed time*" of his *debut* with somewhat of fear and trembling, and I remember well that his efforts upon that occasion were all directed to impress upon the minds of his hearers the important fact, that this is the "*appointed time*" for prayer and repentance, while he glowingly portrayed the awful horrors that should seize the sinner at the "*appointed time*" of death and judgment.

It was now twelve o'clock. I met a merchant with whom I had formed a slight acquaintance. His looks were cast down, and his countenance woe-begone. Accosting him, as he was flying from the house of one friend to that of another, I soon learned the reason of his sorrowful appearance; for he informed me that it was the last day of grace upon his ten thousand dollar note at the Bank, while the "*appointed time*" of three drew near, and he had not half the amount at command.

And now, with millions of others, I heeded the "*appointed time*" of dinner. I met at table a business man who enlightened me about the "*appointed time*" when he should retire from the vexing cares of active life to country pursuits and country pleasures; and a miser, who ventured to name "*an appointed time*" when he should acquire wealth enough to satisfy the cravings of his cupidity; and also a lady of some thirty-five, who talked of others, who were ten years her seniors, having arrived at a "*certain age*" vulgarly called old maidish; and I concluded that all these were among the "*appointed times*" which were not very distinct and definite.

By chance I fell in with a group of fellow-students. Their conversation too I found all about "*appointed times*." One was expressing his dread of the "*appointed time*" of recitation, for which he was not prepared; another was saying that he tumbled his pillow the live-long night in sleepless horror at the "*appointed time*" when the bell should call him to morning prayers; another was wishing that the weary weeks of term-time would pass away, and the "*appointed time*" of vacation commence, with its freedom from restraint and thousand joys, and no doubt when vacation should come, it would glide by amid his desires for the "*appointed time*" which should bring him to his classmates again; another said that his whole college course was cheered with the thoughts of the "*appointed time*" when he should graduate and be transported, with all the blushing honors that adorn the brow of the privileged order of our Alma Mater's parchment nobility, from this contracted theatre to the broader stage of active life; and still another, with

a half hesitating speech, which convinced me that he was anxious about the fate of some cherished contribution, asked when was the "*appointed time*" for the next number of the Yale Literary to appear.

But as no doubt you, kind reader, have been long impatiently awaiting the "*appointed time*" of closing these lucubrations, and as we think that you must now be convinced that "*appointed times*" affect men more than all the mishaps of accident, we take our leave, congratulating ourselves on the fact that the "*appointed time*" of our next appearance is far distant.

TEMPORA.

SONG OF THE WIND SPIRIT.

In gladness I come from my rock-bound home,
Down in the deep, gloomy realms of night;
That, unchained and free, all lands I may see—
A far wandering cosmopolite.

Day by day alit on a cloud I sit,
Which chariot my swift coursers bear;
And the bright dyed hues, that the sunbeam strews,
Blazon the arms its vapor sides wear.

When gray old ocean, free from all motion,
Lies with surface like mirrored glass,
Its bosom so smooth my presence will move,
And its deep rolling billows amass.

In a gentle breeze, the wide-spreading trees
My murmuring harps are made to be;
While soft it lingers, with skillful fingers
Drawing forth enchanting melody.

The odors so sweet, that fair maidens meet,
Who in gardens walk at even tide,
I just before stole from the nectar bowl
Of the blossoming rose by their side.

When summer clouds fill from the warbling rill
Their tiny goblets full to the brim,
My slake-giving blow makes them overflow
In refreshing showers from the rim.

And from them I build, o'er the western hill,
My air-sustained towers in the sky;
Then in childish freak their walls down I break,
And swift the broken fragments send by.

The clouds too I form, that in the dark storm
 With threatening aspect their heads uprear;
 And destruction dread is on all things spread,
 When in an angry mood I appear.

If the fresh young spring in the gales I bring,
 Tender buds come forth to feed in air;
 But when I sweep past, in unnatural blast,
 Dead leaves are strewn on funeral bier.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE YOUNG SPEAKER; an Introduction to the United States Speaker: designed to furnish exercises in both Reading and Speaking, for pupils between the ages of six and fourteen," &c. &c. "By John E. Lovell, formerly Instructor of Elocution in the Mount Pleasant Classical Institution, Amherst, Mass.;" &c. &c.

It has not been the practice of this Magazine to *puff* books. Nor should we now speak at length of the merits of this little work, were we not highly pleased with its design, and sure that many of our fellow students are, or will be ere long, in want of a book of this very description. During Senior year, and for one or two years after graduation, it is common for many students to engage in teaching. And one of the greatest difficulties of the young teacher, (as all who understand his trials from experience will testify,) is to instruct his pupils in elocution. He is well off, indeed, if he understand either the theory or practice of this graceful art *himself*; for, without disparaging the skill or industry of our professors and instructors, who certainly do all that could be expected of men under their circumstances, it may be said that practical elocution, in the wide sense of the term, embracing all that goes to make up an elegant and impressive delivery, is miserably neglected in our colleges. But even if the case were otherwise, the teacher, however well trained himself, is obliged to overcome many obstacles in imparting this kind of instruction to young scholars. The *Young Speaker* seems admirably calculated to aid him in his arduous task. We cannot better show the plan of the work, than by quoting a few passages from the author's preface.

"This work has been prepared for young students. It is divided into *five parts*.

"PART FIRST is designed to accomplish these objects: 1. To guard the pupil against errors in Pronunciation, which occur not unfrequently in the conversation and reading of persons respectably educated. 2. To make him acquainted with the *names* and *uses* of the grammatical and rhetorical Pauses. 3. To teach him the nature of Inflection, and the application of the *simple slides* to the most obvious and useful cases. 4. To acquaint him with the nature and importance of Emphasis. 5. To instruct him as to the management of the Voice.

"PART SECOND comprises a set of lessons intended *exclusively* for Reading.

"PART THIRD. This division of the book constitutes its chief distinctive feature. The lessons consist of *short* and *interesting* extracts in prose and poetry. They are designed as *single pieces* for Recitation. Not one of the whole number—*more than*

one hundred and fifty—has been adopted without a careful examination as to its *fitness* for this object.”

PARTS FOURTH and FIFTH consists respectively of Reading Lessons and short Dialogues.

The chief excellence of the book, and that which makes it peculiarly adapted to the wants of the *teacher* as well as the scholar, lies in the *number and brevity* of the extracts, and in the explanations and illustrations with regard to *gesture*, by which they are accompanied. Long pieces may answer well enough for boys in the advanced classes, but they are utterly unsuited to the beginner. If the teacher is ambitious; if he has a just idea of the importance of thorough drilling, and is determined, as he should be, to make every scholar speak his piece well before he leaves it; weary and almost hopeless is his task, distressing to himself, and miserable to the poor little pupil, when the speech or poem selected for practice happens to be, as it too often is, twice or thrice as long as necessity or propriety requires. As a general thing, Declamation is perfectly abominated by young boys; and one very obvious reason of this is to be found in the tedious length of the pieces they are compelled to learn. We are pleased to see that Mr. Lovell has provided in his book a complete remedy for this evil, by furnishing a large number of suitable extracts, ranging in length from fifteen to twenty lines.

The figures and explanations scattered through the book must also be of great use. Few persons will deny that elegant and appropriate gesticulation is an art based upon certain known principles, some of which may be taught with advantage to children. It would be well for the advancement of correct taste in this important part of oratory, if every lad in the country were furnished with this or some similar work, and taught, by a competent person, how to use it. We hope that the Young Speaker will meet with that success which it so well deserves, and are sorry that want of space compels us to leave it with this slight and imperfect notice. We are informed that a second edition will shortly be published, containing several valuable improvements on the first. Durrie & Peck, publishers.

THE LOWELL OFFERING, for July, was received, but mysteriously disappeared from our table, before we could find time to read it. So we shall not shoot our compliments at it this time, although we have no doubt it deserves them as well as ever.

Where is the MONTHLY ROSE? Ladies, pray don't forget your most devoted admirers!

We have received the last WILLIAMS MISCELLANY. We like what we have read of it, but must confess that we have not been able to give it, this month, a fair share of our attention.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We are about to give you, curious reader, a slight glimpse into the *sanctum sanctorum* of our editorial labors. Let us warn you at once, however, not to be too inquisitive. Do not pry and peep for more than is given you. We cannot of course far draw the "curtains closed around." The scenes within are among the profound secrets of our profession. At the risk, perhaps, of a Morgan-martyrdom, we venture to present you with some account of our mysteries. Take what is offered, and be thankful. Do not act as many ungrateful wretches are wont, and, when you get an inch, take an ell. Do not, because you see a little, guess a good deal. Let your imagination sleep; and where you behold things 'as in the dark, darkly,' do not think that they are ghosts or hobgoblins and all kinds of fanciful and spiritual beings. It is necessary for our own credit, also, that we should caution you in two other particulars. You are not to imagine that things are consequently iniquitous and foolish, because they appear so to you; but you are to know that they *appear so* because you do not understand them. It is only when you have measured their height and their depth, their length and their breadth, that you can comprehend all their beauty and their wisdom; and as "all is not gold that glitters," why may not *vice versa* be true?

Upon your promise, then, of secrecy, and a solemn pledge faithfully to observe the rules above laid down, we will proceed to the audience chamber. Let us whisper an encouraging word in your ear as we go. What though this is the witching hour when church-yards yawn and graves give up their dead?—let not fear molest you! Why should you quail at thoughts of the departed, when you are about to be ushered into the presence of five much more to be feared, living, sinning, erring mortals? And what though some literary bantling of yours, in your very presence, is to be sentenced to an untimely death? Remember the old Roman, who condemned his own sons, and bring you some of the like stoical indifference to bear on the case. 'That was only flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone,' do you say, 'while this is what is much more sacred and dear—mind of your mind and spirit of your spirit?' But then we only ask you to witness *our* signing the death warrant, not sign it yourself. And does not this more than compensate for the difference in the cases?

But we are up. The door is open. In a cage, eight feet by twelve, with *room* enough for complaint, but little *room* for your accommodation, you see five figures in masks. Do not start. You do not suppose, do you, that we could support all our dignity in our own proper persons? If you did, you labored under a great mistake. Advance, and mark them well,—Bardolph, and Hotspur, and Hal, and old King Jowl, and Lean Jack. We might tell you more about them, perhaps, but that is against all dramatic rules; so we shall leave them to develop their own proper characters from their own mouths.

We are now inside. What are you staring at? Oh! the coffin greets your eye, does it? Yes, it is there in all its terror-giving and life-taking reality. But never mind. Familiarity will soon accustom you to its death-like appearance. But whist, there in the corner! The performance commences. The president arises. The club eagerly await the burst of his eloquence. The torrent comes.

"Gentlemen," says he, "we are all here—a company in which Falstaff himself might have gloried. He would have been proud of such a capital set of fellows at his nocturnal meetings in the Boar's Head Tavern, East Cheap. May be, owing to the

ravages of temperance in these times, we would not all join him in his favorite sack. But we will show ourselves chips of the old blocks, by making the gratification of our appetites the first subject of attention. It is a topic, gentlemen, of great interest to us all. It is one of momentous importance, out of these walls, in the world. In all ages, the preparation of that wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger has been the constant employment of more than half the family of Adam. Unless their exertions have been successful, anarchy and civil war have ever been the result. And shall not we guard ourselves against any such danger, by a timely *provision*? I know there is a sort of erroneous idea abroad," continued he, his countenance flashing with indignation at the thought, "that we do not require any thing so vulgar as the food that common persons use. It is supposed, perhaps, that we live on our literary banquets. But there cannot be a greater misapprehension. Though we are *bred* to literature, literature is not *bread* to us. I pause, gentlemen, to hear your opinions upon this question."

The speaker sat down amid unbroken silence. No cheers greeted his conclusion: no stamping of feet; no clapping of hands! The feeling seemed too deep for utterance. Each one was *weighed down* by the very anticipation of the coming result. At length, slowly and solemnly, Hotspur arose. With difficulty and hesitancy he commenced. Around was the stillness of death.

"My friends," said he, "I have a suggestion to make. This is not a matter that concerns ourselves alone. On it depend the fate of countless unborn productions. According as our physical natures are perfectly in trim, and at ease, so will our minds judge of the pieces brought under consideration. As well might you expect ripe fruit without the genial sunshine, as reasonable decisions without the cheering influences of a well filled stomach."

"True as gospel," said Lean Jack, and rising with the enthusiasm of the occasion, he continued, "I know not what others may say, but as for me, I should prefer *beasting* in the *sons of Oysterlites*, with them to clear the inward contents of judgment. I am confident of success, and victory will crown its efforts."

Hal 'thought it was for the contributors' interest that we should have such eatables as would please us. The best productions would be condemned by him, if his stomach was grumbling and out of humor. He therefore proposed that they be requested to send some choice dish with each article. If they had any anxiety to know whether the former was acceptable, they might be sure it was if the latter appeared in the Magazine.'

And this was unanimously ordered to be entered upon the records, as the expressed will of the club.

This matter being disposed of, another came up, of almost equal importance. It was the *all absorbing* subject as to what beverage should be used. The reporter was so fatigued, from his extended minutes of the preceding debate, that he could take but few notes of the interesting one that followed. There is enough, however, we think, to give some idea of its nature.

Lean Jack first obtained the floor. The drift of his speech may be imagined, when it is known that King Jowl followed with the significant remark, that 'he hoped none of his subjects would take to *aleing*. He was decidedly of the opinion that *lemonade* was altogether the best drink for this hot weather.' Hal 'was sure that lemonade was but poor *aid* to an editor's genius. He did not know as it would answer to speak of wine in these temperance times, but then it was hard to be driven hither and thither on the ocean of life without any *port*.' Bardolph 'thought no one could object to our

receiving our due *mead*, whether it came in the shape of praise or small beer.' At the last word, Hotspur, half swooning in his chair, started to his feet, but in a moment re-collecting where he was, he takes his seat again, muttering something about 'the brave soldiers who fell upon the plains of Shrewsbury, not being borne on any such useless vehicles as *biers*.' Old King Jowl, not wholly discomfited by his previous failure, mustered courage, perhaps from its association with *tea*-cher, to say that '*tea* was the most literary of all drinks. The use of it too would encourage the fine arts, by exercising female ingenuity in *drawing*—that it was certainly very *tasteful*, and peculiarly appropriate for an editor, from its *connection* with *Cant-on*.' Hotspur, who had been unable to sleep again, after the start he had just received, 'had no objections to *tea*, but then it would be difficult to fix upon the kind. He was no abolitionist, to use *black*, and as to *green*, it might be thought too characteristic and personal.'

The final decision of this matter is among the things of which we told you there were many that we dare not reveal. After even Hal's acknowledgment, though, of the influence of these temperance times, you are not to suppose that there is anything wrong in it. Your curiosity must be satisfied with this—that the club now found their glasses (with what filled you are not to know) so *exhausted*, from constant *application* to their lips, that they were obliged immediately to adjourn.

SECOND NIGHT.

Business was commenced by Hal. 'He thought the minutes of the previous meeting defective in one particular. They would know what he meant, and would undoubtedly acknowledge that it was a particular that ought not to be omitted on the records, when he informed them that it brought forth more *volumes* from their mouths than every thing else of the evening. Moreover, an entrance on the journal would seem to sanction what no doubt every member wished to have considered as a necessary occupation of each meeting.'

The secretary complained that 'though he knew acts often spoke louder than words, he had never before supposed that it was his duty to record anything except what was spoken by the members.'

Hotspur endeavored to excuse the neglect in part, by remarking, that 'probably the secretary's feelings had prevented his dwelling on a subject that *affected* him so much. He (Hotspur) had observed, that when the club were most energetic in the particular referred to, the secretary seemed almost *suffocated*, till tears actually came to his relief.'

King Jowl 'saw no use in agitating this matter. Many came in with *segars* in their mouths; consequently, the practice had continued so long, that the *memory* of the club ran *not to the contrary*, and by common law it must be good, even though they should not act upon the subject and sanction it. More than that, *puffing* came in so as a matter of course, that the doing it rightly (which could only be acquired by long and constant practice) was one of the most indispensable qualifications for an author.' And so the matter ended.

Bardolph disapproved of the records in another respect. 'He had not supposed that all the foolish things dropped in their free and easy intercourse would be set down to their everlasting disgrace. It was every way against their dignity to suffer so much punning (a practice low and vulgar) even among themselves; but he had made out to endure that, and even to fall in with the rest. But to give their abortive attempts a "local habitation and a name" amid the records of their proceedings, was more than he could bear. He hoped the club would put a veto on the abominable practice hereafter.'

Lean Jack, with a sly wink at the text, offered to write out a preamble and resolution for him, and in a moment produced the following :

"Whereas, in the opinion of Bardolph, *punning* is a most detestable thing, and whereas the honorable editorial club, in the opinion of Bardolph aforesaid, have lowered themselves to this practice, and whereas *punishment* was evidently meant for *punning*—Therefore,
Resolved, That hereafter all transgressors shall be visited with the worst *pen-alty*."

The discussion that this resolution drew forth, and the valuable views presented by the different members, we shall not give. Suffice it to say, that, like true legislation, they could not find it in their hearts to adopt a rule that would so nearly affect themselves ; and on the final question, Bardolph's solitary "*aye*" was all the support the measure found.

* * * * *

As the doings of the rest of this meeting, and also of several succeeding ones, have now lost their interest to the general reader, by the publication of the last *Yale Literary*, we pass them by. We extract first from the records of the proceedings of our conclave upon

PRESENTATION DAY NIGHT.

* * * "Hereupon the president made a set speech, which ran as follows :

Gentlemen—Since our previous meeting, an event of no ordinary magnitude has occurred. A great and dangerous crisis has been met ; but the *Rubicon* is *passed*. The first fruits of our united efforts have been sent forth to the world. Already that world's judgment upon their quality begins to come back to our ears, to encourage us where it is favorable, and not to dishearten, but to nerve us to new efforts, where it is otherwise. What those who have purchased, after having had an opportunity to try the article, may think, we do not care. For the opinion of those who, relying upon us, have engaged *beforehand*, we have more regard. We wish them to be satisfied, and as an assurance that they *are* so, no generally expressed sentiments of theirs will answer, but we must be referred to the particulars of *small bills*. A frequent and constant reference to *these*, and to these only, can convince us of their approval of our efforts. One word as to the success of the number just issued. I believe it has been *tremendous* ! As far as I am able to judge, the honorable member on whom devolved the important task of the more particular and final preparation of it for the market, has done himself high credit. He certainly deserves our thanks for having opened our work so auspiciously. He has given our patrons a proof of the care and desire to please that shall guide us—which must take away all misgivings on their part about our success. As the rest of us are but novices in the detail of the matter, it is but fair he should give the club the thoughts that have resulted from his superior experience in editorial duties."

Thus knocked down for a set speech, the honorable member arose to obey the call. As he had no time for preparation, his ideas upon the subject found utterance in the following abrupt manner :

"Of all the lives that are lived in this living world, commend me to the life of an editor. Others may surpass it in some one particular : the farmer's may be more laborious ; the merchant's more perplexing ; the mechanic's more careless ; the teacher's more important ; the statesman's more honorable ; the minister's more conscientious ; the warrior's more glorious, and the ruler's more influential ; but for a union of all these in one, take the life of an editor as their supreme embodiment. We cannot be expected to go into the minutiae in all these respects. We were only called upon for our opinion, which we give. Ours is a paper kingdom. In it are all professions and

all varieties, and they all come under our general supervision. We are slaves to no science, but smatterers in all. We roam like ranging spaniels, leaving our own game, to bark at every bird and four-footed beast that enters within our province." * *

* * This was presentation day night. The events of the day naturally came under consideration. The oration by T. K. Davis, and the poem by G. B. Day, were, upon the whole, pronounced excellent in their way. As they are both soon to be published, we suppress the private opinions of the club, that we may not forestall the reader, but let him judge for himself. We make room, however, for the following appropriate speech from Bardolph.

"Gentlemen—This has been an important day in our college life. Our class has taken to-night, for the first time, the seats of Senior year. They are in the same aisle in which we first sat as Freshmen. Those who look deeply into this fact, will find a philosophy in it that would entirely escape common observers. We end in the same aisle from which we commenced. The one that we first trod when we entered, we tread last when we leave. What better than this to show that knowledge runs in a circle? We are, Gentlemen, on the last round of the Jacob's ladder that reaches to the heaven of our degree. If we have surely laid our materials, the next step will place us firmly on the top, and we shall go on our way rejoicing. But if on the other hand, we have not thoroughly secured ourselves in each position as we have advanced, we shall tumble back again, only to be the more despised for having failed in our undertakings. In one respect, the day has been to us full of sadness and sorrow. We have displaced from their seats in Chapel, those whose countenances have been so familiar to us there for the last three years, but who are henceforth no more to be beheld in the same relations within those walls. With them we had formed pleasing acquaintances—with many of them warm intimacies; but the common tie of our *Alma Mater* is in a measure broken, and even individual ones lessened by their leaving us. We grieve at it, though our grief is not of that kind which admits of no consolation."

* * * * Our remaining extracts from the journal shall be few, without reference to any thing but the facts we wish to bring forward. * * * * Here go Hotspur's remarks, after reading G—'s poem, which was refused unanimously:

"There are," says he, "two classes of cars to Parnassus; one, aristocratic, where the *eclat* only are to ride, who pay the highest prices for seats: the other, common, and at low prices. But for one like the writer of *that* to attempt to smuggle himself through, even in the second class cars, without paying, is rather too bad." * *

* * On another occasion, Bardolph, having been interrupted by an universal shout, vented his anger in the following tirade against laughing:

"He who has the ability to preserve, amid all the varying circumstances that may occur, a becoming gravity of countenance, has surely an invaluable acquisition. In my view of the matter, no part of subduing our passions and acquiring a complete self-command better 'pays.' The ignorant and uncultivated seldom can keep down their risibilities at the occurrence of any thing new, strange and ridiculous. Some awkward position in company, some absurd remark, causes smiling or giggling, to the no small annoyance of the unfortunate subject, and often to the equal mortification of the one who laughs. Newton, Gentlemen, would never have been a great man, if he had given way to this vice. In truth, notwithstanding the vulgar idea about the apple, I have no doubt but it was the *view of his own face in the mirror*, that suggested to him the idea of *gravity*. But to return to what I was saying," &c. * * *

The article upon 'Stump Eloquence' came next. It was at first proposed that Hal

should mount the coffin, and give a specimen of its practice, rather than read an essay upon it. But Hal being too *modest to embrace the Opportunity* while the club was observing him, (not saying what he would do behind the door,) the reading proceeded. The thing was almost condemned before the first page was finished. It brightened up a little, however, after that, and hopes were even entertained of its recovery. King Jowl, in his renowned Wouter Van Twiller style, smoked no less than six pipes over it. But all would not do. Its last breath was breathed out with the reading of its last line. Solemnly and in order the members prepared to consign it to its last resting place. Grief wrung their hearts, that so much of good must be lost because of the bad; but it is even so. Both the good and the evil it contained lie buried with its bones. Hotspur turned his head away in horror from the sight, and Bardolph fairly groaned, as Lean Jack, with drops of agonizing sweat on his brow, performed the last and office, and the coffin-lid closed like the mute mouth of 'Stump Eloquence' itself. * * *

* * We have only room for the following graphic description from the journal:

"Here the proceedings of the club were interrupted by a big night-bug flying buzz, buzz, and bunt, bunt, through the open window, right into the editorial presence, causing the utmost confusion and dismay. 'Out!' shrieks one; 'Oh! oh!' says another; and all marshal themselves in hostile array, with books, hands, hats, and all such weapons as are conveniently obtained, against the invader. Hotspur claps both hands to his head, and jumps on the top of the coffin with a tremendous shriek, dancing a hornpipe to the music of its buzz, and expecting to find the embodiment of his own name piercing his skin, as it gets entangled in his hair, and raises a not very refreshing breeze about his head. After a moment's uproar more, the intruder is secured and thrust out of the window as unceremoniously as he entered.

'Tis a most *ghastly* scrape,' says Hotspur; 'I'm shuddering and crawling all over; my very blood runs cold.' 'Quite a comfortable sensation for such a hot night as this,' was the reply of Lean Jack."

There seems to be considerable excitement in town, relative to the proposed new fence around the public square. King Jowl, being a "native," takes considerable interest in the matter. He is furiously economical, and maintains that the best course for the city to pursue would be to *sell the whole square for building lots!* This, he says, will be an *immense saving!* and he doubts not will suit the views of all those who, together with himself, are determined to oppose any outlays of money for the mere embellishment of the public grounds. His second proposition is to surround the square with a *Virginia rail fence*, instead of an iron one. Such a fence, he asserts, would look *rural*. It would give the city a "rus in urbe" appearance, most charming to the eyes of Taste. Secondly, it would present a striking *contrast* to the handsome buildings on and around the square. Thirdly, it would please the eye by its various windings and turnings. Fourthly, it would be *more elegant and substantial than the present fence*. Fifthly, it would be—*cheap!!*

We do not pretend to understand the merits of the question, but we hope that New Haven will not disgrace herself by any two-penny measures in relation to her magnificent common.

"An olde Storie done into Rimo" was received too late for insertion in this number. It occupies at present a pigeon-hole in the Big Desk, and at the appointed time will be drawn forth and submitted to the great ordeal. If it stand the test, it will appear in the next number.

VOL. X.

NO. IX.

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

WILLIAM

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE



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TREASURY PRIZE ESSAYS

Elements of Power in the Author, by Guy Dugmore Day,
Gothchester, Ct.

The Influence of War upon Society, by Andrew Elton Dick-
son, Asheville, N. C.

The Clerical Profession, by John W. Harding, East Moulsey,
Mass.

Synopsis of Law in a Democracy, by Willard Hodgson, Tor-
rington, Ct.

American Architecture, by Robert Rankin, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Song of the Night,

The "White Hills" of New Hampshire,

The Destruction of the Temple,

Literary Notices,

Editors' Table,

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1845.

No. 9.

TOWNSEND PRIZE ESSAYS.

[The history of the Townsend Premium is well known to most of our readers. A copy of the Instrument containing the grant, with its acceptance by the College, was inserted in the Magazine in August last. In the same number were inserted also five Prize Essays, the first fruits of the Fund. We now give place to the successful Essays of the present year. These were publicly read in the College Chapel, on Wednesday, June 4th. Having thus far excited an equal amount of *interest* with the former, they are doubtless equally fitted to add to the *credit* of the Yale Literary Magazine.—ED.]

ELEMENTS OF POWER IN THE AUTHOR.

BY GUY BIGELOW DAY, COLCHESTER, CONN.

THERE are in every art a few leading principles on which every thing hinges ; and when these are searched out, and held up distinctly to view, we have the secret clew by which to unravel the entire subject. Whatever be our object of pursuit, it is the part of wisdom to fix these principles clearly in the mind, and they will become as beacon lights to guide us to distinction in the pursuit of that object.

It will be our present purpose to apply these remarks to the author, and examine some of the elements on which his power mainly depends.

The whole aim of the author is to influence mind, either through the passions or the reason ; and only so far as he accomplishes this, are his powers exerted to any purpose. He may gratify the imagination or please the fancy, but he has only beset the outer walls of the fort, while the man himself remains unmoved. And not until he has brought some weapon to bear upon the very seat of power within, has he in any measure compassed his end. To the student it is a question of no idle curiosity, wherein does this power consist ?

Doubtless the main point is to secure and retain the attention. For though truth after truth flash with lightning rapidity and brilliancy, if they fall upon a mind heedless and indifferent, they will be powerless as the puny blows of the infant. On the other hand, though couched

in the most homely phrase, if our minds are alive and active, ready to grasp at and weigh every truth with which they meet, they will be moved—molded by the power of that truth. Our very souls will be imbued with the sentiments of the author, and our spirits will partake of his spirit.

The first element of power in the writer which we shall mention, is *a thorough knowledge of human nature*; embracing not merely an acquaintance with man as a being of feelings and passions, but a deep insight into his intellectual faculties, and the laws that regulate mind. This is peculiarly the field in which he is to labor:—these the materials to be wrought upon. As well might a physician attempt to prescribe for the bodies of men, while totally ignorant of their nature and functions, as for the writer to conceive of success, while unacquainted with that endlessly varied and indescribable machine, the human soul.

For this knowledge he may pore over books in vain. He may trace the past history of man, and follow out all the secret motives by which he has been influenced, and it is not enough. He may then shut himself up in the depths of solitude, and reflect upon the nature and operations of his own mind, and it will not suffice. But to be master of this science, he must have accustomed himself to mingle with the world from the first dawnings of reason. He must have watched, narrowly and attentively, the workings of mind upon mind, in the unaffected years of childhood, and traced its changes and secret movements from thence, through the period of youth, to manly age. Here he must pause and ponder upon its mysterious operations,—then observe it again with microscopic accuracy, and again pause and reflect. This is one of those intricate sciences, that never can be taught, but is to be acquired only by long, patient, and nice observations, taken in the daily intercourse of man with man, when the subject of our scrutiny least of all suspects that his movements are watched.

The man who passes through the world with averted eye, or buried amid his own private musings, can never make the powerful writer, however profound or metaphysical his productions may prove him to be. To convince the understanding, or obtain the assent of minds kindred to his own, he may be qualified; but to go out into the broad field of the world, and move and act upon the mass of mankind, never. But he who learns a lesson from every countenance that meets his eye, and suffers no act of his fellow-men to come under his notice, without unveiling the human heart, and discovering the curious machinery of motives that produced it, gets into his possession a key that will unlock that heart; and when necessity requires, he can enter in and control it at his will.

He who would reach the centre of action in man, must learn to enter with him into the sanctuary of his own private feelings and sympathies, and there pull upon those strings that contrain only upon self, and thence vibrate back to the world without. He must acquaint himself with the peculiar characteristics and preferences of different classes of men, and be ready to yield to their scruples and humor their inclinations. And when this is done skillfully, and without apparent design, resolute

indeed must that heart be, that remains uninfluenced. It has lost its kin to the human race.

Another element of power is *originality*. The world of thought is nothing less than infinite, both in extent and variety. It is therefore not in the power of finite minds to exhaust this fountain. Ages have already been spent in drawing from it, yet, like the rock in the wilderness, when struck by the rod of genius, it gives forth its streams richly as at the first. Ages more may make their demands upon it, but it will be infinite still.

This characteristic in a writer appeals directly to the strong passion for novelty in the human breast, and thus arouses effectually the slumbering energies of the mind, and renders it capable of being wrought upon. While others encumber their productions with the dross gathered from a hundred pens, the original writer brings up from the deep mines of thought, ores pure and bright, glittering here and there with some more precious gem. Many shrink from the task of working these mines for themselves, but all love to enjoy the fruits of another's toil.

Originality of thought adds to the author's power also, by increasing our respect and admiration for him. This influence is of a tacit nature, but none the less real. We take pleasure in contemplating the creations of mind, whether as exhibited in the inventions of the intellectual or physical world. And in proportion as we find a man capable of producing these creations, his influence over us is increased. To such a man we almost involuntarily yield our confidence, and suffer our minds to be governed and modified by his power. Originality would seem to be the natural aliment of the mind, affording a gratification to which none are insensible. He, then, who hopes to be successful in impressing truth upon the mind, must add this to the list of his qualifications, though labor and self-denial be the cost of its purchase.

The third element of power that demands our notice, is *common sense*. Some may smile to see this classed among the qualifications of a *powerful* writer; but we regard it as yielding to none in point of importance, inasmuch as there can be no power over ordinary minds without it. A man may possess all the profundity of a Locke, and the originality of a Bacon, united with the imagination of a Dante; yet if he be wanting in plain common sense, he will be destitute of the only link that can bind him to common minds. Attach what importance we will to native genius, wit, and eccentricity, they are all but poor equivalents for this seemingly cheap, yet indispensable element. As thought follows thought in the most natural yet attractive style, we think any one could have written the same; yet we are constrained to acknowledge that there is an appropriateness and an actual power in every sentence, for which we are unable to account.

Those in all ages who have been most successful in imparting truth, are the men whose productions have partaken most largely of this character. They are plain, practical men; yet their writings have lived, and will continue to live and be cherished, in the hearts of '*the people*.' Among this class our own Franklin occupies a conspicuous place. And analyze where we will the productions of those authors

who have had the most to do in molding the character of a community, we shall find this a prominent feature. Others may gain admiration by bold figures and lofty conceptions, or charm by elegant comparisons and glowing descriptions; but it is left for these alone to make all bow assent to their opinions.

Common sense is to the author a regulating power, guarding him against every extreme. If he is deep and original, it delivers him from that blind and incomprehensible style that only tends to mislead and bewilder. If possessed of an exuberant imagination, it checks those fancy flights and wild speculations, which otherwise would bring both subject and author into ridicule and contempt. The man who is destitute of this quality can have no more power over the empire of mind, than the feeble insect to move the rock on which it crawls. But in proportion as it predominates, power is increased, till we come to that class of writers over whose productions this faculty sits as a presiding genius, and every sentence they pen finds a ready response in the human heart. By such the mind loves to be influenced. It feels none of that wounded pride consequent upon yielding to usurped superiority; for the writer comes down to a level with our own capacities, and seems to mingle his sympathies with ours. Access is thus gained to the heart, the secret springs are touched, and the will easily brought to yield.

We have dwelt thus long on this point, because so many, and especially young writers, are prone to seek after abstruse phrases and high-sounding words, at the expense of perspicuity and precision. If the object be to influence the mind, then all must allow that a single thought, clearly and forcibly expressed, is worth volumes of vague and floating conceptions, but half formed in the mind of the author, and still less understood by the reader. For what influence can truth have upon the mind, unless that truth be distinctly comprehended?

These are not to be regarded as the only qualifications of an author, but as some of the more prominent. They constitute the fundamental elements in every powerful writer; and when each of these is duly developed, others are seldom wanting. Take one of them away, and the symmetry of the fabric is destroyed. There may still be left the wreck of a great mind, but its deformity renders it hideous, and robs it of the power it might otherwise have possessed. This is what constitutes the difference between a Byron and a Shakspeare. The former wanted that proper balance of the different elements, which gives power over mind; and his intellect, though that of a giant, was distorted and unwieldy. The latter, on the other hand, combined these, in extent and symmetry, to a degree perhaps unequaled by any other writer. Hence his works constitute a kind of universal language, for the most part as significant now as on the day they were written.

Perspicuity is of the utmost importance, but it is rather the result of a combination of elements, than itself an element.

A thorough knowledge of the subject, too, is indispensable to the author. For it matters not what a man's employment is; to be successful, he must make himself perfectly familiar with the materials he

is to use, as well as the instruments with which, and the purposes to which they are to be applied.

Method may also be regarded not only as conducive to perspicuity, but as essential to the highest degree of power. There is a mode of arrangement in nearly every subject, that will give each of its parts a peculiar force. Then, again, we are permanently influenced only by so much as we retain some impression of in the mind. But when a strict and natural order is maintained, every prominent point may be made the property of the attentive reader.

It will be seen, that of the three elements here mentioned, each appeals to one or more of the great principles of universality in man. Here is the secret of their importance. These sympathetic chords, when skillfully touched, vibrate through the whole range of human hearts, and, returning, bear back the echoes of victory achieved. Like the notes of the musical scale, the changes upon these can be endlessly varied; but nothing short of a life of the most diligent study and practice can qualify a man to combine and bring out the highest degree of harmony of which they are susceptible. Happy that Orpheus, who has so far mastered them, that not rocks and trees, but human hearts, move reverently to the music of his lyre.

THE INFLUENCE OF WAR UPON SOCIETY.

BY ANDREW FLINN DICKSON, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It is a fact well worth observing, however trite it may seem, that the successive efforts by which the world cast off her old slough of ignorance and barbarism, and came forth in the nobler garments of light and knowledge which she now wears, were either caused or accompanied by the development of some great truth in moral or physical nature—were brought to light by the effulgence of some mighty law, hidden till then, from man's negligence, and suddenly shot out, like the star of another nativity, to mark the birth of new happiness and life to humanity. Strangers and pilgrims do they seem, at first, in this universe of error; long and valiantly do they struggle for a welcome or even a foothold here: and it is only when sore experience has fully tried their value, that they come to be recognized as guides to security and peace. Even then, their power to aid, to elevate, to bless, is but dimly and imperfectly seen; but when they open up, to the humble student of their treasures, the glory of their Heaven-sent beneficence, his eyes are dazzled by the celestial radiance—he feels like one who walks suddenly forth from a night that has built up its black front to the very vault of Heaven—before, above, around him, light, joy, and splendor—behind, deep, ominous obscurity!

And it may be added, that as we have not yet reached the acmè of human progress—as there still remain some heights of honor and

knowledge to climb, so we may expect them to be won by the same series of victorious efforts, marked out by the revelation of great practical principles. Indeed, it is to this very condition of things that the present age owes its endless discussions, its constant turmoil, its multitude of bitter contests; and though, under the guise of reformation, much that is false, and more that is vain, finds way to notoriety and temporary life, yet this very agitation shall work off the scum of imposture and mistake, and leave the truth, pure and unadulterated, to gratify the thirst of man for new and more potent blessing. What though they war with our long-cherished habits and opinions, and teach blind bigotry to close more firmly the organs she will not use, against truths she dare not see? This is but the pride of consistency in man, which drives him to hold on the way his fathers went; and, once conquered, it will operate as strongly for the right, as in previous ignorance it struggled for the wrong.

Among the great principles that the present age has developed, none deserves a more prominent place—whether we consider its extensively beneficial character, or its contrariety to all previously entertained notions—than the doctrine that wars are obstacles to the advancement of society—a doctrine that strikes at the root of all the old maxims of policy, and tends to establish, upon the calm philosophy of modern days, a new and intellectual system of diplomacy. That it is entirely opposed to the former ideas of mankind will appear at once, on recurring to the policy of ancient nations, whose very life was war, and their breath the miasma of the battle-field. THEN, the principle was AVOWED, that there was no limit to the right of possession, but that which bounded the might to grasp and secure; in those days, there were no *wars of pretences*. But there succeeded a different period, in which ingenious philologists and lawyers were employed to torture treaties, alliances, pedigrees, and all the paraphernalia of national security, that from their dying agonies might be wrung some shadow of pretext, not contemplated by the originators, for acts of aggrandizement and high-handed injustice. Thus for the profit of war—as under the sway of Charles the Fifth of Spain, or for the glory of war, as in the days of Louis the Fourteenth of France, or through a boundless lust of both, as in Bonaparte—the tide of bloody contest swept round the whole earth again and again, till the cannon's roar and its echo had run its dreadful career over the vast circumference of man's territory. Nay, such was the infatuation of our race, that they obstinately closed their perception against all that warned them to “cease from strife,” and behold the dawn of a more peaceful era; and even now—so slow is man to give up this national intoxication—with many, “a man of peace” is but another name for a coward.

Let us examine for a moment, notwithstanding this unmeaning clamor of the thoughtless, the truth of a position formerly laid down; viz. that no great principle deserves greater prominence than the one under consideration, on the score of its *extensively beneficial character*. And first, let us inquire into the condition of things necessary to the progress of society.

There must be LAW in existence, and in healthy operation. Take law from civilized society, and the consequence would certainly be a retrograde movement—the weak would lose their security against strength; the strong would lose their shield against cunning; universal suspicion and distrust would ensue—and this once the case, all alliances between man and his neighbor would be completely broken up. But, instead of supposing law subverted, let us imagine it only diseased and partial in its action: who does not see that its efficiency would be instantly lost, and its great hope and aim cut off? All confidence between the people and their rulers must be at once annihilated, by a knowledge of the fact, that justice, in a legal contest, if attained at all, will be won by accident. In short, so notorious is this truth, that it has grown into a political maxim, “It is better to abolish the law than to make men suspicious of it.” This subject cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the present condition of Spain. Recent travelers, after describing the crowds of bold and hardy men, collected to enjoy the sports or exhibitions of their gala-days, almost uniformly mention the fact, that the simple appearance of an officer of justice will overawe and disperse them; nay, if the alguazils approach the door of a dwelling, the inmates, wringing their hands in perplexity and distress, secrete their valuables, lamenting meanwhile the misfortune of such a visitation: such is the natural condition of a country whose laws and whose government have not earned the confidence of its subjects.

Now that war is an enemy to law is a point that need hardly be argued in a land where martial law, as it is called, is so much dreaded as in our own comparatively peaceful territory. We know—though, thank heaven, but few of us have seen—the rapidity with which the substitution of an arbitrary martial discipline, for the long-trusted bulwarks of legal enactment, wears away public confidence, even in the latter, and drives it to disease and inefficiency. But it is not enough to say that war is a foe to law; we assert it is its arch enemy—there is none greater or more fatal. It destroys the habit of obedience to reasonable restraints, by substituting at intervals a despotic power, that rules by fear; it teaches man to look at individual will, more powerful than law; it burdens a nation with vast expenses, and yokes it to ruinous debt, to be removed by taxation, which taxation calls for new and more oppressive laws; it breeds, in the thousands of a nation’s host, habits of immorality that plague the land through a series of generations; and now, what is there in the whole universe of ill, that could do more? Famine and pestilence may bring distress, and distress engender crime; but here is a mightier than famine, a more terrible than pestilence.

The social virtues, secondly, lie even nearer the foundations of society than law itself, which is, indeed, but the fortification man has erected for the preservation and nurture of the former. A complete respect for the moral and proprietary rights of his neighbor, a strict attention to domestic duties, and “a love for the kindnesses of life,” constitute the basis on which man has erected the great fabric of civil society; this is the offspring, and they the parents, of social happiness and ease.

A fact, so evident, needs no support from logic ; but let us glance (and there needs but a glance) at the action of war on these social virtues. What then will be the result to property, of habits of plunder ; to domestic or public morality, of life-long debauchery and animal indulgence ; to courtesy and kind feeling, of harsh discipline and habitual disregard of life ? That a soldier may be a gentleman, no one will deny ; but, that it is the tendency of his profession to make him a villain, is equally indisputable.

Another security to society, for its own preservation, is the bond of commercial and other business interests. It is an evident advantage to a people that those in whom men confide should be bound by something more than mere honor and integrity ; and, finding the assurance they need in law and legal government, they are induced by the strongest of all persuasions, that of interest, to uphold society and its regulations. But war, in its insatiable voracity, swallows up by seizure, by taxation, by capture, by wreck, till the mighty mammoth of commercial power and wealth lies prostrate and helpless, crushed by the inveterate attacks, and famished by the ceaseless robberies, of this crimson destroyer.

Finally, the advancement of nations in all that makes their happiness and welfare is owing, in great measure, to the habit of reasoning upon the general nature of governments, and of the character, in particular, of their own government, existing among the people. The reaction of political knowledge among all classes, upon the government over them, is one of the most useful stimulants to a good administration, and most salutary checks to a bad one, that could possibly be contrived ; and especially in the popular, or partially popular constitutions of the three best governed nations in the world, (England, France, and America,) is the opinion of thinking men in private formidable to men in office. But what can be more incompatible with such a condition of the public mind than the habit of unthinking obedience, taught, directly and indirectly, by military discipline ?—directly to those subjected to it, indirectly, by their examples, to all whom they influence.

Thus, turn where we will, in investigating the ground-work of society, and the aids to its progress, we find this mortal enemy in direct opposition, as if sent by heaven to crush our schemes and disappoint our most reasonable hopes ; there is not a plan for reformation or improvement, but, like Apollyon, this same arch enemy strides across the path and stops the way. And that these are no idle speculations, history affords a thousand irrefragable proofs ; with one of these, however, we will content ourselves. We take the annals of France, from the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, down to the Revolution, to be a testimony to all we have advanced, as complete as if written for the special purpose of supporting the doctrines here laid down. Under the reign of Louis le Grand, improperly so called—for his ministers were great, not he—his ambition, with the love of power in his favorite, Louvois, who knew that he shone only in contests and strifes, (like the lightning in the storm, most destructive as well as most brilliant,) led Europe a Dance of Death, in which the finest armies, the most skillful generals, the richest provinces, all met the same general ruin at his hand. Not that he was

uniformly successful, even in his most convulsive efforts—by no means. With an infatuation that in any other than a king would have seemed madness, he ground the faces of the millions of his own poor, and stained the whole continent with their blood. While the great Colbert built up happiness, and wealth, and internal power at home, his master entered his blooming and ripening fields of promise, to ravage and desolate, “to let loose the dogs of war” upon its alarmed inhabitants, and teach his heart-sick minister the thanklessness of a reformer’s office, and the treachery of his hopes. Now mark the consequences: the minister of war fell into disfavor with his capricious master; his great and glorious antagonist, the minister of peace, died worn out by his toils. While the wheels of government are slowly losing the momentum his powers had given them, Louis himself is brought to the tomb, bequeathing turmoil and trouble to the queen-regent and his successor, Louis Quinze. During this distressful period, one minister of finance after another was chosen, tried, and dismissed; the same man was recalled again and again; herculean efforts were made to restore credit and security to the nation; but the task was too mighty, and even Richelieu’s genius was unavailing. Anne of Austria, and the shadow of royalty that succeeded her, fought out their restless reigns amid rebellion and civil war, followed by Louis the Sixteenth, who dreamed of the happiness of power, till he woke to die by hands trained to all that was cruel and murderous by the “*glorious*” reign of his great-grandfather. It has been asserted, we know, that this revolution was a contest of principle; but the assertion was drowned by the fiend-like howls and shrieks for “bread! bread!” that rung through the palace of Versailles, on its first attack by the mob—was buried among the heaps of slain, whose needless death betrayed the vile corruption of military recklessness in the brutal hearts of their butchers. Such was the lesson, read to man by the history of France, upon the character and consequences of war.

Shift we now the scene, to imagine—what, alas! we cannot find in history—a nation, in which the truth under discussion is not only admitted, but fully appreciated. Let us conceive a nation of sufficient power and wealth, of extensive civilization, of increasing resources, having a few families of foreign or alien races dwelling in her midst, and surrounded by weaker provinces or independent sovereignties. Holding this doctrine, she would treat the stranger within her borders, and the minority under her sway, with a respect that should forever banish rebellion or insubordination, more to be dreaded than external war; secure in her own power from invasion or attack, she would scrupulously avoid aggressions upon less mighty neighbors, knowing that, if war be an evil so tremendous, the habitual expectation of it is second only to itself in ill. That such a nation would always escape from hostilities, while there is so much wickedness to be scourged from earth, so much aggression to be repelled, so much doubtful right to be maintained, is not, we confess, to be expected at once; but how much unnecessary strife would cease. It has often been asserted, that a nation cannot yield one jot or tittle of her rights, without dishonor and disgrace; and

no one will deny, that there are many circumstances, in which submission would be a stain; but is it not true, that after war, the belligerent powers either cede some territory from one balance to the other, to adjust the scales of power, or make the "status quo ante bellum" the basis of a treaty? in which case, the victorious nation must yield what is hers by the right of conquest. But which is the better, to be driven by force from an imaginary advantage, or, on a calm consideration of the emergency, to yield what is not worth the loss occasioned by the strife? On the other hand, is it more magnanimous in a great nation to waive an apparent right, or to waste blood and treasure upon it, that it may gain the glory of restoring it after hostilities? On this latter principle a strong man might well rob a weaker one, that the whole race might admire his generosity in restoring to him the property he had lost. But, to return to the scene of peace we were describing—the social virtues, unchecked by the harshness either of tyranny or military habits, would promote domestic happiness, and draw closer the bonds of internal attachment, thus strengthening the nation against all difficulties and dangers; law, created and upheld by them, would scatter, broadcast over the land, the seeds of new happiness and peaceful glory; taxation, and the burden of government, reduced to insignificance by long prosperity, would cease to harass the enterprising in commerce and manufactures; they, secure from capture or loss in war, would extend the Briarean arms of their keen sagacity to the ends of the earth, and gather in treasures for their country's benefit; no longer trained to unreasoning obedience, the wealth in manliness of the country would cease to be merely "its bone and sinew," as they have so often been opprobriously called, but each would rise to the stature of a judge of men and measures, and the standard of the nation's intellect would be raised at once, and thus, strongly united at home, and respected or feared abroad, what should hinder her from becoming a mighty people? Such might be the progress of any nation, under the healthful operation of this principle, and why not the progress of our own? Why may not she, destined without doubt to be "the mother of many nations," why may not she, adopting this truth as a governing maxim in her policy, rise to be first in moral, as well as physical greatness? For assuredly, if what we have here advanced be true, the law should be written in letters of gold on every legislative hall, and in every executive residence—"Better a calm and happy peace than a glorious and successful war."

THE CLERICAL PROFESSION.

BY JOHN W. HARDING, EAST MEDWAY, MASS.

IF man be indeed immortal, and Christianity that great central truth, about which all the hopes and destinies of a future life revolve, the sacred office of the ministry must be the highest and most important of human trusts. However men, in their apathy, and indifference to religion, may seem, in the conduct of life, to forget the acknowledged end of existence, the least candid and sober reflection cannot fail to bring back the mind to the simple, yet overwhelming truth, that the present world is no abiding place for the soul, and that all our noblest aims and most reasonable endeavors should have reference to an hereafter. But, passing by at the present those most dignified and obviously important functions of the ministerial office, which man's future hopes and his individual relations to his Creator involve, I design to consider its *professional* character and influence, in connection with our *temporal* interests alone.

It is a very unwarrantable idea, that the Christian Religion, while it chiefly prepares us for another life, yet neglects in any wise this world's happiness; and that the welfare of our social and civil relations depends upon fortunate circumstances and human foresight, rather than the wonderful and universal adaptation of Christianity to every want of man. Keeping out of sight the bright hopes of immortality which shine about our pathway through the august mysteries of the Future, it demands, when considered only as a system of human policy, the profoundest veneration. In all that can give true dignity and worth to human nature,—that can minister either to the happiness of the individual, or the majesty of the State, Christianity has put to shame every human system of philosophy. It has been the great engine of civilization, raising up man from lawlessness and violence to all the blessings of good order and peace; and this, not by invading armies and hostile colonies, but through the unpretending labors of a few self-denying missionaries of the Bible. It has broken down the long-established terrors and usurpations of arbitrary power, and in their place set up the nobler dominion of mind over mind. Finally, it has instituted the great brotherhood of Humanity, elevating man to his true dignity, and allying him to his race by a thousand ties of private and public virtue. All that human wisdom and power could do, was done for the Ancient Republics. They were stupendous monuments of human skill, unaided by Revelation. But where was man? The slave of the STATE: lost in the great idea of its magnificence, and living but to minister to its renown. Christianity had not yet asserted the dignity and independence of the *individual*. The State was not made for him, but he for the State. Thus, there was no common bond of Philanthropy to at-temper and govern ancient Patriotism, and when the unwieldy structure which was the temple of its worship fell, man, blinded by superstition, without an object for the present, or a hope for the future, was lost and

overwhelmed among the unsightly ruins. Who can read this world's history, and not see written on every page the law of moral progress, or fail to recognize, amid the conflict of passion, and the tumultuous strife of injustice and error with freedom and truth, an Almighty Providence, moving over the dark chaos of events, bringing order out of confusion, and gradually preparing the way for the perfect development of human nature? Who have held among men so honorable a place in this glorious progress, as the champions and dispensers of Christianity?

The American clergy occupy a peculiar position in the history of Religion,—none other than the van in the last great contest of Truth with Error.

In ancient times, Christianity, asserted by a few humble and defenseless men, assailed and overthrew the cumbrous fabrics of Polytheism. She has fought with kings and mighty powers of the earth, and conquered. Now must the conflict be with the vaunting and untamed spirit of Democracy. Truth, in its simple dignity and power, untrammelled by establishments and forms, is to wage war with Error, itself as free, and unrestrained, save by the moral sense of men. The Voluntary Principle in religion has at length removed all connection between Church and State; Liberty of Conscience and of Worship are now complete. The old foundations of religious and civil polity are well-nigh broken up. Ancient usages and forms are dead. Men have very little reverence for authority or antiquity, and it is quite beyond the power of ecclesiastical antiquarians to galvanize into life the cold dogmas of "the church" as it was in the middle ages. Men have too long listened to the voice of the Reformation, and tasted too much of liberty, to be influenced by these ancient devices. They will hereafter think and act for themselves, and there is to be no conservative power, but the force of truth upon the conscience. Forms in government are neither better nor stronger than forms in religion. Nay, they have not that foundation, which even a formal religion has, in the essential nature of the human soul. We put an idolatrous trust in our free institutions, just as if there was some magic power in the few and simple forms of Law, which at present restrain the fierce spirit of unlicensed Liberty,—as if this great Goddess of Liberty, whom we worship, was the guardian of Law, and not wholly dependent upon it for protection. Without the essence of Liberty, its forms are nothing; for they have no sanction, save in that Law written by the finger of God upon the heart of man.

Some, however, seem to think that by a skillful arrangement of checks and balances, in our political wisdom, we can so array men's passions and interests against each other, as to produce a safe equilibrium of hostile and destructive elements. But no! Virtue is at once the moving power, and the balance-wheel in our political machinery, and never by any skillful poisoning or management can the selfishness of men supply its place. It is that unwritten law of peace, order, benevolence, and justice, which must be the only true conservative principle of our institutions. Where else can any be found? Both reason and experience seem to establish it an axiom, that man must be governed

either by moral truth or by arbitrary power. The French Revolution plainly teaches us the end of Liberty when divorced from Virtue. Who, in our country, can so avail to save American liberty from that terrible end, as that class of educated and virtuous men, who may reach, through their quiet and unobtrusive influence, every *individual mind*; first, to satisfy man's religious wants, and dispel the clouds of superstition and fanaticism which obscure his hopes of immortality; next, to make him intelligent, and thus fitted for a rational self-government; and finally, to proclaim those common principles of daily morality, which make men honest and trustworthy in all their relations to society?

Man will have *some* religion. It is but another form of hope,—a constituent principle of the human soul; and, if not enlightened by a rational religion, it will be swayed to and fro by fanaticism and doubt. Atheism is a doctrine so monstrous and unnatural, that men can seldom so distort their true natures as to believe it. With general education, no class has so much to do as the clergy; for they are the guardians, and, to a great extent, the dispensers of public learning: and the Atheist does not deny the necessity of intelligence among a free people. If, then, their influence reaches the individual character so directly in every thing that makes Government a blessing, and life worth having, how great is their power over the State! A free government is formed for the individual, by freely dispensing its blessings to the mass, to elevate and ennoble *him*. The State must *follow*, and not lead the progress of the citizen; and as society is but the aggregate of individuals, its chief hope must be in the right education of individual character.

Intelligent foreigners, who come among us, wonder at the apparent anomaly in the history of religion, which exists here, viz: THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE, which places religion, and that successfully, upon its own basis, by entirely severing it from any connection with our political institutions. In the freest nations of the old world, Toleration is considered the most enlightened doctrine which can be consistent with the welfare of the State, and at the same time with the support of religion. Even in our own country, until within a few years, men feared to place Truth upon its own independent and immutable vantage ground, perfect liberty, and thought it needed in some way to be braced up by the supports of civil power. The result has proved that religion needs no such aids. All it asks for is perfect freedom, and an open field in the unbiased hearts of men. If the human mind is left to its own bent, it will so harmonize its temporal and eternal interests, that a just and natural affinity shall exist between them. Let Civil Government only mete out even justice to citizens of every sect and denomination, while Religion will instruct them all more freely in the art of being free, and, though it keeps entirely aloof from party differences and public affairs, yet by directing the manners of the community, and regulating domestic life, it will regulate the State. Governments have their origin in our social wants; but religion is founded on the desire for immortality. Society has no future life to hope for or to fear. Its institutions are changing and ephemeral, varying with the opinions of a generation, or the interests of a life. How absurd then to ally religion to these fu-

gitive powers and changing forms of society, when it is the only one of them all which can hope for immortality! Sustained by the invariable dispositions and imperishable interests of the human heart, it needs no assistance from governments to live, and, by giving them its assistance, it must share their changing fortunes. From the old world we constantly hear voices complaining of the decline of religious faith, and yet its antiquated forms are bolstered up by kingly power and wealthy establishments. Philosophers are inquiring how it is, that democratic America, whose constitution knows no religion, and whose government gives not a single penny to its support, is the most religious nation in the world. It is because the American is instructed from childhood at his fireside, by a clergy who are devoted to the truth, and no apostolical succession of traditions, and who are supported by willing and active hearts, and no establishment. In Europe, the living principle of Christianity has been so long bound down to the superannuated systems of government, that it has seemed to share in their decay; but, as they crumble in ruins, it will rise again in new freshness and vigor.

Having thus considered the peculiar advantages which the American clergy possess, to wield a powerful influence upon the State, let us revert for a moment to the peculiar need, which the signs of the age evince, of the full exercise of this influence. A restless spirit of change is abroad in the world. While the powers of Government are passing from the control of the few into the hands of the many, so also are the powers of *mind*. There are to be no longer aristocracies of learned men, who, by their mere dicta, may rule the opinions of the multitude. A new energy and earnestness of thought is becoming characteristic of the common mind. Men are everywhere catching glimpses, some true, and very many false, of their capacities, rights, and interests. They are searching out abuses in old institutions, and in hot, democratic haste, are forming new ones every day. One attacks Christianity, and would do the State great service by crying out against priestcraft, and throwing abuse and contempt upon the peaceful ministers and institutions of religion. Another finds out *the grand defect* in our civil polity, and would have all men equal in power, riches, and glory. But why recount the various and novel forms of error and fanaticism which are abroad? Let any read for himself the signs of the times in the numerous advertisements of public meetings to be held on any Sunday evening, which occupy long columns in the public prints of our great cities. He will see there the people earnestly invited to give ear to every doctrine and dogma which *free inquiry* has ever devised to lead men astray from the paths of reason, justice, and religion. Now, there is no law against false and corrupt opinions, save the law of reason and conscience. Who then are to assert this law wherever error rises up in ten thousand subtle forms, to overturn the foundations of right? Who, in fine, are to guide and purify public opinion, that great ruler in a Republic, and thus avert from the State those threatening dangers which the enemies of freedom have long predicted? They only, whose business it is to reach the hearts of men by the power of truth.

The inquiry now forces itself upon the mind—Have we such a

clergy as these exigencies demand? De Tocqueville, in treating of our institutions, remarks, that there is no country in the whole world in which the Christian religion retains a greater influence over the souls of men, than in America, and that, though it takes no part in the government of society, it must nevertheless be regarded as the foremost of the political institutions of this country. If this be true, it may perhaps be questioned whether Christianity owes more to the religious influence of a pious ancestry, which has permeated our national character and institutions, or to the living power of her present ministry. Why is it that so many clergymen are wandering about without employ, and that while their profession has greater need of men than any other? Is it not oftentimes because this active, thinking age requires a higher standard than the present one, of clerical talent and attainments, and therefore has nothing for these weak and inefficient though inoffensive men to do?

What then are some of the peculiar qualifications which the age demands of the clerical profession? In very briefly mentioning two or three of these, which seem most intimately connected with our present view of this subject, we forbear to dwell upon the most obvious and only sure foundation of success—a sincere and earnest piety. Apart from the sacrilegious use of a most sacred trust, with which a worldly or ambitious spirit profanes the holy office, there is no other principle in human nature which will dispose, much less enable a man to incur, its just responsibilities. The love of power, the thirst for wealth, none of the common motives of men, will find gratification here. If they do the world will see it, and will despise and distrust such a man. His influence is lost upon society, both as regards their present and future interests. Men can endure hypocrisy, or venality, or pride, anywhere rather than in the voluntary service of the Almighty. It is that moral heroism then, which will do or suffer anything in the service of a Higher Ruler than the world, which must be the only moving principle of action in this profession. But what is a moving principle without the appropriate means of action? The water may flow in its native bed, with a current strong and deep, but, to assist us in the useful arts of manufacture, it must be directed in artificial channels, and applied at right times, and in proper quantities, to nicely adjusted machinery. It must be wide and powerful too, while the smaller rivulets, though just as pure, are content in their noiseless course to fertilize the meadows, and become its tributaries. It will not tend to elevate this profession, and procure for it just weight and dignity, for every man, who may feel a sincere desire to do good in a great cause, to leave his plough or his bench, and with habits, character, and manners stereotyped by time, struggling all the while perhaps against harassing poverty, to *hurry* through a clerical education. Men of strength, who know themselves, and have well estimated their powers, and the task before them, may successfully remove so many of these opposing obstacles to their success, as to atone in a measure for a somewhat superficial education; but all common candidates must rely upon long, severe, and patient discipline of mind. Nothing else but mind will fight the battles of Truth,

now that the people are earnestly inquiring and thinking for themselves. The *intellectual* condition of the present age is distinctively its own. Other times have been more distinguished for their great geniuses, their masters of thought and learning; yet in our day there is an universality of education, a general activity of the common mind, such as the world has never seen before. The multitude are already in possession of the facts—the materials of thought, and the *professionally* learned man must maintain his superiority simply by his power of moulding these materials into definite forms, and giving shape and direction to the public mind. This requires, in the first place, the power of a philosopher, and afterwards that practical talent of expressing and communicating thought by the various means of the pen and the living voice, which nothing else can give but patient and vigorous self-discipline. To Christianity as the highest truth, *all* learning is tributary, and the minister of religion should be able to use it in her service. Philosophy, science, literature, *all* are before him to furnish argument and illustration in solving the great problems of human life and human destiny. The old-fashioned life of the clergyman was one of comparative ease and quiet dignity. He instructed the people by systematic discourses upon a list of doctrines, as his predecessor had done before him. There were few new-fangled notions and fanatical reformers about in those days. He devoted his leisure time to a farm, and lived and died in the same place. But the ardent and faithful minister of these times cannot hope for a long or a peaceful life. He must be ready to meet error in a thousand forms, and times, and places, not only in written discourses at weekly periods, and from the pulpit, but by that ready talent which will enable him to bring forth from a well-stored and well-disciplined mind, the words of truth for any moment's exigency. It is little creditable to men whose profession leads them constantly to public speaking, that they should not be able to say a word in season when a good cause demands it, because they have not it written down before them. The age will soon require of the clergy a more energetic and graceful style of oratory, for there are too many self-taught, common sense orators abroad, and too many mass meetings to school the people in the knowledge of *practical* eloquence, to permit the hum-drum, drawling monotony of pulpit written discourses to satisfy the earnest listener.

There is one other requisite which, no less than every other, the clerical profession most eminently needs. It is common sense; the guide of philosophy, the embodiment of logic, the pruning knife of rhetoric, the teacher of all the proprieties of life, in fine, the ruling faculty of a well balanced mind. The clergyman, in old times, by virtue of his office was a dignitary. The people regarded him with reverential awe, as he dispensed his iron opinions with authority from a lofty pulpit, or, as in clerical attire he entered their dwellings. But a more democratic spirit has changed our manners; it *may be* for the worse, but so it is, and must be, for the leveling doctrines of democracy are in the ascendant here, and will inevitably give their tone to our national manners. It only remains for the modern clergy, instead of sighing for the times gone by, to adapt themselves to the people; to become all

things to all men, and to wield a higher power than station ever confers, that of mind over mind—a power which Democracy even cannot gainsay nor resist. But, to do this, they must be thoroughly acquainted in the ways of the world, *skilled* in the knowledge of human nature, and thus able to command all those secret avenues to the human heart, through which truth may enter unobserved the citadel of its prejudices, and take a peaceful possession.

Lastly, should not the clergyman be as polite a man as any of his neighbors? It is certainly a part of clerical education to be a gentleman. There are many good men who cannot see any benevolent design in the *beauties* of God's creation. Awkward, and crooked, and harsh-looking themselves, they recognize nothing but vain pride in any attention to graceful manners or neat attire. Such men acknowledge no alliance between Taste and Religion, and will have very little to do with the humanities or refinements of life. In their own character, we are apt to see the influence of their mistake. There is more in it to approve, than to love and admire. They perform well all the great duties of life, and through their good works appear to advantage in the distance, but on near approach fail to win our affection, through negligence of those minor duties, over which good taste presides. In the beautiful words of President Hopkins, "They seem like stately trees, in the trunk and main branches of which the sap circulates vigorously, but does not reach the smaller twigs, and give to the leaves their perfect green." But with regard to their influence upon *other* men, which is more to our point, the world will either dislike, laugh at, or pardon them. In either case, they are not where they should be—in advance of society, and prepared to lead the way with ease and dignity in every situation, and knowing how to reach the best feelings of men in all ranks and stations. In fine, the age demands that the clergyman should represent, as the teacher of religion, morals, and manners, the combined, yet simple and harmonious character of the *Christian*, the *scholar*, and the *gentleman*; the Christian, to teach a pure religion; the scholar, to teach a reasonable and intelligent religion; the gentleman, to give all his teachings the evident sanction, in every look and gesture, of a warm, and generous heart.

SUPPORTS OF LAW IN A DEMOCRACY.

BY WILLARD HODGES, TORRINGTON, CONN.

THE well known fact that there is an intimate connection between the establishment of permanent social order, and the due observance of public law, is sufficient, at all times, to give point and interest to any inquiries into the nature of this relation.

It would, doubtless, prove a fruitful source of instruction, could we scan, with proper care, the constitutions of different States, and mark

their progress through different periods of their existence, to ascertain, if possible, that form of social order which is best adapted to the wants and condition of man. But, in the progress of civilization and of society, the problem has, to a certain extent, been solved. The faithful pictures sketched by the historic pencil, reveal the onward tendencies of man to free government, and amid their ever-varying lights and shades we discern the important truth, that the principles of Democracy, founded on the *common rights*, and commending themselves to the *common sense* of all, are destined to become still more permanent and widely diffused.

Though governments that have been reared upon the democratic principle have, at times, assumed different features, we recognize *perfection* in none; and perhaps the greatest political problem of the age is the best organization, and establishment, of democracy in Christendom.

Standing on the height of philosophic inquiry, surveying the rapid progress of this principle, its present extended influence, and the probability of its ultimate triumph, the subject before us assumes a new importance, and cannot fail to create in us a high degree of interest.

We are favored in our examination by the peculiar circumstances of the period in which we live. Besides our knowledge of man's nature, we have all the light derived from a review of the past, and the experience of the present. The improvements in political science, in morals and religion, have placed Democracy in the New World upon a footing essentially different from that which it occupied in the Old.

We see it no longer confined in its pure and absolute form, within the scanty limits of a few small States, but passing through the fiery conflict of opposing principles, and emerging at last by its innate vigor, divested in part of its odious character, and stamped with those features of limitation and correction, which give it a more inviting aspect.

Under such a government we have had the opportunity of personally observing the operation of the laws, and while we propose to consider the subject in general as an abstract one, having reference to no particular country, we look upon the *period* intended as the present age with all its improvements and discoveries.

Law is defined to be "a rule of action." It is essential to the individual. He who has no stable principles of action, is exposed to all the dangers which arise from impulses uncontrolled, and wholly unconnected with what is good, right, or wise.

But man is wholly man, only in society, and society is what it ought to be, only through the laws. Obedience to the laws then, is necessary; for, without their being followed, they are no longer laws in fact, because no longer rules of action. How then can this obedience be best secured? If an individual is more inclined to follow the rules he himself has laid down for the regulation of his own conduct than those prescribed by another, should we not infer that a community of individuals would yield a more cheerful obedience to laws of their own making, for a similar reason? This we conceive to be the true idea of a Democracy. It is nothing more nor less than *self-government*,

where all legitimate authority is derived from the consent of the governed.

It will be unnecessary, on the present occasion, to give an elaborate definition of the *term*, or to enter upon any eulogium respecting the exhaustless themes of the natural rights and equality of man; the term, Democracy, is taken in its generic sense, entirely divested of party significations, and it is sufficient simply to observe, that all the citizens of a Democracy are on a footing of political equality, to the exclusion of all privileged classes. Among the people as a body, or through their representatives, all the laws must originate, and this popular origin of the laws is the prime source of its authority. The origin of such a society is evidently voluntary. Men associate together, to define their rights by mutual counsels, and protect one another by their common strength. They do not relinquish any of their rights by such an agreement, but simply provide for their security; and, while every man attends to his private concerns, he sustains an equal share in the public deliberations, and feels an equal interest in the general welfare. He becomes interested in the support of laws which his own vote may have assisted in forming, and knows that by upholding the majesty of the law he defends his own supremacy as one of the people.

The principles of the Democratic creed are simple, and easily understood. They are wholly opposed to a consolidation of government, based on unwritten laws, maintained by physical force. They restrict government to its natural uses, curtail the number of its functions, separate its action from partial interests, simplify the mode of its operations, and reduce the principles of legislation to the simplest expression, compatible with some form of national organization. They sustain penal laws by penal legislation, but, in addition to the physical force necessary for their execution, they throw around them a still more powerful defense, in the superior moral sanctions emanating from courts of justice. In such a community, the law of justice furnishes the only practicable basis for any general rule, since it is the only neutral ground where all parties can meet, and the law has power and efficiency, only so far as it conforms to this general rule, and to the state of society. The laws become merely the resolutions of a community to abide by and support justice, and it is this strong sense of their justice, which gives an efficiency to the white wand of the petty constable, equal to the far-famed caduceus of Mercury, and confers on one, as the officer of the laws, the supreme executive power of all.

This innate sense and desire of justice is found universally pervading the mass, governing the good by the excellency of its own nature, the indifferent by a regard to their own interests, the bad by a conviction of its prevalence and power, and exciting in all, in a greater or less degree, the sanctions of conscience, gives to the law that silent but sovereign power which sways the State.

It is the usual policy, in governments where executive management prevails, to maintain an organized body of preventive police, and to hold out regular rewards to informers, proportioned to the nature and extent of the crime concerning which information is desired. This is,

perhaps, essential to the maintenance of despotic power ; but the history of every such government is replete with proofs of the miserable effects produced by such a system of informers and secret police. The familiars of the inquisition have entirely changed the national character of the Spaniards, and proved ruinous to the best interests of Spain. Tacitus speaks of the "delatores" as one of the worst features of the Roman jurisprudence, and calls them the pest and vermin of human society. In Venice the dark proceedings of the Council of Ten, the dungeons of the Piombi, might reveal many a tale of horror, and of secret injustice, the direct consequence of secret information conveyed to the "lions mouths." Similar proceedings were formerly countenanced in England, and produced similar results, while the system of secret and counter-secret police, established by Napoleon, is deserving of all the imprecations that have been heaped upon it.

But, in a government strictly of law and civil liberty, where every citizen can do as he chooses, except in direct violation of *known* law, where *proper* notice is taken of an offense only after it is committed, there is no need of a preventive police, established on so extensive a plan, as is possible in a well regulated and carefully organized absolute monarchy.

The more government circumscribes individual action, the less obligation will be felt by its citizens to assist it. But when, as in a Democracy, the government becomes highly restricted, the support of the laws comes more directly upon the people, and their readiness to give assistance is proportionally increased.

By this it is not meant that all the citizens will become, as it were, a body of police, nor that they will be called upon to spend a great share of their time in the discovery and punishment of minor offenses ; this will of course be done by the proper officers ; but, in the case of heinous crimes, the law will not be abused on the false representations of malicious informers, nor can any more efficient aid be desired, than what every one will feel ready and willing to give.

In such a community, we need not, *necessarily*, suppose a superior degree of human perfection, though of course, in respect to intelligence and morals, the standard cannot be placed too high. Perfection is never assumed as the basis of any political system. Collective bodies of men are always mingled masses of good and evil ; they may be deceived, misled, prejudiced, corrupted by flattery, and aroused by designing leaders into all the excess of tumultuous passion, but, in the conflict of free thought and free discussion, the evil will cure itself. This power of self-rectification is always found pervading the mass, but especially in an age like the present ; and the superior efficiency of the Democratic principle is based on the fact that men, in general, with no particular private interest or passion to maintain or indulge, will unite to uphold the decisions which emanate from tribunals of their own institution, and feel at the same time that, in securing the rights and interests of others, they are establishing the firmest legal guaranty of their own. The virtuous impulses of a moral nature, uniting with the strong motives of personal interest, tend to create and nourish a

state of public feeling, in the highest degree favorable to the prompt and uniform support of law.

One of the most striking instances, in illustration of this feeling, on record, is found in the high-toned and lofty sentiment embodied in that simple sentence, where one of the noblest nations on earth once concentrated its lively spirit and dear experience. I mean the inscription which commemorates the heroic devotion of Leonidas and his gallant band, at Thermopylæ. "Stranger! tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." Nor was this feeling of devotion wholly wanting among those who obtained our title to liberty. Hamilton, enforcing the claims of a constitution which presents the highest actual exhibition the world has ever seen, of freedom in the citizen, and efficiency in the government, fell not in the least behind the true spirit of the Spartan inscription, when, with that noble enthusiasm, which was his perpetual inspiration, he exclaimed, "I would die to preserve the laws upon a solid foundation, but, take away liberty, and the foundation is destroyed." Those who obey laws only as so many insulated regulations, depriving them of more or less individual liberty, have not penetrated to that high degree of civic sense, which makes obedience to the laws an inspiring cause with noble hearts.

The peculiar spirit of Democracy is one of progress. It asserts that the cause of civilization and liberty worthy of man, is not promoted by an Asiatic stagnation, whose Koran says, "Every new law is an innovation, every innovation an error, and every error leads to eternal fire;" nor by the arrogance of a Jacobin, who should declare war upon every thing that exists or has existed. Legislative enactments are called for continually, for purposes of general utility and improvement. The law-making power is vested in those who know the popular wants, who have had a practical and experimental knowledge of all evils proposed to be redressed, and who expect to become themselves affected by their own enactments. This provides an effectual barrier against the passage of bad laws, or secures their speedy repeal.

This self-corrective power, inherent to Democracy, is, in fact, the grand source of its efficiency. If there is need of more intelligence in the community, the necessity thus created originates systems of instruction; knowledge is simplified, brought within the reach of all, and a correct understanding of the law, which is the first step towards its observance, is thus effectually secured.

The trial by jury may be considered as essentially a democratic institution. Though first adopted by the English, in a semi-barbarous age, by its own intrinsic excellence it has become incorporated into the political systems of nearly every nation in Christendom. By the mode in which jurors are usually selected, legal questions of all kinds are placed before men of different classes in society, and the courts of justice become, as it were, extensive schools of practice, always open, where every individual may learn to exercise his just rights, and gain a knowledge of the law from the advice of the judge and the efforts of the bar.

The true idea of law is to restrain men from transgressing on the

equal rights of others, and to enforce the duty of contributing to the necessities of society. From its nature and origin, *civil law* is necessarily defective. The mainsprings of action, the motives, lie beyond its reach. However powerful, its influence is mostly of a negative character. It enacts punishment for crime, but holds out no rewards, as inducements to virtuous action. Unaided by *religion*, it fails to secure implicit obedience. Religion enjoins submission to the ruling power, whether that power be a majority or a minority. It places legal demands on high vantage ground, by declaring it morally wrong to transgress or evade civil law.

Though religion of some kind is a universal principle, found in all countries, in which society is deeply interested, the Christian religion in its purity has always appeared as the natural ally of Democracy, from the period of its first announcement.

The annunciations of its lofty teacher embodied truths after which the nations, in their dim twilight, had long struggled in vain. They are addressed to the deepest and holiest aspirations of the soul. They speak to the individual, apart from social position and rank. They hold up a perfect pattern of equality, and proclaim the inherent dignity, the glorious hopes, and natural equality of man. They remove the obstructions heaped up by falsehood and fraud. They reveal the highest excellence, they demand unceasing progress. Their influence is found far back of the laws, among the first principles of belief and action. It enters the hearts of men, and decides questions where the law is powerless. It quickens that sensibility which should ever be in advance of our reason, and makes good and obedient citizens, by impressing the claims of truth and duty, with peculiar force, upon the mind.

It confers that sanctity upon an oath, (justly called the grand bond of social life,) which controls the magistrate of every degree within his prescribed limits, and enjoins the claims of allegiance upon the people.

Accustomed as we are to the silent and unseen operations of the Christian religion, we can form an adequate idea of its efficiency in support of law, only by conceiving the probable state of things that would ensue without it. It restrains the sensual propensities of a people, by substituting the enjoyments of reason and virtue. It reforms the criminal, originates systems of benevolence and charity, encourages industry, diminishes pauperism, *the great source of crime*, and, since the laws arise in some degree from the manners, it gives that tone to the manners, which affects the laws themselves.

The golden rule of action it prescribes, has the most salutary influence upon society, as it includes all social duties, and ensures among the lower orders of community a spirit of submission to the laws, and acquiescence in the just claims of their superiors.

There is no form of government better adapted to the perfect exercise of this principle than the one under consideration. Religious principle, was the *primum mobile* that set in motion the delicate and complex machinery of *our* government. It is the guiding star which presides over the destinies of this people, a people, who in the superior excellence of their institutions, have embodied the brightest dreams

of those spirits, who, in other times, and in other lands, have lamented or struggled against oppression, who have realized those fine conceptions which speculative men have imagined, which wise men have planned, or brave men vainly perished in attempting to execute. And, as we read the future from a knowledge of the past, we see Liberty and Christianity bound in still closer union, going on in mutual process of development, until that period of happy consummation when men shall cease to hate and destroy, when civil law shall give place to one of superior efficacy and become at last wholly superseded by the wide spread diffusion, and universal prevalence of that one great and mighty law, received by man in its excellence from the hand of his Creator, perfect in its adaptation to his moral nature, and which, still free from human imperfection, and based upon the immutable principles of ETERNAL TRUTH and LOVE, is destined to endure, fixed, and forever sure, amid the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY ROBERT RANKIN, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is interesting to trace the progress of any art from infancy to the period of its maturity and perfection, since this progress marks, with certainty, the advance of civilization. We see the savage, at first a denizen of the forest, clothed in skins, and differing little from the animals around him. Inferior to them in instinct, he constructs, with less skill than the wren or the beaver, a hovel of clay and twigs, as a shelter from the bleak winds and tempests. In the torrid zone, a gloomy cave; in polar regions, a shell of ice is his abode. Taught by Necessity, he plans a habitation for his family, and guided by Reason, designs a temple worthy of his god, and destined to perpetuate his own name.

Such is the humble origin of an art, which, while it is essential to man's comfort, is also capable of expressing his ideas of beauty and sublimity.

Before considering the state and prospects of Architecture in this country, it may be well to glance for a moment at its history in the Old World.

We learn from Scripture that the antediluvians built cities of stone, and constructed the ark, a vessel far surpassing in size any naval edifice of modern times. In a century after the flood, the tower of Babel reared its lofty head, and the deep foundations of Babylon were laid by Nimrod. Next, we find the art revived in Egypt, in a style that proves it in its infancy. The pride of Memphian kings, and the policy of this 'celestial' nation, strewed the earth with Pyramids and temples that

to this day crowd the province of Thebais, imposing by their mass, but devoid of beauty. The Greeks, a free-spirited people, living amid wild, romantic scenery, under bright skies and a genial sun, caught inspiration from Nature, and infused new life into the art. With trunks of trees, and timber hewn from the forest, they erected, in honor of their hero-gods, temples, whose characteristics were strength and extreme simplicity. From masculine grandeur of style, they aimed to unite elegance with simplicity, and finally, as their imagination grew more exuberant, they crowned the whole by an order, surpassing in richness and luxuriance of ornament, all the conceptions of earlier times. In the system thus perfected, forms and outlines the most graceful, were combined with a skill and regard to proportion that defied criticism.

When Rome added to her rich collection of spoils the treasures of Greece, she learned the arts from her illustrious captive. The character of the art now changed. The Greeks had consecrated it to the service of Beauty; the Romans made it subservient to Utility. By the invention of the arch they added a new province to its sphere of action. They hemmed in the sea, spanned rivers, drew living streams from far-distant mountains to the capital, building roads, that, like chains of adamant, bound the provinces, and raising in air the self-balanced dome, that seemed to set at naught the laws of Nature. Influenced by a passionate love of novelty, they rashly disturbed the harmonious proportions of the Grecian system, and, ceasing to revere it, their taste soon became vitiated. In the days of Augustus were reared the Pantheon,

“Relic of nobler days and noblest arts,”

and the Coliseum, that rivals Egyptian vastness; but, in three centuries, the glory of the art was faded and obscured.

From the corruption of the Roman style sprang the Gothic, after an age of darkness, in the fullness of picturesque beauty. Its type is the pointed arch, formed either by the intersection of round arches, or derived more romantically from the interlacing branches in an avenue of trees. The delicacy of its ornaments, the fineness of its clustered, reed-like columns, its tapering, heaven-pointed spire, and its close imitation of Nature, give it an unique power over the feelings and imagination. It is the last link in the chain that connects the Cathedral with the Pyramid—the boast of England with the pride of Egypt.

Architecture, in our day, has fallen from its former high estate. The finical taste of Italian artists, and the ignorance of tramontane barbarians, have disfigured many a noble structure. Not a country in Europe, but may boast its princely palaces and towering churches, yet, if we except the early Gothic, they are full of glaring defects and violations of propriety. Here we see a cathedral with Grecian front, or Roman towers, and again a noble facade offends the eye by a confused mixture of different styles. If the architect attempt the light and graceful, his work is slight and meagre; if he aim at majesty, earth groans beneath the weight. Often has the caprice of a monarch interfered

with the principle of the art, or assigned a great work to unskillful hands.

All the nobler edifices, required by society for purposes of use or elegance, have long been supplied, and their great durability and costliness prevent renewal or alteration. Associations too, cluster about them, that, despite their faults, form and prejudice popular taste in their favor.

These and like considerations lead us to believe that there is no other nation so well fitted as our own, to restore to the art its primitive purity and simplicity. Favored by Providence with free institutions that give scope to the aspiring mind, with scenery that may well invite us to the study of Nature, and possessed of every material in abundance, we may, with the ancient models, and the experience of successive ages, to guide us, hope to rival our illustrious exemplar. Neither following servilely the Grecian mode, nor burying its noble forms in crumbling masses of stuccoed brick, and worse than heathenish temples of painted wood, we must study for ourselves the principles of the science, and the laws of taste and adaptation. With native marble and granite, we may rear monuments of art, lasting as the hills, that will establish our name and dignify our history, in the eyes of posterity. With what lively interest do we regard even the humblest relics, hallowed by the noble deeds of our fathers. What emotion must the degenerate son of Athens feel, as he views, preëminent in the "tiara of proud towers" that crowns her Acropolis, the Parthenon, the perfection of Grecian art, and calls to mind the ancestral glory of his native land, "immortal though no more." Such memorials serve to awaken self-respect and national feeling,—“the origin of all great actions in a commonwealth.”

Doric strength and simplicity become our republican character, and belong most appropriately to the senate-house and the public hall.

In ecclesiastical architecture, too, there is a noble field for the display of genius. The Greeks, inspired by religious enthusiasm, dedicated their perfect temples to inferior deities; we rear piles that may serve as fit habitations for the God of the Universe. Religion, the foster-mother of the arts, which she elevated by association with herself, has ever found them, when arrived at maturity, powerful aids in subduing the feelings of men. The Cathedral, where the great of old are sepulchred, that reminds us by its solemn gloom of “God’s first temples,” fills the mind with awe, as, with assembled men, we stand and worship in its holy precincts. Every style of this, as of all the higher arts, has found its consummation in the temple.

The Pantheon and the Parthenon seem planned, like the temple of Solomon, by the Deity himself, while modern Art points to the church of St. Peter—a monument worthy of its august place.

“What could be
Of earthly structures, in His honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty there are aimed.”

When we have fairly subdued the soil, we may, with giant hand, write our name in the earth, in letters of stone, and lay the foundations of public works that shall outlive time, and vie with those of Rome. Of all the fine arts, Architecture is the only one into which the national mind enters with any real enthusiasm. Its greatness accords with the aspiring genius of a young and free people. Did its merits rest upon utility alone, it has the highest claims to our regard. But, while other arts are, so to speak, merely fine, this combines beauty with utility, and its cultivation begets in the mind a taste and love for the beautiful, that tend to the promotion of kindred arts. If, in painting and sculpture, we must be content to hold a secondary rank, there is no reason why we should not stand first in Architecture, judging from the erections of half a century which foreshadow its future greatness. It is for the government to see that our national works be constructed, as though we intended to have a national existence, nor should a niggardly spirit cramp the genius of the architect. Our people have a taste for magnificence, which, if rightly directed, will adorn our capitals with public edifices of beauty, as well as utility. Even now, the domes, and spires, and monumental columns, that crown the great cities, meet the eye in the far horizon, while the imposing front and rich colonnade of noble mansions, remind us of the luxury of older nations. The tasteful residences, too, that ornament our village cities, bespeak a growing taste that augurs well for the future.

But in rural architecture we take especial interest. Here every one may exercise his taste and fancy in imitating the picturesque forms of Nature. Horticulture and landscape-gardening go hand in hand with their sister art, heightening her charms by contrast. Where Nature does so much to waken and delight our sense of beauty, it is strange that men will blindly refuse to appreciate her efforts. We do not sympathize with those utilitarian critics who would repress any attempt to kindle enthusiasm in this branch of art. Already there is too little of the feeling among us. The morbid love of excitement, and restless anxiety to mingle in the world's strife, crowd our cities with the young and aspiring, while the country and its charms are neglected. Happiness does not rest in gain nor ambition, but in contentment and repose of feeling, and what can tend, more than the love of Nature and national enjoyment, thus to dispose the mind. If the hand of art could add to our rural residences attractiveness and beauty, it would happily affect the character of the people. It would add a new charm to the delightful associations of home, true taste would be gratified, and the romance of Architecture would heighten the pleasures of real life.

SONG OF THE NIGHT.

FLOWERS from my pathway bring,
 Let mirth's glad echo ring,
 Joy speed my dewy wing,

As I return ;

But your wreath may be bound on the marble brow,
 And your voices may mourn for the loved laid low,
 And your joy may be one that ye heed not now,
 Ere again I return.

Deck for the thronged hall !

Love crowns the festival :

Haste ! for when Time's stern call

Wakens the morn,

My dark mantle lifting, the dawn may display
 Where the pall, and the shroud, and the sleeper lay,
 And the pale bride of Death may be borne away,
 Ere again I return.

Rest, weary slumberer, rest,

Lulled on my quiet breast,

With sweetest visions blest,

Is my return :

But a shadow may come o'er the dreamer's sight,
 And his joy may be winged by the spirit's flight,
 And his eye may be sealed in an endless night,
 Ere again I return.

G. W. S.

THE "WHITE HILLS" OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

No one can have a full conception of the grandeur of a portion of New England scenery, who has not visited the "White Hills" of New Hampshire. It is to be regretted therefore that strangers, when they come among us, so frequently get all their ideas of the appearance of the country upon the tedious routes between Boston and New York. For, however attractive our cities may be rendered by a profusion of ornamental trees, though country residences be made as seductive as possible by all the arts of decoration ; though the admiration of foreigners be called forth by the magnificence of our sunsets and twilight, and of the variegated colors of our autumnal forests ; still, the southern part of these Eastern States is wanting *generally*, and most of all upon

its great thoroughfares, in those stirring views which are fitted to give celebrity to its natural scenery. Yet among the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, through the valley of the Connecticut, and along the shore of Lake Champlain are to be found many delightful views, and not unfrequently revelations of Nature in her "wildest, grandest modes."

The present sketch is written with more hope of reviving pleasant recollections than of throwing an interest around the narrative.

In the summer of 1839, a company of seven students, during their preparation for college at Holmes' Plymouth Academy, courageously undertook a journey of *seventy* miles to Mount Washington. The pedestrian plan, long and zealously discussed, was finally abandoned, not altogether as impracticable, but to secure the company of a gentleman well acquainted with the route. Three single horse wagons, with horses prefixed, were procured, (*on tic*, of course,) at *eight cents per mile*, and furnished accommodations for six: the seventh preferred a saddle. I recollect nothing peculiar in these preparations, save the harnesses. An up-country harness is a peculiar article, and peculiarly practical in its *applications*. To one initiated to its mysteries, nothing, it is said, can be more simple; and yet to the Gentiles in hostelry it is exceedingly intricate and perplexing. The whole contrivance consists of one piece beside the bridle, which is separate and independent. Collar, saddle, breeching, and traces, are conglomerated together in confused order and orderly confusion, to the utter dismay of one undertaking, for the first time, to induce harmony between the parts, as I very well recollect. It is ten chances to one if the novice does not *tackle* as if the cart were to go before the horse.

Plymouth is near the geographical centre of New Hampshire, about forty miles from Concord and three times that distance from Boston. It is beautifully situated upon the Merrimack, which however there, and for a considerable distance below, is called by the Indian name Pemigewasset. The river, at this place, is fifteen or twenty rods in width. Upon the west the country rises rapidly, yet leaving room for the village under cover of the hills. Upon the east is spread out a delightful meadow, nearly a mile in width, which is skirted, and in some directions intersected, with groves of maple. Upon the Haverhill road, which bears off from the river at an angle of nearly ninety degrees, and passes over the hills, there are splendid views of this whole scene, and of the mountains beyond.

As we have been somewhat delayed by this description, we will suppose ourselves to have passed directly across the Pemigewasset, a distance of twelve miles to the east. The intervening country is rough and uninteresting. As we approach the lakes, however, the scenery becomes exceedingly beautiful. The hills have swelled into mountains, and around and among them are spread out broad, irregular sheets of water, which are still called by their Indian names. We leave Squam upon the left and come to Winnipissiogee, at the head of which, a pleasant site, is the little village of Centre Harbor. A steamboat used to ply irregularly between this place and the remote extremity of the lake,

though it has since, if I remember, met with some fatal disaster. One would naturally suppose, that among three or four hundred islands, navigation, except in broad daylight, and at a moderate rate, must be, to say the least, difficult.

To the northeast rises Red Hill, somewhat famous through the region for its views, but no less for its *blue-berries*. This is well worth climbing. The ascent is easy, and its elevation inconsiderable. The prospect from the summit is certainly magnificent. At your feet lies Winnipissiogee, stretching on twenty-five miles to the southeast, and studded in its whole length and breadth with numerous islands. Upon the west are Great and Little Squam. Beyond, the Rattlesnake range, and round to the north and east, Mts. White-face, Ossipee, &c.

About half way from the summit to the base of the hill, and directly upon the path, was an old house which appeared hardly suitable for habitation. While passing we were startled by a shrill voice from the doorway, which pelted us with questions a little faster than we were able or cared to answer. "Where d'ye cum from?" and, "Was y'e'ver up this mountin fore?" were introductory to a series of inquiries, that, however approaching to familiarity they might appear, in themselves considered, were ejected in the true explosive style, or something like a *yell with a vengeance*. The owner of this strange voice proved to be a female; but old age and care had evidently wrought fearful changes in her, and removed every trace of gentleness. When we were within she briefly related her history. For almost half a century she had lived in that mountain hut, as it were in solitude. Sometimes, through the winter months she had not seen a female face, or even the face of a neighbor. Those long and dreary seasons she had spent in loneliness, though surrounded by her husband and children. They were all *deaf and dumb*. We pitied her from our souls, and, as we left, were glad to drop in her hand the pittance which she stood waiting to receive.

Seven miles of the road from Centre Harbor to Conway passes through a pine forest, upon an almost unbroken plain. It is rendered still more romantic by a view of the Six Mile pond, or Ossipee lake, a beautiful lake embosomed in the woods, embracing one or two very rugged islands, and lined with a pretty beach. Near it are the remains of an old Indian fort, which our kind friend pointed out to us, but which had so far decayed that otherwise it would have escaped our observation.

Conway is a considerable village, has a good hotel, and being somewhat central in its situation, unites two at least of the Northern routes. The surrounding scenery is wild and romantic. The various ranges of mountains, which toward the south gradually diminish in size and become rounded in their proportions, are here more distinctly defined, and tower, with their bold and rugged summits, high above the plain. One of these, Chocorua, I was told, derived its name from an Indian who was shot upon its summit in the very act of leaping from the precipice. He had been pursued across the country from the border of Maine by a party of volunteers from Haverhill, Mass., and was determined to die rather than be captured. The whole region was at that time an unbroken wilderness.

There are very many exciting legends connected with various localities among the mountains, and they are as multiform as numerous. Another, and I doubt not, more true version of the incident related above, is that Chocorua was shot by a party of hunters, in time of peace, before the settlement of that part of the country. A fatal distemper, which attacks the cattle of the neighborhood, is believed by the superstitious to be caused by the dying curse of the murdered Indian.

The Saco river runs a little east of the village, bending its course toward Maine. At Conway it is a rapid stream, and comes tumbling over the rocks like a torrent; yet in the adjacent town of Fryeburg it assumes a sober, quiet character, taking a deliberate ramble about the country, and flowing, it is said, thirty-six miles to gain a distance of eight.

It is very common for travelers to visit Fryeburg for the novelty of crossing a State line—a curiosity which it might be difficult to analyze, but which is nevertheless extremely natural. I recollect, when a boy, of striding a boundary post, so as to boast of having been in three towns at once. Of course, I cast my vote for stepping into Maine. Upon the way we were entertained with an account of the adventure of the Boston Tea Party, which is, in some respects, different from the common vague traditions of that daring act. It was given as related by a survivor (supposed at the time to be the last) of the party, whose house was pointed out to us, just in the edge of New Hampshire. The old veteran, Mr. Howard, was over ninety years of age, but retained his faculties remarkably well, and told the story of his youthful adventure with much animation.

The band of young men, he said, met in a cabinet-maker's shop; but, when fully disguised, hesitated to proceed, and finally resolved to consult two or three influential men of the city. These came, at their request, but would not venture an opinion upon the probable result. They however suggested another, who was accordingly called. He also was unwilling to take the responsibility of encouraging the plan. "I can give you no advice," said he, as he left; "if you go you will find friends." It was a moment which demanded courage and promptness. One of their number, taking the place of a leader, inquired of one, "What say you?" "Go ahead." The same question was put to each individually, and the same answer invariably returned. A Round Robin was then drawn up, bearing upon the circumference the reason of their resolution, and their signatures in the centre. The names of the actors were unknown till after the war. The old man had preserved the dress which he wore upon the occasion.

The village of Fryeburg is extended half a mile or more along a level street, at the head of which stands, or stood, an old-fashioned country church. At the west end of the street, upon the left, just before you enter the village, there is a slight elevation, covered with shrub oaks, which offers a very splendid view of the neighboring region. The hill itself commemorates a theft of the Indians upon the knapsacks of a party of whites. In the forest, to the south or southeast, is to be seen a beautiful lake, the shore of which was the scene of the celebrated

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meeting between Chamberlain and the Indian chief Paugus, if I remember the names. Both had come to the water to cleanse their guns, and were somewhat advanced in the operation before they discovered each other. They therefore good-naturedly agreed to be deliberate in this preparatory measure, and to commence loading simultaneously. Then their lives were to depend upon their skill. Chamberlain's gun *primed itself*. The Indian was the most rapid in his movements, but was unaware of his antagonist's advantage. He therefore saw with delight the gun bearing full upon him, and exclaimed exultingly, "*You no prime*," and fell. The guns are preserved in the village museum. We were unable to visit this, but understood that it contained many interesting objects, and among them a gun eight or ten feet in length, which was manufactured in Salem, Mass., for the express purpose of shooting witches.

An accidental detention at Conway very fortunately gave us an opportunity of ascending Kiarsarge, a mountain six miles to the north, in the town of Bartlett. The prospect from this mountain is altogether superior to that from Mt. Washington, because to a view of the wilderness it adds a view of villages and cultivated fields, of rivers and meadows, and, in the horizon, of the level of the ocean. Rattlesnakes are sometimes found upon it, and black bears are entrapped in the region not unfrequently. It is so covered with blue-berries, at the proper season, as to exceed all belief.

From Conway we also went out to a very high, perpendicular rock, called Hart's ledge, from an old settler. A small but very deep pond lies at the foot of the ledge, and reflects from its glassy surface the impending rock. These objects have been fancifully called the "Old Man's Wash Bowl and Looking-Glass." Of the Old Man himself by and by.

At almost every hotel upon the route, a record is kept, in which travelers are expected to enter their names, their residence, and, if they choose, their passing thoughts. It is very amusing to read over the heterogeneous mass of poetry and nonsense collected in such volumes, and to trace the various ingredients of human nature. Our kind landlord at Conway brought out some old books, which we searched diligently. We found nothing more original in idea, or more ridiculous in expression than an apostrophe to the *Goddess* of "Skull and Bones," by a devoted votary from Yale. It appeared that this benevolent lady had 'kindly conducted the young man to the summit of Mt. Washington, and shown him from thence the *kingdoms of the world and the glory of them*. A costly victim should therefore *smoke* upon her altars, when again the portals of old Yale opened to receive a returning son.'

The distance from Conway to the Notch is thirty miles. The scenery, as we approach the latter, becomes magnificent beyond description. The mountains, towering far into the sky, gradually gather about the road, which winds along through the forest, hardly traceable for a hundred rods at a time. Long ere we reached the Notch our whole vocabulary of exclamations was exhausted, so that when the Notch burst upon us with all its sublimity, we could only be silent. Indeed the

place is one in which you would hold communion only with your own spirit and with Nature. 'You gaze and gaze, unconscious of the lapse of time. Around, above you, ragged precipices stretch up almost to heaven. Their barren, crumbling summits seem ready to fall and crush you. The sides are furrowed deep by numerous slides, which have filled the valley beneath your feet, and you walk unconsciously over the ruin of former years.

The site of the Willey house is well selected for a complete view of the defile. The disastrous slide of 182—by which it was made desolate, is doubtless well remembered. The circumstances were related to us upon the spot with thrilling interest by our friend, who had been well acquainted with the unfortunate family. It appears that, alarmed by former slides, they had built a booth some distance down the road as a place of refuge in case of future danger. To this they were evidently hastening when they were swept to destruction. They had been roused from sleep by the thunder of the descending mass, and had hurried forth without a covering. The house was providentially preserved by a rock in the rear, which divided the slide. How terrific yet sublime must have been that spectacle. At the dead hour of night, in the midst of the warring elements, the whole defile is lit up by an unearthly glare. The friction of the descending mass of rocks and earth lights its pathway. The hideous form stretches its arms around the dwelling to clasp the terror-stricken inmates. They fly from destruction, but destruction yawns upon them. A dreadful shriek, and nine of that unfortunate family are buried in ruin. We lingered about the place as long as time would permit, and hastened on.

The Notch proper is formed by two perpendicular rocks, some twenty feet in height, and about the same distance apart. Between them run both the road and the Saco river. Near this place is a delightful little cascade, of considerable fall, formed by a brook which has its source back upon the mountain. Dr. Dwight thought it probably one of the most beautiful in the world, and remarked that it glistened in the sunbeam like burnished silver.

There are two hotels for the accommodation of visitors to the mountain—the Notch house, just out of the Notch, and the Mt. Washington house, five or six miles beyond. Each of these places has its advantages and defects, as a point from which to commence the ascent.

Upon the evening of our arrival we were much gratified to see our friend, Mr. H., bring forward a manuscript narrative of perilous adventures and hair-breadth escapes of the former guide, Ethan Allen Crawford. Mr. C. was described to us in general as a very tall, strong man, who used to cross the streams upon the way to the mountain with a lady under each arm. The tales were told with great simplicity, and gave us ideas of the hardships of those early settlers, of which we had been unable to conceive. At one time, during his absence from home, his house was burnt to the ground, and his wife and infant child driven out to defend themselves, as best they might, against the inclemency of winter.

Horses and guides are provided for each of the routes by which you

ascend the mountain. From the Mt. Washington house, after six or seven miles ride upon a rude path through woods and swamps, across streams and over hills, the horses are left at the foot of the mountain. The ascent of two and a half miles is then to be performed on foot, and, though exceedingly laborious, is yet romantic in the extreme.

The view from the side of the mountain is very extensive. A view from the summit is exceedingly rare. It is interesting to notice, as you ascend, the effect of increasing cold upon vegetation. The trees become stunted in their growth, and dwindle down to short clumsy stumps, upon the top of which a skillful man might almost walk. The surrounding mountains are named from the various Presidents of the United States. There need be no fear for many years yet of a failure in the supply.

From the Notch House a path was completed in 1840, for horses, to the summit of the hill; and this, I doubt not, is now the chief direction of ascent. The distance I cannot estimate, as I have every reason to believe the guide *lied* about it. The superiority of this path to the other, beside the item of riding to the summit, consists in this—that as it passes over the summits of several mountains, (the chief of which are Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin, and Monroe,) you are sure to get excellent views from some of them, and from *one* almost as good as could be obtained from Mt. W. in its *clearest* moments. The picturesque appearance of the path, as it winds up these hills in a zigzag direction, when viewed from different points, may be readily conceived. We ate a tremendous dinner upon the summit, and were glad to get down into a warmer climate. The cold at the summit is often intense, even in mid-summer, and travelers are frequently covered with sleet by a very few moments delay. Mr. Crawford originally bought the mountain of the Legislature for *forty* dollars. Having descended we rode on to Bethlehem, where we were obliged to spend the Sabbath.

Though all my recollections of this place concern a day of prolonged misery, they are of a highly humorous, and almost ridiculous character. We put up at a miserable country tavern, and after most earnest supplications for a fire, were allowed to warm ourselves by a few dying embers in the kitchen. That we could possibly need, or properly receive any sleep, seemed not to have entered the noddle of the stupid landlord. With a resolution, however, which might be appropriately called *pursuit of lodgings under difficulties*, we accomplished our object, and were shown to our rooms. M—— and myself were honored with the chief chamber, the furniture of which consisted of a bed, three chairs and a half, and—nothing else. It was a mercy that we had no right to expect, and did not expect, that we were permitted to be sole occupants of the room. We were blessing the landlord for this kindness, when M——, with the most censurable curiosity, opened a closet door, (in search of the other half of a chair, probably,) and scared up a huge quantity of rats. For the first time a full sense of our miserable situation burst upon our distracted minds. With gloomy forebodings, we felt that we were not *all* alone. Having committed the first hostilities ourselves, we could not with any

reason, and as reasonable men did not, expect any peace. Above, around, beneath, we felt were elements of discord, which would rob us of that tranquillity so desirable in our wearied situation. We had hardly placed ourselves in a horizontal position, when the rattling storm began—howlings, squeakings, bitten tails, broken legs, and chafed sides.—Reader, have you read Punch's description of Chaos? do it forthwith, and imagine a chaos of sounds. Oh, that there had been ten thousand *tom-cats* near to have started an opposition! "But we heard it all alone."

The next day was Sunday—made up for the disturbance of the last night by sleeping in church. In the afternoon abandoned our landlord and were *taken in* by some friendly farmers, who began to have pity on us. It was not the least of our misery to look back and see the summit of Mt. Washington provokingly clear almost the whole day.

Franconia is a dismal village, entirely unworthy its pretty name. It is most known for its iron works, which, however, are not carried on upon a very extensive scale. The mine is three or four miles distant from the works, and is interesting to the mineralogist, as the source not only of the ore, which is quite rich and abundant, but also of various elegant minerals, which are thrown out in vast quantities, and lie in piles around, as refuse vein stone.

A few miles below Franconia we came to Franconia Notch. A guide is furnished at a hotel near, if you wish to ascend Mt. Lafayette, which rises in a southeasterly direction. The greatest curiosity by far at this place is the "Old man of the Mountain." The *profile* is formed by the projection of rocks from the brow of a precipice nearly a thousand feet in height. In the afternoon, when the sun is behind the hill, a side view presents every feature of the human face very conspicuously. The morning sun reveals the deception, or rather makes it appear impossible. Another curiosity, some distance below, is the Basin. The Pemigewasset, by which it is formed, is there a very narrow stream. In some manner, in falling a few feet, it receives a whirling motion, and has thus, in the course of time, worn out a deep basin-shaped cavity, the lower edge of which has received almost exactly the form of a human foot.

We came next to an old inn, at which was laid the scene of Mr. Sargent's interesting temperance tale, "As a medicine." The same old *Caliban* was landlord still, and still lived upon New England Rum. There was the veritable *drawing* room, with a bed in the corner, and the bar—a case of shelves behind the door. It wanted but the actors to have the comedy renewed. An afternoon's ride brought us back to Plymouth.

And now, reader, if thou hast not long since forsaken me, for which thou hast had ample reason, and art resolved ever to see *Agiocchook* for thyself, let me advise thee to use thy leisure in the journey; to leave the Merrimack upon thy left as thou goest, and to return through the valley of the Connecticut.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE.

BATHED in rich splendor from the western sky,
Lay fair Jerusalem. To lofty tower,
And palace-dome, and wall uplifted high,
With lightning speed rushed on a burning shower,
Lit by the setting sun. With dazzling power,
Flashed back the light from marble-fronted hill
To brazen monument ; or threw a dower
Of silver sheen upon Siloam's rill,
Which flowed at Sion's foot all mournfully and still.

But more than all, a glorious lustre played
Upon the holy house, where dwelt of old
The mighty God. Its massive gates, o'erlaid
With treasure-gifts, whose price was never told—
Its snow-white roof—its pinnacles of gold—
How gleamed they all, beneath that silent sky,
Where wreathed the clouds in many a crimson fold,
And slowly closed the day's bright flashing eye,
As if to shut from view the awful ruin nigh !

Heaven's blighting curse was on that city proud.
Where once reigned Peace, and Joy, and Love,
The voice of bellowing War resounded loud,
And Misery and Hate together strove,
And reveled o'er their slain. There Malice wove
Triumphant garlands for his blood-stained brow ;
And Famine pale unfurled his swaying flag above,
Death's sceptre waved, and bade the mighty bow ;
The mighty and the weak were both his victims now.

E'en powerful Nature lost her sweet control ;
For haggard Want had started from his lair,
And mounted to her throne within the soul.
No eye so bright—no form so strong and fair—
He stamped not with the seal of wan Despair.
No tie of love so dear he would not sever ;
Defeating Love with darts of poisoning Care ;
While hearts which dreamed to sunder never,
Forgot a bond so sweet had been around them ever.

Men walked about like spectres of the night,
Which haunt, in dreams, the troubled sleeper's bed,
All ghastly, wild, and frightful to the sight ;
While eager vultures hovered overhead.

A few, by some o'er cruel frenzy led,
 Strove, like the prisoner with his clasp chain,
 To conquer Death : but no ! with weapon red
 In human blood, he laid them with his slain,
 And laughed to see life's desperate struggles all in vain.

No hand was laid upon the chilly brow ;
 No word of love stole on the dying ear,
 Nor soothing music murmured soft and low ;
 Sweet Friendship shed no bitter mourning-tear,
 Upon the graves of those who once were dear ;
 There were no graves—but, as the foliage lies
 When yellow Autumn comes, all crushed and sore,
 So lay the dead—their dim and sunken eyes
 Fixed on the holy house, to see a Saviour rise.—

* * * * *

What means that shout, as piercing wild
 As a mother's shriek, who sees her child
 In the serpent's crushing fold ?
 Why flash the eyes which long have lain
 Like a stagnant pool by the sandy main,
 Its waters dark, and cold ?
 Why start the sick from their dying bed ?
 Why lifts the warrior his weary head,
 Where death's quick throbs are beating ?
 Why shrink the brave with pallid fear,
 Like woman's heart when danger's near,
 Or coward from foe retreating ?——
 Hark now ! as a thousand voices rise,
 In tumult wild, to the shrouded skies :
 " The temple ! the temple ! Jehovah has left us !
 Of the last beaming hope he now has bereft us !
 Behold how the flames, with their maniac stare,
 Are leaping, and gliding, and melting to air !
 Behold how the roof, like a sea-beaten shore,
 With the gay, dancing fire-foam is all covered o'er !
 Oh God of our fathers ! for succor we pray ;
 Thou only the ruin impending canst stay.
 Appear ! oh, appear ! mighty ruler of kings,
 Whose dwelling was erst 'neath the cherubim wings.
 Speak ! will ! and yon clouds shall their treasure unfold,
 And a torrent shall fall like the deluge of old."

In vain ! all in vain ! there listens no ear
 To the longings of prayer, or the wildness of fear.
 Now frowning with wrath is the All-seeing eye
 Which once beamed so kindly when danger was nigh.
 Now sheathed is the sword which no foe could withstand,
 Her God has forsaken Judea's proud land.

On, on roll the flames, like wrapt billows of ocean ;
 And louder and louder, in angry commotion,
 Rise the meanings of sorrow and shrieks of despair,
 From the city all bright with their horrible glare.
 Oh, Israel ! where is thy powerful God ?
 Why saveth He not His chosen abode ?
 " He will come ! He will come ! e'er the temple is gone,
 He will rise with His sword for the battle field drawn.
 He will scatter the foe, as clouds from the sky ;
 Like chaff in a tempest their visions shall fly ;
 The temple shall shine in its glory again ;
 Pale Death shall have woven his fetters in vain ;
 For a Saviour shall speak in the hope-riven hour,
 And life shall return at the word of His power."
 Vain dream ! the mad flames are still running their race ;
 See ! see ! they have entered the twice holy place ;
 And swift, like an outbreking tempest, they run,
 Till the conquest is over—the last goal is won.
 There riseth no moan on the evening air,
 There pleadeth in sadness no soul-moving prayer ;
 But faint, when the last, flickering fire-light is o'er,
 They whisper—" God's house is no more ! is no more !"
 * * * * *
 Long years ago, the prophet's holy pen
 Had traced in burning lines Heaven's sure decree.
 The years were fled—the hour had glided then,
 When all the world should its fulfillment see :
 When, like a lovely dream, the temple fair should flee,
 And not a foot-mark of its pride be found.—
 Morn came o'er Olive's brow, all dazlingly,
 As was her wont. She saw but serried ground,
 And mournful ruins strewn in blackened heaps around.

E.

 LITERARY NOTICES.

A *POEM*, by Guy Bigelow Day ; and the Valedictory Oration, by Thomas Kirby Davis ; pronounced before the Senior Class in Yale College, July 2, 1845. B. L. Hamlen.

These productions are now before the public, to strengthen or correct the opinions which have already been formed of their respective merits. We had prepared an extended notice of each, and particularly of the Oration, but received a sudden intimation from the printer that he had already several pages of *copy* which the limits of the Magazine could not admit.

That the *Poem* is not liable to severe criticism in style or arrangement, we would by no means allow. There are, however, several passages which, we think, exhibit true poetic taste and elegance of expression. The subject of the *Oration*, is " Our National

Literature." We do not hesitate to say of the piece that it is well written, and that the sentiments advanced by the author are such, in general, as will meet with the approbation of the community. Yet, with some of the opinions there expressed, we can have no sympathy, and we firmly believe they will find a response in the minds of but few of his readers. We refer to the remarks upon the undue hostility of Christians and "Doctors of Divinity" to novel reading and theatrical exhibitions—a topic, which, in the first place, we deemed irrelevant to the subject, and, in the second place, too summarily disposed of for conclusions so confidently uttered. The typographical execution of the pamphlet is faultless.

EDITORS' TABLE.

A few brief pages, kind reader, for thy private perusal, and we have committed to thy charity the tenth volume of our Magazine. The contract into which we entered with thee, so far, at least, as we are concerned, has been fulfilled.

To our contributors we express our most sincere thanks, with the hope that we may be permitted to renew their acquaintance during the coming year. Our subscribers, upon whom we depend most for all that constitutes a healthy existence, may be assured of our eternal gratitude. We would not yet make any invidious distinctions between these *promising* individuals, because, thus far, we have studiously avoided discovering the names of those who can be willing to injure us by retaining their paltry subscriptions. With such, however, as are still delinquent, we have a *personal* interview in contemplation.

The portrait, which our friends have had reason to expect during the past term, was prevented by circumstances over which we had no control. It will, without doubt, appear early in the next volume. With respect to the future our prospects are gratifying to ourselves; we trust the result will prove satisfactory to you. With the coöperation of our fellow-students we hope, during the coming year, to make the Magazine indispensable to every member of college, as an index of the "literary pulse" of our community, as well as interesting to graduates and the friends of the institution as a record of events occurring in our midst, and a miniature representation of college life. Relying upon this coöperation for all our hopes, we tip our editorial hat to the past, take courage and press forward.

We shall be unable to present to our readers an account of more than one meeting of the Conclave, for which we are indebted chiefly to the records.

— EVE., Aug. —, 10 o'clock and growing later.

Club called to order. President upon the sofa. Secretary reported seventy-three communications received since the last meeting, and eleven rejected because *unpaid*. Of the former, forty-six were poetry in various shapes, and ten essays of from eight to twelve pages each. The opening speech of the President was characterized by aptness and brevity. "How often," said he, "do sentences wisely uttered, and committed to tradition, become wrapt about with the mantle of prophecy, and find their fulfillment in a distant age. It may have been Lord Bacon, it may have been some one else, at any rate it was one of the two, who was said to be the *greatest thing* that England ever *did*. The remark was just, but it seems almost to have predicted the

present position of the Yale Literary, as the *oldest* College Magazine which was ever done in this country." The Chair enlarged upon this idea, 'reminding his associates that the age of ten was an *eventual* period in life, and needed to be particularly guarded. He had been reviewing the list of worthies who had preceded us, and had longed for a closer communion with those great minds. In the present passion for jubilees and conventions, *he* would strongly urge a jubilee of the Editors of the Yale Literary, in the year 1850, at the third semi-centennial celebration of the founding of our University.' This proposition was received with acclamations.

Upon motion of Lean Jack, voted, that, for the sake of despatch, the club be resolved into five reading committees, of which Hal, King Jowl, Hotspur, Bardolph, and himself, be chairmen. The Editors accordingly betook themselves to their respective duties.

As the business of perusal was progressing in this quiet manner, the silence was suddenly broken by a burst of indignation from Hotspur. "Read it, read it," exclaimed all. Hotspur began,

For the Editors of the Yale Literary.

AN EPITAPH.

Beneath this humble marble slab doth rest
A youth by Nature's bounty all unblessed;
She gave him too much sense to be a mule,
But not enough to make a decent fool.

The club cast inquisitive glances at each other, and at Hotspur, who proceeded,

Oh, pause here gentle reader and be sad,
Here lies his body, all he ever had,
The only boon conferred by Nature kind,
A body well adapted to his mind.

"Thunder," said Hotspur, "if that is intended for the Editors, or for any one of them, it don't go in; that is all I have to say. I am opposed to suffering such familiarities from the *δὲ πολλοί*."

"If it is intended for the *corps*," replied Lean Jack, who, though evidently angry, appeared to pun from a sense of duty, and, in the present case, presented a forcible illustration of the *ruling passion strong in death*, "the most appropriate place for it is the *coffin*."

"Put it on the *lid*," said the chairman, which was accordingly done.

With the exception of Lean Jack, no one seemed to be materially affected by this incident. The eyes of this honorable Editor sparkled for a moment at the opportunity which had been given him of gratifying his favorite propensity. Soon, however, all were again deeply absorbed in the manuscripts, and were fast diminishing the huge pile before them. Occasionally a paper of undoubted value was laid aside for publication. The general *current of ideas*, however, was decidedly *to(o) grave*.

Hal was the first to interrupt. "The cat is out," said he, "Jowl to the contrary, notwithstanding."

"Incredible," replied King Jowl. "To my certain knowledge he was curtailed and bagged up, six weeks ago."

Lean Jack jumped up with delight. (He always rises when he speaks, rebuking indolence by his very actions.) Been "let out and re-tailed," said he. "Same cat that came home once with his head in his mouth."

"It's 'an old Storie done into Rime,'" said Hal; "I will read if you have no objection."

"Itt is thee witchinge boure offe nighte,
Thee moone and starres are shyninge brighte,
A catte sittes onne a house toppes highe,
And wrathfullye dothe gleame his eye;
His taile hee whinketh—"

"How long is it?" asked Hotspur, looking up from half a dozen closely written pages of foolscap, which he had just despatched.

"Ten stanzas," replied Hal.

"—throughs thee aire,
Erecteth onne his backe—"

"Better wait then till he *rights*," interposed Lean Jack; "I think it would be more likely to *go in*."

"—his haire,"
continued Hal, completing the line.

But we can only present a synopsis of the piece. The hero yells a note of defiance, which calls out the whole neighborhood of Tom-cats. He sees

"Theire fierie eyes all glistenynge,"

and leaps from the roof at the peril of his life. This daring act is commemorated in these lines.

"Againe thatte loude note shrillerre range
Ande to thee grounde thatte brave Catte sprange,
'Come onne,' he cried, 'ye (ca'Tiffe!) Cattee.'"

"Sense and orthography before punning, is my motto," said Lean Jack.

Twelve "*powerfulle cattee*" rush to the side of their chief, who all, as the poet says,

"deemede glorye cheaplye boughte,
Iffe onlye wonne bye boldye fightinge,
Ande righte skillede were theye alle inne scratchinge ande bitinge."

(We shall exhibit some *risse* equal to this by and by.)

The hosts of "*ca'Tiffe*" enemies draw up their ranks in battle array. The war-cry is sounded, the lines close, shrieks are heard from the *dead and the dying*, and the fur flies. 'The combat thickens, on ye brave,' until

"—Theire direfulle yellinge
'Awoke thee inmates offe thee dwellinge.'"

"It would be strange if it hadn't," said Lean Jack; "I wonder they didn't hear it sooner."

Here appears to be the turning point of the piece. The hero fights *manfully*, but is, at last, *shot like a dog*, by "a crustye olde Cove" from the house. The charge, which was aimed at his head, passes through his *side* for the sake of the metre. There is considerable profanity (though entirely on the part of the *Cove*) at this juncture, which, of course, would unfit it for the pages of our Magazine. The last stanza, however, which presents so forcibly the consolations of a Tom-cat in his dying moments, is too valuable to be lost.

"Butte 'tis inne vaine to weepe forre thee,
Orre mourne thee sadde *castastrophes*;
A monumente forre thee shall rise.
Ande thoughe uponne a moonlitte nighte,
No more shalle ringe thye battle cryes,
Orre thou seeke glorye inne thee fighte,
Yette younge cattee shalle thee storie heare,
Offe one who neverre knewe to feare,
Ande oftene shalle thye name be tolde
To listenynge ears by warriours olde,
Thou werte thee nobleste offe thye race,
'*Sed requiescat nunc in pace.*'"

"First rate idea," said Lean Jack, "I was going to suggest the 'same myself; I move that Hal close his eyes and lay him in the coffin."

Accordingly Hal, with manifest reluctance, performed these last offices for the deceased, while the Editors stood around with heads uncovered. King Jowl, being the oldest acquaintance, acted as chief mourner. Our usual ceremonies of honorable burial were by no means omitted.

Business having been resumed, Hotspur remarked that 'he had just finished a very lengthy article on "Medicine," or more particularly on "The Qualifications and Duties of a Surgeon," which he thought might be very appropriately considered at the present time. The piece appeared to have been received at some previous meeting, and to have been hitherto overlooked. Though it bore the impress of labor and care, for various reasons it appeared hardly suitable for the pages of the Yale Literary. He could have wished that the undoubted skill of the author might have saved the mournful tragedy which had just occurred. Perhaps it might be at least a testimony of respect if it were deposited by the side of the former.' This suggestion was adopted by the club.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! *Good hit*," exclaimed Bardolph, and his sides were convulsed with laughter. "A scene for a painter, *upon my word*."

"Rather too unsubstantial a material for *canvas*," chuckled Lean Jack. "I ask your pardon though," said he, satisfied with the jest; "I didn't mean that. Let us hear the piece."

Bardolph repressed his choler and read.

ERRATICA.

In rhymes,
Sometimes,
Its droll enough,
To see how words will run together;
As if just so
They'd got to go,
Without one *if* or *whether*.

* * "Twas Christmas night,
In a country town
Of small renown—
No matter where.

It's true,
If you knew,
You wouldn't care;
Nor what's its name!—
Some fellows resolved to have a spree,
And they got together, one, two, three,
Or a dozen, it's all the same.

There was one fat butcher,
His name was Joe,
You know.

He was droll as a brick,
And as short, and as thick,
Or, at any rate, not tall,
With a neck that grew tight
To his shoulders and chin,
Or a sort of indefinite crease in the skin—
In short, 'twas no neck at all.

There's an old church tower,
Not very far off;
In the loft

There hangs a bell.

When it rings at night

The people arise,

And those that are sleepy

All rub their eyes;

And every gentleman

Fire! Fire!! cries,

As loud as he can yell.

In buckets and pails

It seldom fails

To make a great ado;

And rascals delight,

And say its fine fun,

In the dead of night,

In a terrible fright,

In their night gowns so white,

Without ever a light,

To see the ladies all scamper and run.

I own it is shocking—but true.

So thought Joe, and so thought the rest,
For they were all very drunk at the best;
And they made their way
To the old church tower,
About half past midnight's witching hour,
To disturb their neighbor's rest.

Now Joe, he had got,
(Though I'm sure I know not

Where he found it.)

A curious habit:—

As you hear people say,

I suppose every day,

When any thing happens

To go the wrong way,

"Confound it,"

And sometimes "Gad rat it;"

But it was'nt "confound it"

That Joseph said;

'Twas a very curious phrase indeed,

It's true,

And few,

Perhaps, will believe it.

If, for instance, a man

Knocked off Joe's hat,

Or knowingly hit him

A delicate pat,

Or told him of anything new,

"I was thinking of that,"

Joe always said,

As if it had been for a week in his head—

Though of course that wasn't true.

Well,

Joe was ringing the bell—

What a horrible fright,

That night,

The people all were in;

And the bell was a dinging,

And ringing,

And whirling, and spinning,

And Joe was a laughing,

And shouting, and grinning,

As if he would split his skin;

When, strange to relate!

Bound that thick neck of Joe's,

The rope took a turn,

Just under his nose,

And the bell kept whirling,

And the rope kept curling,

And lifted him off from his toes!

Up, up went Joe to the belfry floor—

It was fifteen feet, or twenty, or more—

Like an arrow shot out of a bow.
 Joe was frightened to death,
 As people say,
 When they mean a man's senses
 Are all gone away,
 Which is almost as bad, you know.
 If he wasn't hung,
 Its clear he was swung;
 For Joe
 Let go
 With both his hands,
 And his legs,
 Like pegs,
 Stuck out so straight,
 And the rope was stretched
 With all his weight.
 But all of a sudden
 The rope uncurled,
 And for all the world,
 Like a log,

Or a hog,
 That's been hung—
 Or a dog—
 Down, down, with a dump,
 And a bump,
 Or a thump,
 Like a lump
 Of cold lead, came Joe.
 Now, though Joe was quite fat,
 'Twas a terrible spat;
 But in less than a jiffy,
 In a terrible tiffy,
 Before you'd say "Scat,"
 He picked up his hat;
 And before all the fellows
 Knew what he was at,
 With his hands both behind,
 He gave vent to his mind;
 "By George though," said Joe,
 "I was thinking of that."

Seven minutes precisely were allowed for the Editors to recover from the risible effect of this production. King Jowl then suggested that as a treasury of all the metres invented, from Mr. Jubal to Mr. Poe, it should be inserted in the records, for the special accommodation of the *rhyming* portion of the club. This rare honor was conceded by a unanimous vote. Adjourned.

EXERCISES OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

On Tuesday afternoon, an Oration will be delivered before the three Literary Societies, by the Rev. GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D., of Philadelphia.

In the evening, the "Concio ad Clerum" will be preached by the Rev. THOMAS BOUTELLE, of Woodstock, Conn.

In the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, will also be held a General Convention of the Psi Upsilon Society.

On Wednesday morning, the Social Meeting of the Alumni will be held in the new Library Building. The address before the Alumni will be delivered in the North Church, by the Rev. LEONARD WITHINGTON, of Newbury, Mass.

In the afternoon of Wednesday, the exercises of the Theological Department will be held in the Centre Church.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, &c.

1. SACRED MUSIC.
2. PRAYER.
3. "Modern Socialism," by J. AUGUSTINE BENTON, *Paltney, N. Y.*
4. "The Church, as developing the True Law of Progress," by BURDETT HART, *New Britain, Ct.*
5. "Sectarianism, as opposed to the World's Conversion," by JARED O. KNAPP, *Greenwich, Ct.*
6. "Philosophy and Revelation," by ISAAC M. ELY, *Rochester, N. Y.*
7. "The Influence of Single Thoughts," by P. GEORGE SAUERWEIN, *Baltimore.*
8. SACRED MUSIC.
9. "Why is Truth so Powerless?" by JOEL GRANT, *Colebrook, Ct.*
10. "The Moral Government of God," by ALEXANDER McWHORTER, *New York City.*
11. "Redemption a Progressive Work," by BIRDSEY G. NORTROP,* *Kent, Ct.*
12. "Doctrinal Preaching," by JOSEPH CHANDLER, *North Woodstock, Ct.*
13. "The Pulpit and the Age," by THEODORE COOKE, *Northampton, Mass.*

* Excused from speaking on account of ill health.

14. SACRED MUSIC.

15. "Temptation possibly necessary to the plan of Redemption," by ELISEA W. COOK, *Manchester, Ct.*

16. "What is Moral Perfection?" by IRA H. SMITH, *Humphreysville, Ct.*

17. "Strong Symptoms of Better Things," by AZARIAH ELDRIDGE, *Yarmouthport, Mass.*

On Wednesday afternoon, will also be held a General Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society will meet on Wednesday evening. The Orator is to be HENRY BARNARD, Esq., of Hartford, and the Poet, Mr. ELISHA WRIGHT, Jr., of Boston.

The "Skull and Bones" and "Scroll and Key" Societies hold each their General Meeting on Wednesday evening.

Thursday, the 21st, will be devoted to the exercises of the graduating class. The music by Dodworth's Cornet Band, from New York, will be excellent.

ORDER OF EXERCISES, &c.

FORENOON.

1. MUSIC.

2. PRAYER by the President.

3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by WILLIAM GUSTINE CONNER, *Natchez, Miss.*

4. Oration, "Thoughts on the Occasion," by ANDREW FLINN DICKSON, *Asheville, N. C.*

5. Oration, "The Old Saxons," by GEORGE CRAWFORD MURRAY, *Monomouth Co., N. J.*

6. Dissertation, "The American Scholar's Mission," by SAMUEL SITGREAVEN BOWMAN, *Lancaster, Pa.*

7. MUSIC.

8. Dissertation, "The Expression of the Countenance as indicative of Character," by JOSEPH SNOWDEN BACON, *Boston, Mass.*

9. Dissertation, "Melancthon," by SILAS RICHARDS SELDEN, *New Haven, Ct.*

10. Dissertation, "The Reign of Truth," by JAMES BAILEY SILEMAN, *Westchester Co., N. Y.*

11. Dissertation, "Prospects of the American Orator," by ALEXANDER CROCKER CHILDS, *Nantucket, Mass.*

12. MUSIC.

13. Dissertation, "Characteristics of Moral Revolutions," by WILLIAM THOMAS REYNOLDS, *West Haven, Ct.*

14. Dissertation, "Wilberforce, the Christian Statesman," by JOHN TALLMADGE MARSH, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

15. Oration, "The Real Worth of Scholarship," by WILLIAM AUGUSTUS BIGELOW, *New York City.*

16. Poem, "Man," by GUY BIGELOW DAY, *Colchester, Ct.*

17. MUSIC.

18. Oration, "The Christian Ministry as a Profession," by WILLIAM BURR BIBBINS, *Fairfield, Ct.*

19. Dissertation, "The Political Influence of the Scholar," by CONSTANTINE C. Eddy, *Framingham, Mass.*

20. Oration, "Poets and Poetasters," by WILLIAM ELIJAH DOWNS, *Milford, Ct.*

21. MUSIC.

22. Dissertation, "The Eloquence of the Scriptures," by ISAAC LEWIS PEET, *New York City*.

23. Dissertation, "Abuses of Political Discussion," by EDWARD OLMSTEAD, *New Haven, Ct.*

24. Oration, "The Freeman," by THOMAS KIRBY DAVIS, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

25. MUSIC.

26. Colloquy, "Nationalities," by CHARLES THOMAS CHESTER, *New Haven, Ct.*

G. W. GODDARD, *New London, Ct.*

C. T. CHESTER, *New Haven, Ct.*

R. RANKIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

27. MUSIC.

AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC.

2. Philosophical Oration, "The Delusions of Science," by JOHN GRANT, *Colebrook, Ct.*

3. Oration, "Oratory, as a Means of Elevating the Character of our People," by ALVAN PINNEY HYDE, *Stafford, Ct.*

4. Oration, "The Inspiration of History," by SERENO DWIGHT NICKERSON, *Boston, Mass.*

5. Oration, "The Pedant and the Scholar," by WILLIAM BURNHAM WOODS, *Newark, Ohio.*

6. MUSIC.

7. Poem, "Ben Hassan," by GEORGE DE FOREST FOLSOM, *Bucksport, Me.*

8. Oration, "The Dignity of American Citizenship," by GEORGE CANNING HILL, *Norwich, Ct.*

9. Dissertation, "The Error of placing the Standard of Perfection in the Past," by JONATHAN STURGES ELY, *Rochester, N. Y.*

10. Oration, "Moral Courage," by ROBERT RANKIN, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

11. MUSIC.

12. German Dialogue, by THOMAS KIRBY DAVIS, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

I. L. PEET, *New York City,*

E. OLMSTEAD, *New Haven,*

T. K. DAVIS, *Chambersburg, Pa.*

13. MUSIC.

14. Dissertation, "The Destiny of Man from his Intellectual Capacity," by HENRY DAY, *West Springfield, Mass.*

15. Oration, "Want," by FRANCIS IVES, *Hamden, Ct.*

16. Dissertation, "Tyranny of a Name," by JOHN WHEELER HARDING, *East Medway, Mass.*

17. Dissertation, "Unity in Art," by THOMAS KENNEDY, *Baltimore, Md.*

18. MUSIC.

19. Oration, "The Adaption of the Material World to the Mind of Man," with the Valedictory Address, by JAMES GARDNER GOULD, *Augusta, Ga.*

20. DEGREES CONFERRED.

21. PRAYER by the President.

22. MUSIC.

On Thursday evening, the Beethoven Society of College, assisted by the Philharmonic Society of this city, will give a Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music. The Beethoven Society has heretofore been too frequently and too universally admired to need our praise.

NOTICE.

TO DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS TO VOL. X.

GENTLEMEN—We regret to be compelled to make so reasonable a request as the payment of your subscription. We are not begging, *neither* are we extorting. It is a just claim and only what is absolutely necessary for the expenses of your Magazine. We cannot—you might be displeased if we should—*ask* every man for his subscription. We expected it would be paid earlier; and we have continued expecting. But though *we* might live on expectation, Printers cannot. It will neither buy them bread nor paper. We wish, before we leave, to pay up every dollar of the dues of our volume, and with your prompt response to this notice, we can.

EDITORS OF THE CLASS OF '44

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

TO BE ISSUED BY THE STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

We confess that we feel an honest pride in offering to the public prospectus of another volume of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. We feel this, because we believe that the age in which our periodical attained, is *prima facie* evidence of its worth; because the former embarrassments which may have attended any period in its career are now, for the most part, removed; and because we expect that arrangements which we have made for the future will much enhance its value.

College Literature is often dull and tedious, from the efforts of writers to exhibit more knowledge than they possess, and to assume style and tone of maturity inconsistent with their years and experience. Our Magazine has been charged with being faulty in this respect, whatever may have been the validity of this accusation in former years we have reason to hope that no ground for it will hereafter be given. Reviews upon popular works, as they are issued, miscellaneous and of a literary cast, tales of the imagination and fancy, and essays light and serious, will from time to time appear in our pages. Each volume will be enriched with one or more portraits of individuals distinguished in the annals of our *Alma Mater*.

The Magazine will be issued upon paper of a much better quality than has hitherto been employed. Arrangements have also been made for the use of finer type, thus enhancing the beauty of the work, and greatly increasing the amount of matter.

Three numbers of the Magazine will be issued every year.

CONDITIONS.—\$2.00 per annum, payable on the delivery of the first number. Single numbers, 25 cents.

No subscriptions will be received for a less term than one year.

